THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

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OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

'Those that of late had fleeted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
Have charter'd this; where, mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast,
Of diverse tongue, but with common will
Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast;
For some, descending from the sacred peak
Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again
Their lot with ours to rove the world about;
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
If any golden harbour be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.'

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN March fifty years ago there appeared, headed by this poem, the first number of this Review. The late Sir James Knowles had resigned the editorship of the *Contemporary Review* in order to found *The Nineteenth Century*, and this fact is alluded to in the first four lines of the sonnet.

The founder adopted as his principle that his Review should be conducted ' in an entirely free and open field, where all forms of honest opinion and belief (represented by men of sufficient weight) should be not only tolerated but welcomed,' and that it should be conducted on absolutely impartial and unsectarian principles, and that it should comprise fully signed and original articles only.

These principles of ' no policy and no anonymity ' are peculiar to the *Nineteenth Century and After*, and are not found in other publications contemporary with it. They are principles which make *The Nineteenth Century* an independent platform from which writers can address the public.

Under Sir James Knowles's able editorship *The Nineteenth Century* achieved a very wide success, and it is still largely indebted to the impetus which he gave it. His achievement in establishing the Review in the prominent position which it attained under him was remarkable. The rules which he laid down were sound—so sound, in fact, that there has been no temptation to depart from them, or to depart from the form of review which was a natural consequence. There is a safety and authority in signed articles which is foreign to anonymity. There has always been, and always will be, a demand for articles of a substantial length on politics, the arts, literature and science. No very short article can adequately comprise a subject, and there is always the need of a free and independent journal from which writers may deliver a message or debate problems of the hour. The appreciation of these facts helped Sir James Knowles to give the Review its form, and it is this form, little changed, which it still possesses. Indeed, if the earlier volumes are compared with the numbers published to-day little alteration of character will appear. In a recent copy of the *Outlook* I cut out this passage:

' The more it changes, the more it is the same thing.' A few days ago I chanced upon the first volume of *The Nineteenth Century* in one of those second-hand bookshops where anything is possible, bought it for threepence, and read it for an hour or so that night in bed. It left me with the feeling that a great deal of the issues that began in March 1877 could be included in the issue for March 1926.

One misses, of course, the League of Nations as a stock topic; but there are two articles on British Imperial questions, two more on the problem of the soul, and another on railway accidents, that only need

superficial revision to be publishable to-day; they are, so to speak, any contributor to any editor. And it will interest the clergy to know that in 1877 the pulpit was losing its power, doubt was increasing by leaps and bounds, the foundations of morality were being sapped by the decay of religion—this before the tango and the short skirt—and the Church of England was faced by a crisis more serious than any in its long history. This, again, is any bishop to any audience; I have no doubt St. Dunstan preached a sermon to the same effect.

Two of the articles in this first volume here referred to were by W. E. Gladstone and Frederic Harrison. I should have feared to offend their shades by alluding to them as 'any' contributor. Apart from this, and the fact that I think the writer made a bargain at threepence (for old numbers, when they are asked for, as they are surprisingly often, are very difficult to obtain), I agree with him. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

For example, fifty years ago in more than one article we find bitter cries against the difficulties of housekeeping, and in the September number of 1877 George Jacob Holyoake begins an article on industry with these words:

> To what Chaos is industry tending? Its insurgency increases. Will its perturbations never end? From being aggressive will Trades Unions become destructive forces? Will the proletariat finally take the field and the capitalist have to fight for his life?

Nevertheless, the science notes given in the same number, and for which Professor Huxley was in part responsible, bring home to us that fifty years is, at least in the region of science, a long way off:

> From time to time during the last few years rumours have been afloat as to the possibility of employing electricity as a means of transmitting musical sounds to considerable distance . . . unquestionably the most remarkable of these instruments is that which was invented last year by Professor Graham Bell who is able to use it for the transmission not simply of musical notes but for articulate speech.

But I do not wish to examine in detail the first fifty years of the Review. This is done in two very able and interesting articles which I publish in this number—the first by Sir Francis Younghusband, and the second by Monsieur Yves-Guyot, the well-known editor of the *Journal des Economistes*.

Sir Francis says that the influence of the Review on the literature and thought of the last fifty years has been great, and I believe that no one will dispute this. Those interested in *The Nineteenth* may well look back with pride at its record during this time, and not only at the influence it has had, but the service it has given to its contributors. I should like to know, indeed, how many books have seen their beginnings in an article in the

pages of *The Nineteenth*, how many contributors have used it as a stepping-stone, how many names it has helped to make. I could, indeed, make no mean list of books which have seen their beginnings in its pages during the two years that I have been editor.

The table of contents of the first number is of considerable interest. Naturally this first number contains many distinguished names.

Prefatory Poem. By ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet-Laureate.
On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion. By the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.
Turkish Story Books. By W. R. S. RALSTON.
On the Imperial Policy of Great Britain. By SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P.
The Church of England, Present and Future. By the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.
Russia. By M. E. GRANT DUFF, M.P.
Is the Pulpit Losing its Power? By the REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN.
How we Come by our Knowledge. By PROFESSOR CROOM ROBERTSON.
The True Story of the Vatican Council. By CARDINAL MANNING.
Falkland. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.
Recent Science. By the EDITOR, advised by PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

This table of contents is fairly representative of the others which followed it. Many famous names appear in the lists of contributors to these early volumes, and many notable people write to-day, probably more than the contemporary reader is aware of, since the figures who will be recognised in the future are often undistinguished in the present.

The proportion of the mixture of topics which is presented to the reader each month is, I believe, the same to-day as in the past. But is it the most acceptable mixture? This is a very difficult question for the editor to answer. It is little use acting under the influence of a critic who complains that there are too many political articles, for he will be immediately followed by another who says that too much space is devoted to religion, or to literature or biography, according to taste. I can only remember that the character of the Review is to have a collection of signed and substantial articles on miscellaneous subjects, that the diversity of subjects has no limit, but that it is necessary to keep some balance in the bill of fare, otherwise a reader will be disappointed

to find his taste not catered for in a particular number; and it is part of the character of the Review to have a catholic appeal catering for as many tastes as possible.

In the present number I have not neglected to review the recent history of other subjects than *periodical* literature. Mr. Gairn's article deals with engineering, his example being the locomotive engine; while since physical science to-day engrosses so much attention, I have devoted many pages to a striking article on it by Mr. Edser.

In conclusion, I would like to emphasise two things. The first is that there are certain great pleasures for the editor, and they are the successes of his writers. It is a great privilege to 'discover' a new writer; and it is a great pleasure to see articles appear in the Review, and subsequently to see a writer achieve some success by reason of his articles. When such happy results occur I feel that the Review has made some return to its contributors for their invaluable assistance.

Secondly and finally, *The Nineteenth Century* has its place in the literature of the last fifty years, and it has had its influence not only on the thought but sometimes on the action of the day. Famous controversies have been fought out in its pages and famous men have written for it. It is my aim that it shall continue successfully on its way unbiassed and independent.

CARROL ROMER, *Editor.*

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

THE fifty years of this Review's life cover the most fateful period of English history. *The Nineteenth Century* came into being at the very zenith of the Victorian era, just ten years before the first Jubilee. It saw that war which tested not only the British Empire, but the whole of Western civilisation, in the most terrible ordeal. And it has carried through into the dawn of that new era which promises to be for the British Empire greater far than Victorian, Elizabethan, or any other days—that era when England will reach her full maturity and through her garnered experience give the lead in all that makes for richness of life while her offspring gather round her and for ever renew her vigour and strength.

To the endowment of this richer life of England and of the Empire this Review has made and will make no mean contribution. It owes its inception to a man of peculiar aptitude for evoking from the few what the many were most wanting to have—a man who wrote little himself, but was the cause of much writing in others. Sir James Knowles, years before he had inaugurated *The Nineteenth Century*, had with Tennyson founded the famous Metaphysical Society. Darwinism had just burst upon the world. Old conceptions of things were being bombarded and crumbling. New conceptions were forming. And Sir James Knowles had the idea of getting together leading men of religion, science, and thought into a Society where they could read and freely discuss papers on all the fundamental problems of existence. So came into existence the Metaphysical Society. It included such men as Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, Huxley, Tyndall, Henry Sidgwick, Mark Pattison, 'Ideal' Ward, and James Martineau; and it discussed such subjects as 'The Personality of God,' 'The Absolute,' 'The Nature of Things in Themselves,' 'The Theory of a Soul,' and 'A Future Life.'

It was from this Society that *The Nineteenth Century* may be said to have sprung. Free discussion was the principle on which the Society worked. And free discussion was the principle upon which *The Nineteenth Century* was based. And most of those who had debated in the Society contributed to the Review. The idea

was that in this Review the public would find any great question of the day—or any great question of all time—discussed with perfect freedom by men of the most opposite views. No discussion merely for the sake of discussion, or with the idea that discussion in itself had any value, was tolerated, but free discussion, in the belief that through it men would be helped to form their own ideas with greater strength of conviction, and, being convinced of their own free will, be able to act with effect.

So the Review was to be the organ of no political or religious party. Conservative views were to be represented as well as Liberal, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, non-Christian as well as Christian, atheist or agnostic as well as orthodox. Readers were to be able to see every variety and shade of view on every subject of human interest. And the only qualification required of a contributor was that he should have something worth saying and be able to say it in a way that would appeal.

But there was one condition attached to the publication of articles. They must all be signed. There was to be no anonymity. That was a more reticent age than the present. And men were not so ready as now to push themselves into the glare of the limelight. Nor on certain subjects is it likely some will ever be. There are some matters so sacred that many dislike speaking about them before all and sundry. But a name attached to an article—especially if that name is of one who has given proof of his claim to be heard—gives weight to it. And by imposing this condition Sir James Knowles enabled his new Review to exert an influence from the start which anonymous articles would never have won.

And from the start he was able to benefit by the assistance of the most distinguished of those men who had been collected together largely through his own personal exertions in the Metaphysical Society. Tennyson wrote an ode for the first number. And Gladstone not only wrote the first article, but contributed no less than sixty-seven articles in all to the Review. Sir James Knowles on his death spoke of him as a model contributor. When once he had interested himself in a subject it took a possession of him to the exclusion of everything else. And, though he was very imperious in official matters, Sir James Knowles says that in discussing an article he was remarkably modest and diffident. The subjects of these articles were as diverse as 'Genesis and Science,' 'Daniel O'Connell,' 'Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff,' 'The Dawn of Creation,' 'The Peace to Come,' 'The Colour Sense'; and his last article was on the perennial subject 'Massacres in Turkey.'

The opening article by Gladstone was a review of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's book on *The Influence of Authority in Matters of*

Opinion; and his very first words were: 'Many are the tricks of speech'—a very remarkable admission from one who must have spoken more than any other man outside of America. And no less remarkable, as coming from the champion of freedom, is his defence of authority. A general revolt against authority is a childish superstition; the love of freedom is an essential principle of human action, but it is only one of its essential principles, he urges. And the opposition to authority is often due, not to reasonable conviction, but to fancy; to lame or weak, or hasty, or shallow processes of the mind; or to sheer self-conceit or headstrong or indolent self-love.

Besides this article by Gladstone the first number contained articles on 'The Church of England, Present and Future,' by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 'The True Story of the Vatican Council' by Cardinal Manning, 'Falkland' by Matthew Arnold, 'Recent Science' by Huxley. These distinguished men continued to support the new Review. They were followed in the succeeding numbers by others scarcely less distinguished in their respective spheres. Henry Irving wrote on 'An Actor's Notes on Shakespeare,' Frederic Harrison on 'The Soul and Future Life,' Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on 'Turkey,' Sir Garnet Wolseley on 'France as a Military Power,' Tyndall on 'Spontaneous Generation,' Herbert Spencer on 'Justice,' W. K. Clifford on 'The Teaching of Science,' and Ruskin, Walt Whitman, and Leslie Stephen were others of the earlier contributors. And besides these men who had already made their reputation, and whose names attached to an article were of value, Sir James Knowles evidently had his eye on coming men, for in quite early years of the Review we find articles by Edmund Gosse, Charles Whibley, Harold Cox, and Graham Wallas.

Only once did the editor depart from his policy of strict impartiality, and that was in regard to the Channel Tunnel. He regarded the construction of a tunnel as a national danger, and articles were written in this Review to open the eyes of the country to this danger and to the risk of trusting to the perpetual vigilance of the defenders of a vital point. War might come suddenly, and those delicate critical moments which precede the actual outbreak of hostilities might be the most difficult time in which to take any special extra precaution.

Controversies were a feature of the Review in its early days. Religion and science were then in fierce conflict, and Huxley was very much on the war-path. It was the fashion among scientific men to be agnostics, and Huxley was a prominent exponent of agnosticism. Herbert Spencer and Tyndall wrote articles to *The Nineteenth Century* presenting the scientific point of view. Dean Wace was the great protagonist for orthodox religion, and

he and Huxley fought furiously over the story of the herd of swine, Huxley in his matter-of-fact way wanting to have irrefutable evidence of demons who could be transferred from a man to a pig.

The Symposium was another feature. Three or four joined in discussing a set subject such as the 'Soul and Future Life' and 'The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief.'

Politics received much attention, and it is noticeable that the views of Labour were, from the first, well represented in the Review. As far back as 1881 there was an article by Thomas Burt, M.P., on 'Working Men and the Political Situation.' Canon Barnett wrote on 'Great Cities and Social Reform.' John Burns in 1892 wrote on 'Labour Leaders.' Joseph Chamberlain wrote on 'The Labour Question.' And Keir Hardie in 1903, writing on the Independent Labour Party, pointed out that the voting power was now with the working class; and prophesied that they would vote together when the issues were no longer Liberal *versus* Conservative, but Capital *versus* Labour. 'The new Labour Party is here,' he wrote, 'a thing to be reckoned with—a natural and inevitable outcome of the possession of the franchise.'

Russia also was the subject of frequent articles. The first number had an article on it by Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. And the gist of an article by a Russian on 'The Future of Russia' is worth recording here. He prophesied that after passing through the stage of infancy Russia would constitute a nation of 700 or 800 millions, be provided with an efficient form of government, and acquire a transcendental station such as it was difficult to conceive falling to the lot of any other country. Her dominion, including that of the whole Slav race, would extend from the Arctic and the Northern Seas to the Persian Gulf and from the Pacific to the Adriatic. In comparison with such an empire the British Empire would be very weak in defence and supply owing to the delays and dangers in transport. Canada, Australia, and South Africa enjoyed a practical independence, and were a source of weakness and confusion. So thought the Russian.

Carl Joubert also predicted a great future for Russia. There would first be a revolution, he surmised. But when it was over and the nation had emerged strengthened and purged of her curse of absolute monarchy and bureaucratic tyranny a great future would lie before Russia, for 'nowhere are there men of greater brain capacity and physical powers than in the huge inert masses of humanity which constitute the population—and in no land are more treasures concealed to be had for the asking.'

These latent possibilities of Russia, Germany undoubtedly realised and feared. She was aware of the present incapacity of

Russia. But the future possibilities of such a race she had always to reckon with. And the Great War was, in one of its aspects, a struggle between the Teuton and the Slav. France and Great Britain were brought in. But what started the war and what had been disturbing Europe for years previously had been trouble between Slavs and Teutons. The Slavs wanted to keep open the road southward. The Teutons wanted to keep open the road eastward. A clash was inevitable.

But Germany was looking not only eastward, but seaward. She was being told that her future was upon the water. And she had been starting colonies in Africa and in the Pacific. We also had been growing and expanding. And we and the Germans came into contact in many parts of the world. One of the results of this expansion and contact of the German and British empires beyond the seas was the South African War, for if President Kruger had not been led to believe that he would be supported by the Germans he would never have embarked upon a war with us, and the Dutch and ourselves would probably have composed our differences without actually going to war. And one of the results of the South African War and of our subsequent settlement with the South African Dutch was deeper thought on Imperial affairs and a profounder conception of empire.

To this new conception Lord Curzon gave expression in the Review in 1908. He had been a contributor to it since 1888, and as a young man had paid especial attention to Imperial affairs. Now after his return from India, and without experience of the South African War before him, he gave his conclusions as to what should be the prime impelling motive in all our Imperial activities, and struck a note which is not often heard and is worth sounding again. The Empire was *not* acquired, he wrote, in 'a fit of absence of mind.' It was the result of three centuries of effort. The test of its worth was not size, but the work done, the bad things wiped out, the general impress left upon the well-being of mankind. But the Empire was still only in a fluid and transitional formation: it had to be welded into a great world-State. 'To the people of the Mother State it must be a discipline, an inspiration, and a faith. To the people of the circumference it must be more than a flag or a name, it must give them what they cannot otherwise or elsewhere enjoy; not merely justice or order, or matured prosperity, but the sense of partnership in a great idea, the consecrating influence of a lofty purpose.'

'I think it must be because in the heart of British endeavour there has burned the spark of heavenly flame that Providence has hitherto so richly blessed our undertaking,' says Lord Curzon. And he concludes by exhorting us 'to cling humbly but fervently to the belief that so long as we are worthy we may still remain

one of the instruments through which God chooses to speak to mankind.'

From now onward the Review shows repeated evidence of the shadow which coming war was casting before it. In the years before the Great War there was no lack of premonition of the coming storm and of unreadiness for it. In 1913 Lord Roberts had written on ' How to Restore our Military Efficiency,' and in August 1914, in the number which appeared only four days before war broke out, he had an article on ' Our Dwindling Army,' showing that we had not made our Army attractive enough, and that consequently there was a steady diminution of numbers recruiting, recommending the universal training of all able-bodied youths near their homes for home defence, and stating that it must be on the Territorial Force that we must depend for the reserve of men of suitable age which shall be large enough to see us through ' our next great struggle '—the stupendous struggle which we were on the brink of while Lord Roberts must have been composing this article.

Other articles on ' Our Perishing Army,' ' British Unreadiness for War,' and so on, written by various authors, had appeared during the previous year or two. But there were two which deserve special notice as possessing permanent interest.

One was an article by Harold F. Wyatt on ' God's Test by War,' which appeared in April 1911. Whether the heart of England is still strong to dare and to resolve and to endure will be decided, he urged, by that which God has given as the trial of peoples—the test of war. The purpose imminent in the universe becomes more manifest as evolution proceeds. Victory is the result of efficiency, and efficiency is the result of spiritual quality.

> Self-sacrifice, self-denial, temperance, hardihood, discipline, obedience, order, method, organising power, intelligence, purity of public life, chastity, industry, resolution, are some only of the national and individual attributes which go towards producing the efficiency of modern armaments. And the efficiency or inefficiency of its armaments is the determining factor of a nation's success or of a nation's failure in that culminating moment of long processes of commercial and political rivalry—the moment of war.

The other article was by Cardinal Bourne. Writing in 1913 on ' How England Can be Prepared for Defence Against Possible Attack,' he urged that opportunity should be given to all to fit themselves of their own accord, as part of their normal education to be ready to take effective part in the defence of their country. The whole manhood of the nation should be trained to be of real service in the defence of their country. And this serious training would, in other ways also, be a gain to the nation beyond all power of estimation. It is only the strong man armed who can hope to build his house in peace. Englishmen do desire, and most rightly,

said the Cardinal, to hand on untouched to those that shall come after them their native land and all the other nations that together form the Empire of our King.

During the war perhaps the most valuable contribution was one by Lord Cromer on 'Thinking Internationally.' He inveighed against vapid and flabby cosmopolitanism and recommended a reasonable internationalism founded on a sturdy patriotism. The egotism of extreme nationalism must be assuaged and the peace of the world secured by common action and mutual help. The civilised nations should meet together and define the elementary rights of nations and embody these rights in a series of treaties. But as regards disarmament, his opinion was that it would be madness for the British nation to consent to disarm unless it not merely could receive adequate assurances, but also acquire the absolute certainty that it could do so without danger. He showed the formidable nature of the obstacles to be encountered. These would have to be recognised and the difficulties fairly faced before we could agree to disarmament.

Politics and war did not, however, engage the whole attention of the Review. Sir Henniker Heaton used to write much on 'Penny Postage for the Whole Empire.' Mr. Pett Ridge wrote first of the faults of Londoners and then of their virtues. One of a Londoner's faults was his fondness for proclaiming, in regard to certain grievances, that he would put up with them no longer, and having said this, continuing to put up with them. Among his virtues were alertness of retort and his knowledge that the chief element of a repartee is that it should be served instantly. Complaints about the 'youth of the present day' were constantly being made. In 1908 Lord Meath considered that 'the grit of our forefathers was lacking in a large number of the young men and women of to-day.' And as far back as 1894 Mrs. Crackenthorpe was writing of 'The Revolt of the Daughters,' and in 1893 Miss Clementina Black was writing of 'The Dislike to Domestic Service.'

Ladies' clubs were treated of in an article by Mrs. Anstruther in 1899. And hell seems to have had a great attraction for contributors if not to the readers. One even wrote of 'Happiness in Hell'; and there were separate articles on 'The Hebrew Hell,' 'The Christian Hell,' and 'The Muslim Hell.' And, glancing in another direction, Mr. Clinton Dent in 1892 inquired 'Can Mount Everest be Ascended?' Mr. Mallock asked 'Is Life Worth Living?' And others wrote on 'Our Worn-out Parsons,' 'The Tinkering of Hymns,' 'How Poor Ladies Live,' 'Worry,' 'Weariness,' 'Bores,' 'Moles,' 'Babies and Monkeys,' and 'Devil Hunting in Elizabethan England.'

Occasionally, though rarely, contributors tried to lift their readers' eyes to the stars. Mr. Richard Procter in one article drew attention to 'The New Star in the Andromeda Nebula,' and in another asked 'Whence Came the Comets?' Norman Lockyer wrote on 'What the Sun is Made Of,' 'The History of a Star,' and 'New Stars.' And only in December of 1925 Dr. Jeans gave a masterly sketch of the universe. We might think of it as consisting of a number of sub-universes detached from one another like islands in an ocean, yet communicating with one another through radiation. The most distant of these island sub-universes known to us is so far away that light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second takes a million years to reach us from there. The present conclusion of Jeans—though we can hardly believe the final word of astronomy—is the depressing view that the universe is running down like a clock which no one winds up. Every star is continually radiating energy away into space, and we have no knowledge of any appreciable part of the radiation coming back, or of the stars replenishing their source of energy in any way. And he indorses Professor H. N. Russell's theory that all the stars are moving down the same evolutionary ladder. At the top are stars of the very highest luminosity, radiating perhaps 10,000 times as much light as our sun. Moving down the ladder the luminosity of the stars decreases—to stars like Sirius radiating some forty times as much as our sun. Well down on the ladder are our sun and stars of similar luminosity. Finally on still lower rungs are stars so faint as to be almost invisible. And no doubt there are even lower rungs occupied by stars which have become perfectly invisible. The interval from top to bottom of this ladder is of the order of two hundred million million years. Happily our sun has several million million years yet to run before it reaches the bottom rung and disappears into invisibility, and before that time has elapsed we may hope that some more cheerful astronomers will have arisen who will show a way through the dark labyrinths of the universe by which the constituent particles of our sun would be able to reform themselves into a young sun and appear at the top of the ladder again.

Meanwhile, we might consider how *The Nineteenth Century* has fulfilled the objects of its founder. How has free discussion among contributors signing their names to their articles been of real influence in the national life? The best answer is its existence to-day, fifty years after its foundation. And that it should have survived the ordeal of the Great War adds force to that testimony; for when the cost of production was continually increasing, when men had less and less to spend on purchasing it, when most of the possible contributors were themselves engaged in the war and the editor himself had to bear his part in the burden; when

men's minds could hardly be drawn away to anything except the war; and when about the war, during the war, it was impossible to get authentic news upon which to form an opinion and write—when there were all these drawbacks it was difficult enough for a Review, always intended for the few rather than the many, to survive. And its gallant editor during the war period, Mr. Wray Skilbeck, did indeed succumb from the strain.

But he carried the Review through; and here it is to-day standing, as before, for enlightenment, striving to maintain the high level at which it started. Still comprehensive rather than exclusive, providing a platform for the expression of all shades of opinion on every great question of the day, representing the views and tendencies and aspirations of every class and party and sect, exercising a definite and beneficial influence on the development of thought and the direction of action and thereby contributing to the safety, honour and welfare of that Empire which the great Victorians did so much to build, which the no less great Georgians saw safely through the fiercest ordeal it has ever had to face, and which the coming generation has to make the leading power for good in the world.

And if there was scope and need for this Review fifty years ago there is many-fold that scope and need now. The public schools of England have since the war been more crowded than ever before. There has been a general rise in education throughout the country. Every part of the Empire is likewise developing. Great—perhaps excessive—attention is paid to mechanical development. Still aspiration after excellence in *every* line, everywhere and always exists in some measure; and concomitant with the material progress there is an eager desire for the excellence which thought and feeling provide. More even than in the great past men will be feeling strongly over the multitudinous questions of Empire and of the part we ought to play in the world, over the weighty problems which science is continually throwing up, over new forms of expression in art, and over the deepest questionings of the soul, and of our position in and relations to the mighty and marvellous whole which science is revealing to us. What men feel strongly about they will be wanting to express. And this Review affords them the vehicle for such expression. Provided they have fresh and clear ideas and can express them in such a manner that the ordinary intelligent man in the club or woman in the home can understand them, and provided also that they have the capacity of making others feel what they have felt, it scarcely matters on what topic so long as it is of human interest, the Review provides them the means of communicating with their fellows.

And their fellows, on their part, are nowadays avidly reaching

out for intellectual and spiritual nourishment. Motoring, games, sport, eating, and the ordinary business of life occupy most of their time. And reading daily newspapers occupies most of what remains of their waking hours. But there are precious intervals when the mind is at leisure and eagerly receptive. It may want something quite trivial or it may want something more profoundly serious than even war. All it asks is that it should be excellent of its kind. And here is the chance for the great review. For these are the moments that give the colour to men's lives and through them to the nation. Then is the time when men are both lightened and enlightened. And then is the time when proportion is given to their outlook.

The business man will not come here for financial advice. The soldier will not come for lessons in warfare. The artist will not come for connoisseurs' appreciation. The priest will not come to learn theology or the scientist for more knowledge. But each will come to hear what the other has to say in plain, intelligible words about what he understands best and what he wants to impress on the rest, believing that only as the rest can understand and appreciate its importance for the national life will he be able to get on with what is most interesting to himself. Men will go to special publications for special news and reviews. But here all will meet, and, in meeting, realise the increasing number and variety and width of interests there are in life. What really matters will begin to stand out in their minds. What is insignificant will sink into its proper insignificance.

The Review, as we have seen, commenced its career at the zenith of the Victorian era. It stands now, after the most awful happening in human history, at the dawn of a new era which promises to be greater still. That era will not be one of peace, if by peace is implied simple ease and sloth and luxury. It will be an era of tremendous strain and stress and conflict—conflict of interest between class and class, between capital and labour, between one part of the Empire and another part, and between the Empire and other nations of the world. The pace of life will be increased. The vehemence of life will be intensified. And with acceleration of pace and closer association will come increase of number and complexity in the problem which will constantly surge up for instant solution. Then from sheer necessity men will see that they cannot waste time and energy in approaching the settlement of their tremendous problems in a spirit of hate and intolerance. The very speed and complexity will compel men to exercise common-sense and meet in a spirit of good-will, with a single desire to work together. Practical necessity will force men to be reasonable and considerate.

And then over and above, and lying deep down under and

surging up through all national and Imperial and international activities, will be the dawning life of higher thought and greater art and deeper religion. Science is opening up new vistas on to both the inconceivably great and the almost infinitely little. Her zenith is reaching higher and higher, her horizon wider and wider, her nadir deeper and deeper. And the zenith curves round till it becomes the nadir. The infinitely great contracts into the infinitely little, and the infinitely little expands to the infinitely great. Art is reaching out into new forms of expression of light and colour and form and is discovering and disclosing new beauties all about us. And religion is on the very verge of bursting into a fuller glory. The old faith of our fathers which has stood us in such stead in our past will not disappear, as was thought when the Review was started. It will not gradually dwindle away. Rather will it renew itself, and, gathering fresh strength from its primal springs, burst through the outer protective coverings which have now served their purpose and come out into the full glory of the sunshine from which it originally sprang. The great and splendid days of religion are in the future, and it will furnish to us the motive power and the goal of all our activities.

For the expression, the communication to others, and the discussion of all these ideas which will arise in the future, this Review, with its principle of free discussion and its half a century of experience, will furnish a most suitable medium. And if it retains intact the single self-imposed condition of excellence on its output it will be a real power in forming the new era now dawning—the high-altitude era when we will no longer be content with Alpine heights, but will turn to the Himalaya for fuller satisfaction.

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

MA CONNEXION AVEC LA 'NINETEENTH CENTURY'

JE suis très honoré que la *Nineteenth Century and After* m'ait demandé un article pour son 601ème numéro.

Si j'y ai un titre, c'est mon assiduité à la lecture non seulement des livres, mais des publications périodiques britanniques. En voici le point de départ : j'avais publié en 1867 un volume intitulé *l'Inventeur*. Dans une discussion sur la propriété industrielle, il fut cité au Sénat par M. Lefebvre-Duruflé, ancien Ministre du Commerce, disant : ' Personne n'a mieux démontré dans quel dédale se trouve engagé le législateur. . . .' (*Moniteur*, 22 juin, 1867). Très flatté de cet honneur, j'allai l'en remercier. Après une conversation dans laquelle je répondis à d'aimables propositions que je ne voulais aucune fonction publique, il me donna ce conseil amical :—' Lisez tous les jours le *Galignani's Messenger*.'

Ce journal, fondé à Paris en 1915, recueillait tous les nouvelles et articles importants reçus d'Angleterre, et était, partout où se trouvait un Anglais, le premier journal demandé.

J'étais préparé à suivre ce conseil. Depuis ma prime adolescence j'étais imprégné des doctrines d'Adam Smith, de Locke, de David Hume, de Bentham, de Stuart Mill, de Cobden et de John Bright. Démocrate français, j'étais modelé sur le radicalisme anglais.

Depuis ce temps je n'ai pas cessé de lire the *Economist* et les revues anglaises : la *Contemporary Review*, l'*Edinburgh Review*, la *Fortnightly Review*, etc., et, à partir de 1877, la *Nineteenth Century*. Chaque numéro de revue, étant un recueil d'études spéciales et actuelles poussées à fond, est un excellent et rapide instrument de travail.

La *Nineteenth Century* remplissait complètement ce rôle. Sir James Knowles désirait que chaque question fût traitée sous toutes ses faces par des *leaders :* ' Excepté Bismarck et le Pape,' lui disait Frederic Harrison, ' vous avez eu pour collaborateurs tous les hommes éminents du monde.' Et il ajoutait : ' It grew to be a literary power in the New World as well as in the Old ; and it

has acquired a very striking influence, not only on periodical literature but on liberal thought.'

A partir de 1884, je collaborai de temps en temps à la *Nineteenth Century*, et j'eus des rapports personnels agréables avec Sir James Knowles, sauf à propos de la question du tunnel sous la Manche. Je pus y exposer *the Dreyfus Drama and its significance* (janvier 1899). M. Wray Skilbeck, gendre de Sir James Knowles, bien préparé, le remplaça au moment de sa mort en 1908. Nous eumes des relations très intimes. En 1914 il engagea la *Nineteenth Century* dans la guerre avec passion. Bientôt il demanda la conscription. En 1919 il n'était disposé à oublier ni les horreurs commises par les Allemands ni leurs ambitions, et il protestait avec véhémence contre les personnes qui parlaient d'établir des rapports de cordialité avec les Bolcheviks. Le 26 juin nous avions lunché ensemble ; il se montra plein de verve et d'entrain. Je fus douloureusement surpris quand j'appris sa mort survenue le 17 juillet 1919. Le *Times* le caractérisa dans ces termes : ' Un gentleman anglais accompli et de grand cœur ; un ami de la pure littérature. Le plus loyal des amis, un directeur exact et consciencieux.'

La *Nineteenth Century* a continué de suivre la voie que lui avaient donnée ses deux premiers directeurs. Elle est toujours vivante, et tous les mois je continue d'apprécier la justesse et l'intelligence avec lesquelles y sont traitées toutes les questions au fur et à mesure qu'elles se présentent.

La Pratique de la Constitution Anglaise

En 1867 nous étions encore sous le régime de Napoléon III., qui avait traité ses adversaires politiques d'après la règle traditionnelle de proscription des partis vaincus par les partis vainqueurs. En 1869 je devais être condamné à la prison en vertu de la loi de sûreté générale pour l'insertion d'une dépêche, annonçant la souscription Baudin, dans un journal que je dirigeais à Nîmes L'Angleterre, la première, a admis la coexistence et la concurrence des partis. Cette extension de la concurrence commerciale à la concurrence politique peut être considérée comme le plus grand des progrès accomplis dans l'organisation politique. Depuis 1689 elle l'a préservée de toute révolution et lui a donné une vie publique d'une intensité inconnue chez tout autre peuple.

Par la *Common Law* la jurisprudence fait la légalité. Par la pratique du *compromise* la politique permet de modeler la loi et la Constitution. Il donne une souplesse aux combinaisons des partis impossible dans les pays de droit écrit. Mais les expériences que représentent ces pratiques sont longues, dures, et sont

sujettes à de grandes déviations. Chaque numéro de la *Nineteenth Century* m'a fourni de nombreux documents de comparaison et d'appréciation.[2]

En même temps, j'y ai souvent trouvé des reproches à la Constitution française qui ne sont pas exacts.

La grande faiblesse du gouvernement parlementaire français provient de ce qu'il a toujours eu à se débattre contre des partis anti-constitutionnels. L'addition des bulletins de vote d'Extrême Droite et d'Extrême Gauche donne des majorités suffisantes pour renverser des Ministères, mais non pour en constituer.

En Angleterre les soixante-douze députés irlandais avaient aussi une influence perturbatrice dans la politique générale, et actuellement des membres du *Labour Party* jouent un rôle analogue.

Nous étions, en France, très préoccupés des rapports des deux chambres : la Chambre des Députés et le Sénat. La tradition républicaine était liée à la conception de la chambre unique ; et, cependant, l'action du Sénat est devenue plus efficace que ne l'est celle de la Chambre des Lords. Il est intervenu si utilement dans les questions budgétaires qu'il est devenu l'Assemblée financière Dans l'affaire du Boulangisme, il a sauvé la République. Sa seule présence a empêché certaines entreprises, et pendant la guerre il a été un instrument utile contre les défaitistes.

Seulement, la dissolution de la Chambre des Députés ne peut avoir lieu que sur son autorisation. Il ne l'a donnée qu'une fois, au Maréchal MacMahon, en 1877, et elle a abouti à un tel échec qu'aucun Ministre n'a osé lui demander de recommencer 'expérience.

Erreurs Internationales, et Utilité de l'Entente Cordiale

J'étais horripilé d'entendre répéter ce vieux lieu commun : 'L'Anglais est l'ennemi héréditaire,' quand de la fin de la Guerre de Cent Ans en 1453 à la Guerre de la Ligue d'Augsbourg (1688) s'étaient écoulés 235 ans de rapports cordiaux et souvent d'entente entre Français et Anglais. Vergennes et Pitt disaient chacun de leur côté en 1783 : 'C'est un préjugé qu'il existe des incompatibilités naturelles entre les deux nations.' Cependant, à propos de l'Egypte et des entreprises coloniales de la France, il y eut une série de difficultés déplorables.[3] Toutefois il y eut des tentatives pour les pallier.

L'Entente Cordiale fut fondée à la suite du voyage à Bordeaux du Lord Mayor, Sir Arnold Renals, en 1895, par Sir Roper

[2] Voir mon volume *Politique parlementaire et politique atavique*, 1924 (Alcan).
[3] Voir *The Life of Lord Granville*, by Lord Fitzmaurice.

Parkington. Elle doit son origine au claret ; mais elle fut assez froidement reçue, et nous avons eu des moments difficiles à traverser. L'expédition, d'origine obscure, apportée toute faite à M. Hanotaux pour prendre l'affaire d'Egypte à rebours, aboutit à Fashoda.

L'émotion causée par cette affaire à peine calmée, éclata la guerre de l'Afrique du Sud. Quand j'allai parler à M. Delcassé de la pétition des *Uitlanders*, il l'ignorait et me déclara nettement que jamais la Grande Bretagne ne ferait la guerre. Imbu de cette croyance, Kruger la déclara. La diplomatie de la place publique est plus dangereuse que celle des hommes au pouvoir, parce qu'elle est irresponsable. A Paris la foule acclamait Kruger, et à sa tête se distinguait un sénateur qui, condamné à deux ans de prison pour avoir déserté de l'armée en 1870, voulait ainsi se réhabiliter. A l'Elysée le Président Loubet déplorait cette insanité. Mais c'était un grand secret.

Un peu plus tard, quand je fus présenté à Roosevelt, il engagea la conversation par ces mots : ' Je suis enchanté de vous voir pour vous dire que je suis complètement d'accord avec vous sur cette question—la question des Boers.' Nous en parlames pendant quelques instants, et alors il conclut : ' Seulement, je vous prie de n'en rien dire, parce que cela pourrait me gêner.'

Je pense pouvoir aujourd'hui me départir de la discrétion qu'il m'avait demandée.

Ainsi les présidents de deux Républiques étaient obligés de dissimuler leur pensée intime sur une grave question de politique internationale par crainte d'opinions populaires.

En opposition à la politique impulsive et ignorante il y eut celle d'Edouard VII. Comme Prince de Galles il n'avait pas eu le droit d'avoir une opinion politique ; mais il avait dépensé une grande partie de son activité sur le Continent. Il le connaissait directement et non à travers les protocoles. Il voulut, par une action directe sur le Kaiser, le forcer de limiter les armements. Il se heurta à un refus. En 1908, dans une visite à François-Joseph pour son *Diamond Jubilee*, il trouva le même accueil. Il ne se rebuta pas, si bien qu'il mérita le nom de ' *the European Peacemaker*.' Il le conservera toujours.

Au milieu de toutes ces difficultés, j'avais toujours soutenu la nécessité de l'Entente Cordiale. Sir James Knowles me permit de publier dans la *Nineteenth Century* (septembre 1906) un article intitulé *Pangermanisme, la Hollande et la Belgique*, où je montrais les appétits des Allemands qui se sont manifestés en 1914 ; et je prouvais que, forcément, l'Angleterre et la France seraient alliées, en cas d'agression de l'Allemagne, parce qu'elles avaient un intérêt semblable à préserver l'indépendance de la Belgique et de la Hollande.

En 1914 il est incroyable que le Kaiser ne l'ait pas compris ; et il est facheux que le *Foreign Office* ne lui ait pas tenu le 30 juillet le langage qu'il a tenu le 2 août.

Dr. A. Shadwell terminait un article: *Is Peace possible?* (le 7 juillet 1918) en disant : 'The Germans have separated themselves from the rest of mankind on the ground of their superiority; the result is, that the rest of mankind cannot live with them so long as they are in that frame of mind.'

Alors la question se pose : Ont-ils changé ?

Le Brigadier-General F. G. Stone dans un article : *Locarno, Genoa, and the Empire* (janvier 1927), montre les conséquences de l'accord de Locarno. L'Allemagne, la Belgique, et la France déclarent que dans aucun cas elles ne s'attaqueront l'une l'autre. C'est écrit, 'Great Britain has become the accepted instrument, acting promptly on her own initiative in the event of a flagrant violation. Italy shares the same obligation.'

General Stone montre l'importance de cette obligation, mais manifeste son appréhension à l'égard de 'l'illusion created by the atmosphere of Geneva.'

Les Pacifistes oublient trop facilement que la suppression de la guerre n'est pas la suppression de la défense ; c'est la suppression de l'agression. Aujourd'hui les Chinois, soutenus par les Bolcheviks, démontrent une fois de plus cette vérité.

Confusions et Contradictions

Sous certains rapports le progrès a dépassé tout ce que nous pouvions rêver il y a soixante ans, mais nous ne sommes pas dans l'atmosphère sereine que nous pouvions attendre.

J'étais *Free Trader*. Je suis membre honoraire du Cobden Club depuis 1879, et j'en suis fier. Il y a vingt-cinq ans le libre échange était considéré aussi certain par l'Angleterre que la règle de trois ; et au mois de décembre dernier je fus effrayé quand je vis M. Bruce, Premier of Australia, 'On the Problem of Empire Welfare,' réclamer la 'realisation of the Empire, in which Great Britain will join with the other Dominions in safeguarding Empire standards of living from competition based on sweated labour.'

Mais ce n'est pas le *sweated labour* qui détermine une grande capacité de production 'bon marché.' C'est la machine ; c'est le procédé chimique ; c'est le puissant instrument de travail.

Quoiqu'ayant fait toujours de fortes réserves à l'égard de la legislation sur les Trade Unions et la manière dont elle était appliquée, je croyais cependant que l'ouvrier anglais raisonnait ; et le mineur a poursuivi la grève de 1926 avec une volonté

obstinée de ruiner l'industrie à la prospérité de laquelle il est le plus intéressé.

Je suis de l'avis de M. B. Seebohm Rowntree quand il dit (' Towards Industrial Efficiency, février 1917) : ' I think profit-sharing inadequate as a means of securing the maximum output. This can be much better done by well-arranged systems of day and piece wages.' Mais je suis opposé à l'institution des *Work Councils* qu'il proposait ; ils n'ont pas de responsabilité. La plupart des combinaisons mises en avant reposent sur une confusion. Le salaire n'est pas le paiement du travail ; c'est le paiement des objets produits ou des services rendus. Le contrat entre *employer* et le *worker* n'est qu'un contrat d'échange, dans lequel des tiers n'ont pas à intervenir.

La Société des Nations a été affublée d'un Bureau International du Travail. Ses fonctionnaires, dans un énorme palais à l'aspect de couvent percé de mille fenêtres, se donnent pour objet de soumettre toute la vie économique à des règles conventuelles. Les Bolcheviks ont réalisé une expérience communiste dans des conditions de tyrannie, de ruine et d'horreur que jamais nul homme raisonnable n'aurait osé prévoir.

Quand le parti Libéral anglais est arrivé au pouvoir en 1906, il a oublié qu'il avait pour programme la liberté et le *retrenchment*. Il adopta, sous la direction de M. Lloyd George et de M. Winston Churchill, une politique que les naïfs appellent ' généreuse '[4] ; alors que, comme contribuables, ils sont obligés d'en payer les frais. Un Gouvernement prend à l'un et donne à l'autre ; sa générosité est une spoliation.

Dans une importante étude intitulée ' *The Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Bill,*' M. W. R. Barker a montré les conséquences du projet exposé par M. Winston Churchill le 8 avril 1925 et déposé le lendemain par le Ministre des Finances.

Ce projet implique 746.000.000*l.* de contributions de l'Etat et une charge pesante sur toute l'industrie. C'est la tradition de la loi sur les pauvres d'Elizabeth. M. W. R. Barker terminait en disant : ' Le parti Conservateur est actuellement formé de jeunes Disraeli. Ils sont aussi convaincus qu'ils sont la Providence du pauvre que l'étaient leurs prédécesseurs.'

Le *Socialist Tory*, un peu par esprit de revanche contre les industriels qui avaient fait voter le Free Trade, a ouvert la porte toute grande aux progrès futurs du Socialisme.

Dans un article intitulé ' Liberalism and the Industrial Problem ' (novembre 1921), un Conservateur, Mr. Cyril F. James, dit :

[4] Yves-Guyot, *Les Conflits du Travail et leur Solution*, 1903.

Liberal writers once taught a great creed, the doctrine of individual liberty; but the Liberal party has abandoned this doctrine. Liberalism does not consist of a catalogue of parliamentary measures of a pseudo-philanthropic character, such as Old-Age Pensions or Unemployment Insurance, but is simply a fight for freedom. It is expressed in a recent manual by Mr. Elliot Dodds in these words: 'The realisation of individual liberty within the Commonwealth.'

Il examine les solutions Socialistes que les Libéraux, ayant subi la déviation Socialiste, doivent préconiser, et il termine par celle-ci : ' No one now denies that land should never become private property.' Dans une ironie féroce, il semble poser l'alternative suivante aux Libéraux : ou la nationalisation ou la mort ; mais il n'y a pas d'alternative, car la nationalisation serait le suicide.

En réponse anticipée à l'affirmation de M. Cyril F. James, l'editor of the *Nineteenth Century* avait, en tête de l'article ' Labour and Land ' (mars 1921) de M. W. R. Smith, membre du *Labour Party*, protesté contre ' the abolition of private property, which would throw the countryside into confusion and ultimately ruin.'

Au moment où je termine ces lignes, je vois la mainmise de M. Lloyd George sur le parti Libéral. Il m'est impossible de comprendre comment il peut avoir la propriété personnelle de ces centaines de mille livres, dont on ne connaît pas le total et dont personne ne contrôle l'emploi. Comment, dans un pays comme la Grande Bretagne, un ancient président du Conseil peut-il avoir l'impudence d'acheter un parti en lui donnant 300.000*l.* pour les élections, et 40.000*l.* de subvention annuelle ? Comment le *Liberal Party* a-t-il pu se trouver dans une position qui permette de commettre un pareil acte à son égard ?

Critérium du Progrès

Quand je vois tant de vieux préjugés entretenus par une ignorance féconde en mauvais sentiments, dominer la vie politique et sociale du monde, je trouve qu'il y a un abîme entre cet état de choses et les progrès réalisés par la science et la technique des industries. Les assemblées politiques de tous les peuples continuent d'entasser des projets de loi, des règlements ; la Société des Nations légifère de son côté : et cependant l'expérience universelle nous prouve l'importance de la question posée par le poète Horace : *Quid leges sine moribus.* Que sont les lois sans les mœurs ?

De là cette règle de l'évolution humaine : restriction du domaine juridique et extension du domaine moral ; élimination

des arrangements d'autorité par les accords privés ; et toutes les expériences dont j'ai été et dont je suis témoin ont fortifié ma conviction dans la vérité de ce critérium de l'évolution : Le progrès est en raison directe de l'action de l'homme sur les choses et en raison inverse de la coercition de l'homme sur l'homme.

YVES-GUYOT.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF TWO EDITORS

To have had the privilege of knowing the first two editors of *The Nineteenth Century* is to me a source of deep gratitude, and of poignant regret—since I shall see them no more on earth—to have the honour of setting down some of my recollections of them, is a labour of love.

I wish I knew more about the founding of the Review, knew in exactly what mixture of hope and fear it was started in 1877 by James Knowles, critic and architect. In later years the architect became almost lost in the man of letters; but several churches, 'Aldworth,' Lord Tennyson's Surrey home, the Thatched House Club, and public gardens and fountains remain to show his architectural gifts. There was another side to his nature which had a greater part in inducing and helping him to found his Review—that was his earnest desire to know the truth, the truth about science, the truth about religion: this led to his forming the Metaphysical Society, in which all philosophy might be discussed. When it is remembered that Tennyson and Gladstone, Huxley, Tyndall, Ruskin, Froude, Cardinal Manning and the Chief Rabbi, Mr. Balfour, Dean Stanley, and Frederic Harrison were amongst the forty members of the Society, it will be seen that Mr. Knowles had not far to look for contributors. There were giants in those Victorian days, and he knew them all. His two qualities, open-mindedness and truthfulness, were conspicuous from the first: he liked well that both sides of a question should be dealt with fairly; he liked better still that men should have the courage of their convictions, so made a rule that all articles must be signed.

Tennyson's Preferatory Sonnet was (and is) the keynote of the Review. Everyone remembers its allusion to the 'Roaring moon of daffodil and crocus,' the brave month of March in which it was started; everyone should remember the avowed object of those who 'regather round the mast' to seek

> If any golden harbour be for men
> In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

That quest was followed loyally by the founder and editor. By the time I had the good fortune to be introduced to Mr.

Knowles (he was not then Sir James) the Review had become a power in the land. To be asked to write an article for it was indeed a mark of distinction; it implied that in the editor's opinion the one invited had valuable knowledge and the spirit of truth.

I wish I could draw an adequate picture of a typical luncheon party at his house, Queen Anne's Lodge: that charming place was beautiful in itself, had a beautiful outlook on to St. James's Park, and was full of beautiful things; yet it was a home, not a museum. I remember no 'collections,' although Mr. Knowles was a connoisseur, but wherever the eye turned there was something lovely to be seen.

Can I forget the thrill with which on my first visit I looked up above the mantelpiece in the dining-room and saw Watts' *Rider on the White Horse* looking down on me, and, awed hero-worshipper that I was, learnt that my host had bought it from the easel of the artist, who decided that he was the right person to have it, as he best appreciated it? In later days Millais's grand portrait of Tennyson, one of Mr. Knowles's most intimate friends, hung in that place; it was noble, but the Rider was my first love.

Mr. Knowles was well known as a critic of painting, and judge of the fine arts; his taste was generous and catholic: drawings by the Old Masters hung on his walls, also works by Turner, Rosetti, and Leighton. I believe I once gained an approving glance from him by stopping in front of a delightful little water-colour, a seascape. As I looked at it he asked me if I liked it. I said I did, and ventured to ask who had painted it. I can still see the little smile which came into his eyes as he said: 'An artist, an artist to her finger-tips—Queen Alexandra.'

To return to the luncheon parties, what do I remember best? Not the beauty of the room, nor the carefully chosen guests or the excellent meal, but the host, the man who could and did gather round him the most famous men in the world of letters, art and politics, could and did get them to talk about the subjects they best understood, and could and did keep abreast of their knowledge. I think that was his secret: he was a poet, an artist and a statesman; he could meet these others on their own ground. Having magic in him, he brought out the very best side of his guests. I remember hearing of a lady who was convinced that Mr. Gladstone was the Enemy of Mankind; she met him once at luncheon, at Queen Anne's Lodge, where under the genial skilful handling of his host he talked so delightfully that the lady afterwards confided in a friend: 'My dear, I must *never* meet that man again, or I shall end by worshipping him.'

No attempt at a sketch of Sir James Knowles, the many-sided man, could be made without allusion to another branch of art in

which he took a deep interest; he loved the drama, and understood it. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were amongst his most frequent guests, and Sir Henry owed much to Sir James's treasury of knowledge. It was the latter, for example, whose wide historical studies and vivid imagination suggested the rich Eastern setting of Tennyson's tragedy *The Cup*; and his opinion on any Shakespearean question was authoritative. Such questions were often discussed when Irving was a guest. The editor had many actor friends—I think the profession had a warm corner in his heart; he liked to encourage talent when he saw it, and his opinion was of much value. I remember a well-turned compliment he once paid to a lady whose gifts were scarcely sufficiently appreciated at the time. There had been a much criticised production of *Hamlet*, and the actress in question said, rather sadly: 'Mr. Knowles, you have not told me what you think of my Ophelia; I am afraid you do not like it.' 'My dear Mrs. ——,' he said; .' on the contrary, your Ophelia is the only one I have seen which gave me the least idea that she ever had a mind she could go out of.'

It is almost impertinent of me to say that Sir James appeared to me to know everything. Yet a picture rises before me. I had had the pleasure of being able to do him a trifling service, to bring back to him from Egypt an account of the doings and well-being of someone dear to him. After luncheon I was taken to his study, and thence, to all intents and purposes, he took me to Egypt again. He knew the land by heart; he knew the temples as if he had worshipped in them in some far-off life; he knew the Nile as if he, as well as his son, had been a great builder of bridges; as he talked I saw again Sphinx and Pyramid, tomb and desert. He was so keen, and yet so gentle, that I do not think I should have minded much telling him that I could not read, if that had been the case, for he would only have taken pains to find someone who could teach me the art as quickly as possible; but I would have stood a lot of punishment rather than have laid claim before him to knowledge I did not possess.

This man with 'two sides to his head' kept his finger on the pulse of the nation. No genuine movement for good or evil escaped him, no movement for evil evaded his censure, none for good lacked his support. After his death many who wrote of him recalled the one occasion on which he abandoned his usual attitude of impartiality and 'took sides'—I mean his unflinching opposition to the Channel Tunnel scheme. Years later Sir James, who must have received as many compliments from great men as anyone alive, could yet smile delightedly when he told me: 'Gladstone always used to point at me and say, "That's the man that killed the Channel Tunnel."' I understood his pleasure.

The born critic was above all a patriot. He believed that the tunnel meant peril to his country, therefore it was to be fought with might and main.

Almost my last memory of Sir James is in connexion with a little fairy play which he published in *The Nineteenth Century*. I can still see myself sitting in his study—kind Lady Knowles was also there—listening to hints about dialogue, and suggestions as to the correct dress for a fairy prince. It was not very long afterwards that a friend of mine, anxious to spare me a shock, looked up from a newspaper and asked: 'Was Sir James Knowles well when you saw him last?' 'Not at all,' I said. 'Why?' 'Because I am sorry to see that he is dead.'

One last picture—a memorial service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at which the King was represented, a congregation of men and women who had worked for him, been helped by him, and now grieved at their loss. In their hearts a question arose: 'Who will succeed him? Who *can* succeed him?'

The answer was simple; the mantle fell on Sir James's son-in-law, W. Wray Skilbeck. In some ways the choice might have been considered unexpected, for Mr. Skilbeck was more of an out-of-door man than the usual run of editors; he was a sportsman, a well-known football player. But he was also first a solicitor and afterwards a barrister, and his knowledge of the law taught him much: he could weigh evidence, and realise that there are two sides to most questions. Further, he had had the priceless advantage of being Sir James's secretary for seventeen years, and the chance of learning from beginning to end the work of editing a review. Whether literary work would have been his chosen field of action or not matters little; when he saw that it was to be his life's task he spared no pains to master every detail, and threw his whole power into his effort.

It was a year or so after Sir James's death in 1908 that I had the chance to get to know the new editor. What manner of man did I find? It was once said in praise of a famous preacher that he spoke 'as dying man to dying men'; Mr. Skilbeck's attitude was that of a living man to living men. He appeared to me to be an absolutely natural man—kindly, courteous, unspoilt, with one of the most sunny natures I ever met. There is a passage in one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's prefaces which reminds me of Mr. Skilbeck. G.B.S. declares that he once visited an oculist who told him that his sight was normal. At first Mr. Shaw took this to mean that his sight was average, but it was explained to him that in this case it meant that it was just what a man's sight should be, and seldom is. In a purely Shavian sense I think Mr. Skilbeck was 'normal' in all relations of life, towards his family, his contributors and his employees. Certainly everyone who

worked under him adored him : to be asked to do something for him was to be given a great pleasure, and to receive swift appreciation. A wise woman once said to me : ' Gratitude is a plant that only grows on good soil.' Mr. Skilbeck never failed to be grateful. He was at heart a sportsman, and very certain to play the game. There was another side to his character—he had the gift of unfailing sympathy, and those who knew him best were aware of deep sensitiveness, and of a passionate devotion to music, which could sweep across his being like a great wind. Nothing that affected his fellow-men could be a matter of indifference to him, none of their sorrows failed to touch him, none of their mirth was unechoed in his heart. Since he has been dead I have spoken to many people about him, those who knew him, and I have noticed that at the mention of his name a little smile lit up their faces, to be followed by a sigh.

Looking back, and trying to think what changes, if any, came over *The Nineteenth Century* under his guidance, I notice two points. The Victorian era, with all its romance, was over, and the minds of men were a little uneasy. Some presentiment was about of the terrible days close at hand. The ' lengthening shadows on the lawn ' were giving ' notice to the startled grass that darkness was about to pass.' Men were less occupied with literature and art, more occupied with actions ; they spoke less of England, more of the Empire. The Review needed, and found, a man who moved amongst his fellow-men, and understood deeds as well as words.

There was another change which touched me more nearly. The conscience of the country began to stir, and to take an interest in the conditions under which the very poorest class lived. Lady Bountiful was dead, or had left the country, where she knew everyone, for London, where she knew only the West End. There was much talk about a very old evil, the Sweating System. Mr. Skilbeck allowed me to contribute an article on the lives and wages of the home-workers of London. There were in it many instances of heroism and hardship, some barely credible. The editor's interest was aroused, and his love of truth made him decide that he would like to see a few of these people himself. He suggested that I might take him on a voyage of discovery through mean streets. I was delighted, also amused, because he politely said he supposed he should come in frock-coat and tall hat. I drew such a picture of the vast pleasure he would give to Bethnal Green that he changed his mind and came in tweeds. He took his tall form—and it was a tall athletic form, so hardy that it was cold weather indeed when he could be seen in an overcoat —down worn steps to half-underground rooms, and dodged the family washing spread across rickety staircases. Only one

grumble escaped him: '*Must* they keep such awful cats?' In a basement room he listened whilst an old flower-maker discoursed about the price of bread in the days of the Crimean War—to him history, to her a dim memory—and then let her mind slip back to tales her mother had told her of life during the Peninsular campaign: if I had not gently removed him, I fancy they would soon have been exchanging chatty recollections of the Wars of the Roses. I have heard Mr. Skilbeck talk delightfully at his own table, when entertaining men of importance in the political world, and have marked his exquisite courtesy as a host, but I never heard him talk better than he did in that basement room, or show greater deference to anyone's opinions than he did to those of an old woman in Shoreditch. Her view of the visit was expressed to me a week or so later: 'There; isn't it a comfort sometimes to talk to someone that knows *something!*'

The war followed hard after, and I venture to think that during those awful years few men kept a clearer head or more dauntless heart, or did more to help others to lift up their eyes unto the hill. He had many special anxieties connected with the difficulties to be overcome in bringing out a great Review at such a time: he worked, he overworked, and he was no longer a very strong man. The King of the Belgians realised the value of Mr. Skilbeck's unfailing help and support, and sent him the Order of La Courronne Belge. I hope it was a pleasure to the editor; I know it was a pleasure to his friends. But his editorial work did not satisfy him at this crisis; he felt bound to find some definite job to do for his country, and became a special constable, thus adding to his laborious days wakeful nights and perils in time of air raids.

My last meeting with him was in St. James's Park; I had escaped for an hour from a Government office to rest from the task of helping to track down an enterprising firm engaged in exporting rubber, disguised as onions, to Holland. A well-known form stood before me, and a well-known face smiled down at me. 'Well,' he said, 'are you convinced that all is lost?' 'No, indeed.' 'Then come and lunch with me.' I went, and we had a pleasant, cheerful meal. I think the last thing I heard him say was: 'I mean to be happy as long as I can.' He was happy, and he gave happiness; he gave sore hearts, too, when his friends knew that he had been stricken down on that July day in 1919, and that in a few hours the *Nineteenth Century and After* had lost its editor.

That was my last meeting with him, but by no means my last recollection of him. During the next winter I visited again my old friend in Shoreditch. She pointed to a large parcel, and said: 'There's some mistake. It's a fine down quilt, from a big shop;

of course, it's not meant for me.' 'Is there no name or message?' 'Yes, there's a name, but I don't know it.' I did, and was able to assure her that there was no mistake. Later on I met the sender and mentioned the matter. 'I thought Mr. Skilbeck would like her to have it,' was the answer. 'Wreaths for our graves the Lord hath given.' What man or woman would not like the wreath of such a thought and action to be laid on his or her grave?

If Sir James found God, as I doubt not he did, in lovely words, line and colour, his successor found God in the beauty hidden in the hearts of his fellow-men.

SYDNEY K. PHELPS.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PERIODICAL

THE discussion of periodicals is not without elements of difficulty and danger. None the less, the subject is one that has evoked considerable interest and aroused criticism—whether favourable or adverse—in particular instances.

As an example of the latter may be cited that trenchant commentary on the *Cornhill*, in the first year of its inception, which affirmed it to be ' of not the slightest value to our literature.'

Since the time when the budding *Cornhill* received this nip of ' envious frost ' the scope and aims of periodicals have greatly changed, and it may be of interest to trace their growth and history, to touch upon the general policy of editors and publishers, and to inquire, incidentally, into the causes that have conduced to limit the circulation of the more serious reviews.

Changes in the constitution of society (in the large sense) and of the political outlook are reflected in the general output of literature, but whereas in books we find an index to the life and thought of a generation, the periodical is, or should be, a mental chart recording from day to day the level of average educated intelligence.

Speaking loosely, there have been five definite epochs in periodical literature: its birth in the seventeenth century; its jubilee in the eighteenth century, when Addison and Steele did their brilliant work; its rapid expansion in the first half of the nineteenth century, the revolt of the specialists in the latter half; and the vast output of the present, with popular approbation as its objective.

Before outlining the history of the periodical one or two considerations arise with regard to publishers, to writers, and to the public which are of general application. Publishers and editors of every period have naturally regarded their ventures from a commercial point of view. Their first aim was to trade, literature and science being mere means to an end. They considered the periodical as essentially ephemeral and transitory, and aimed at making it increasingly attractive in order to swell the number of purchasers. This view of the intention of the publishers is borne out in many prefaces written by editors when

introducing new magazines. 'A magazine,' says one editor, 'must be a business enterprise.' Any advantage it might be to literature he would regard as a happy incident to achieve which it must first of all be profitable. George Augustus Sala emphasises, in the opening paragraphs of his preface to the first volume of *Temple Bar*, his satisfaction that the magazine is a profitable undertaking, and that 'neither the Editor nor the Proprietor nor the contributors have seen any reason to doubt that *Temple Bar* is paying very well indeed.'

From time to time there have been attempts to ignore the business side and to start a journal governed by a specific ideal and guided by a strong personal bias, but these have generally ended in failure. William Stead, for instance, on starting the *Review of Reviews*, enjoyed at the outset the full measure of popularity to which his high standard and originality of aim entitled him, but when he ran counter to public opinion, as he did during the Boer War, the loss in circulation was immediate and disastrous.

With regard to the serious reviews, on the other hand, the motive which induces the contributor to put pen to paper is often twofold. The majority nowadays are, in a measure, influenced by the fees they collect, but there is a minority who regard the periodical as a vehicle for propounding their views or airing their hobbies, whether political, social, or scientific, either to convert it to a particular course of action or to announce their discoveries. I have not been able to discover any periodical, except the *Edinburgh Review*, which was bold enough at the very beginning to proclaim that its aims were disinterested and that the public good was its main object. In a few cases the trifling fees paid do not weigh with the writer. A laudable desire exists to communicate something new and fresh which may add to the store of human knowledge.

Unhappily, however, there is another and increasing class of writers who contribute to the Press a mass of reading matter that is immature or ill-conceived. These come chiefly from the ranks of amateurs with ample leisure, to whom writing appears in the guise of a pleasant pastime, and who, careless of rebuffs since their livelihood is not at stake, continue to bombard the editorial sanctum until they effect an entry. But by whatever motive these two classes of writers are actuated, certain general rules laid down for their guidance require to be borne in mind, such as the editorial dictum that 'style and diction are not essential to an article . . .; more important to a contributor, in the first place, than his technical literary equipment—though that is far from being negligible—is his developed sense of life' (editor of *Harper*). Or, again, 'it is of much less consequence to a country

whether its writers excel in the arts of composition and the various branches of literary skill than whether their opinions on those leading points (*i.e.*, politics and religion) are sound and right' (editor of *British Critic*). It is curious to note, in passing, that as authors increased in numerical strength, so, likewise, did the esteem in which their profession was held.

When we turn to watch the stream—in constant flood—of ephemeral literature, we are bewildered by its magnitude. The causes, however, of this ever-increasing volume are apparent. They can easily be traced to a higher educational standard—to the national growth of knowledge. Our modern system of national education began in 1816, when Brougham presided over a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the education of the lower classes in London. Nothing tangible was done until another Committee of the Privy Council sat in 1834, when a small sum of money was voted for the building of schools. Soon after, a third Committee having reported in strong terms regarding the educational destitution prevailing in all important centres, a permanent Council on Education was appointed.

From that time the forward movement began. One of the many indications of its reality may be seen in the rapid growth of periodical literature. The wider the spread of knowledge the greater the demand for instructive and entertaining reading, while mere school-books were felt to be uninspiring and insufficient. Successive Royal Commissions met; Acts of Parliament were passed; evening schools were inaugurated; secondary education was instituted. The population was learning to read. A new want was created of which the bookmen took cognisance, and were quick to take advantage. Magazines began to 'jostle one another in the literary world, each thrusting itself forward as the worthiest of public favour; each vaunting its editor and its list of writers.' New readers with new aspirations were clamouring to be supplied, but the ambition of the publisher was not wholly achieved for some years.

The beginning of the periodical dates back to the seventeenth century, when catalogues of books (1646) were first issued. The bare titles of books, however, did not seem sufficiently attractive, catalogues being, in the opinion of many, 'dry things scarce able to raise in men that gust and appetite to learning.' Short notices were added by the bookseller or by his hack. The amalgamation of the titles and the commentaries brought the 'notices' into greater prominence until they became the leading features. A further strong impetus was given to this new departure by the *Journal des Scavans*, which began to be printed in France in 1665, and by our own *Acta Philosophica* (1665), from both of which

editors drew material. A little later they also made abstracts from the *Acta Eruditorum*, issued in Germany in 1682. The French *Journal* was entirely devoted to giving its readers summaries of books. The work was so well done that it won the especial praise of Gibbon. 'I can hardly express,' he wrote, 'how delighted I am with this *Journal*; its characteristics are erudition, precision and taste.' Its publication has continued up to the present time, with only one short break at the end of the eighteenth century. The *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society (1665) followed in imitation of, and with a similar scope to, the French *Journal*. The aim was stated to be 'to give some account of the present undertakings, studies and labours of the Ingenious in many considerable parts of the world.' These two journals were, in reality, the parents of the periodical. In the *Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious* (1682) a further development may be registered, when an original contribution made its appearance for the first time. A few years after it was followed by the *Universal Historical Bibliothèque* (1686), which announced its intention of printing reviews of the most important books and the 'quality of the author if known.' This seems to be the first attempt at periodical criticism, and the first time that it is recorded that an editor asked for contributions from the learned. The innovation was welcome. Periodicals began at once to increase. An interesting attempt, on account of its novelty and originality, was the *Athenian Gazette* (1690), the forerunner of *Notes and Queries* and *Answers*, in which undertaking Samuel Wesley was a partner with John Dunton, the editor. It invited its readers to ask questions, and rashly promised to answer them. A staff of four, including the editor, all men of considerable ability and wide knowledge, resolved to deal with whatever queries were handed or sent in. The task, however, soon proved beyond their power. They had not realised the depths of curiosity in their fellow-men. Cunning and obscure questions came pouring in and overwhelmed both the editor and his assistants. Often at their wits' end how to reply, their answers became vague and unsatisfactory. When a riddle was too difficult to solve they took refuge by referring readers to some passage in the Bible. Defoe appears as one of the contributors to this magazine when it was issued under the name of the *Athenian Mercury*. In 1692 Dunton issued supplements in which natural history and natural phenomena were dealt with, thus still further widening the scope of the periodical. The *Compleat Library* (1691-2, also printed for John Dunton) came next in order of time and importance with a definite plan allotting a given space to original contributors and to the reviews of books. This magazine contained the elements of criticism as understood

to-day. Side by side with these attempts at giving the public serious reading were also many periodicals which have been termed 'periodicals of amusement.' Though vulgar and obscene, they reflect the manners of the day. Many were short-lived.

A new phase in the history of periodical literature is heralded in when the eighteenth century begins. The chief representatives are the *Tatler* (1709), which established the essay periodical as a type, the *Spectator* (1711), the *Guardian* (1712), and the *Examiner* (1710). Politics now became blended with literature. All the great writers then were politicians. Swift and Bolingbroke wrote diatribes for the *Examiner* and filled its pages with personal attacks against the leading men and women of the day; Addison and Steele used their pens in the *Spectator* and *Guardian* to defend Whig principles. The former attained such popularity for its outspoken articles that its sale rose to 4000. These journals were the only medium then existing of telling men what was happening in politics, and the only guide available for those who desired a lead. Addison and Steele owed their position as public men to the brilliant essays they wrote. The pen was their only weapon, for neither was an orator. The success they achieved, however, was checked by the Stamp Act, passed to curb the licence of the Press and to restrain frank criticism. Owing to its restriction, several periodicals were compelled to cease printing. They had gone a step further than their predecessors in giving current news, social and legal, and in criticising books on literature, history and travel. Perhaps the two most interesting of the century are the *North Briton* and *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731). The former was (1762) edited by John Wilkes. For the unheard-of audacity of describing a statement in the King's Speech as untrue a warrant was issued for his arrest. He was sent to the Tower and expelled from Parliament; his paper was condemned to be burnt by the common hangman, and the printer was pilloried. Great excitement followed. The people gathered round the pillory and subscribed money to aid the martyr for the liberty of the Press, while Junius, among many others, wrote his virulent letters against the violation of constitutional law. They are a good example of the political articles of the day, which not only kept the public alive by their venom, but also pleased the reader like a violent bout of fisticuffs. This note of irony and pungent satire, so common in bygone days, is now almost non-existent, and the world is duller for its absence.

The latter, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, though not then the leading monthly, is better known to us than any other of the older periodicals. It contained summaries of events at home and abroad, scraps of art and antiquity, and short and accurate obituary notices now so often consulted by the genealogist. The

short articles on country houses and on topography contain details of importance to which the historian and antiquarian of to-day constantly refer, while the reviews of current literature and travel are indispensable. If the *Gentleman's Magazine* has no other merit, it yet deserves our gratitude for restoring, in 1796, Herrick again to English literature after he had lain forgotten for 150 years, and for stimulating Dr. Nott, of Bristol, to issue an edition of his poems in 1810. The careful indexes prepared in recent years have doubled its value and saved the searcher untold labour.

The modern periodical burst upon the world with a singular glory at the very beginning of the nineteenth century. The three outstanding monthlies were the *Edinburgh* (1802), the *Quarterly* (1809), and *Blackwood* (1817)—all of them now grown old, yet full of vigour and ever rejuvenated by a succession of life-giving editors. They were fortunate in the men who controlled their destinies; many of their names now written large in the history of English literature had enterprise, boldness, and originality. They gave the periodical its present form and standing and gathered together a circle of brilliant contributors. Though in some respects a change, not always welcome, has taken place in the character and scope of the magazine, it still continued to shed its lustre around and to be read by a large number of the reading public.

The story of the founding of the *Edinburgh* is recorded in full in Cockburn's *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, 1852. A group of young men, among whom were Sydney Smith, Henry Brougham, and Francis Jeffrey, resolved, after some consultation together, to start a new magazine to be called the *Edinburgh Review*. The credit of mooting the idea is generally accorded to Sydney Smith. The aim of the *Edinburgh* was 'to erect a higher standard of merit, and secure a bolder and a purer taste in literature, and to apply philosophical principles and the maxims of truth and humanity to politics.' But the promoters were not sanguine; it seemed an almost unjustifiable experiment. Undaunted, however, the venture took shape and the first number appeared in October 1802. 'The effect,' says Cockburn, 'was electrical. It was an entire and instant change of everything that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The learning of the new journal, its talent, its spirit, its writing, its independence, were all new. Its literature, its political economy and its pure science were generally admired. It was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day.'

Reviewing books reached a height of perfection and thoroughness never before contemplated.

The intellect of the readers was expanding, and their mentality

was changing. A larger number of cultivated men wanted something stimulating to read and desired a freer and fairer discussion in political affairs. The group of young men—Smith and his companions—did not wish the grass to grow under their feet; they were keen for action. There was no time for compromise. The old ideas must give way to the new, even if those who held the former were pushed aside. The spirit of the age was with the young and the *Edinburgh* was their mouthpiece. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm prevailing, nothing short of 'the extraordinary combination of qualities which distinguished Jeffrey (the editor) could have secured' to the *Edinburgh* the position it held during the first years of its life.

It is not, as we have said, part of our design to discuss the literary or political matter of the periodical, but, as was inevitable, the Tory spirit was roused to action by the *Edinburgh*. To maintain Tory principles the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* came out as rivals. These three journals together have maintained the political and literary note of the founders up to the present day, the political element always predominating, perhaps to a greater extent now than ever.

In the next fifty years the crowd of magazines hurtle against each other on the bookstall and in reading-rooms. No sooner has one outstripped the other in popularity than another starts in the race seeking to surpass its rival in excellence and dignity. Their names seem legion and the heterogeneity bewildering. Four—the *Cornhill* (1860), *Macmillan's Magazine* (1860), *All the Year Round* (1859), and *Temple Bar* (1861)—are typical of the period.

The beginnings of these magazines have revolved round the question of supply and demand. Competition between publishers was now alive and active. The series started with *All the Year Round*, with Charles Dickens as editor, and was succeeded after a short lapse of time by the other three under the respective editorships of Thackeray, David Masson, and George Augustus Sala. Since their object was to beguile the leisure hours of the public, fiction was preferred to politics. The tables were turned. The political article was either non-existent or was relegated to the background. The classical and literary essay had proved failures.

The *Cornhill*, the most characteristic example of the spirit of modernity that was creeping in, was launched by Mr. George Smith in 1860 with the idea of making the popular serial the chief attraction. Though the plan cannot be claimed as original, the enterprise necessary to carry it out belongs to Mr. Smith. His scheme was the first definite move in this direction. The novelty of it 'lay in uniting the popular lure of the serial with the literary

work of the more serious reviews.' A pleasant record of the founding of this magazine is given in the *History of the House of Smith Elder*, where we are told of interviews with Thackeray, the first editor of the *Cornhill*, with Trollope, with George Eliot, and with Mrs. Browning and Tennyson. We also get a glimpse of a publisher's anxieties and triumph when he hazards his capital on the issue of a new magazine. How far the *Cornhill* and its contemporaries have altered since that day is unimportant here, but their appearance marked another milestone on the road to the twentieth century periodical.

In all these journals, except perhaps the *Cornhill*, poetry had its small niche. Allusions to it, however, were scanty, for poetry is for the few. *Temple Bar*, among the rest, published poems, but the cold water thrown by its editor when he wrote, 'I am no poet; do not understand and cannot appreciate the Muses,' must have acted as a deterrent to many. Those who write verse have had to wait till the twentieth century before obtaining their reward in the *Poetry Review*, specially dedicated to their Muse.

The revolt of the 'eighties and 'nineties, as we have termed this next period, though not quite accurate when one comes to examine details, is significant of this period when historian, antiquarian, and scientist first become aware that the ordinary periodical did not meet their requirements. A glance at the dates when the principal historical and other scientific magazines were founded will bring conviction to those who would be inclined to question this contention. A few samples are sufficient to show the tendency.

The *English Historical Review* began in 1886, the *Classical Review* in 1887, the *Church Quarterly Review* in 1875, the *Asiatic Quarterly* in 1886, the *Law Quarterly* in 1885, the *Magazine of Art* in 1878, and the *Western Antiquary* in 1883. The movement was natural; there was much to be said in all these spheres of knowledge, and the existing channels of communication were blocked; the ordinary periodicals had no space for the material the specialist kept pouring out, and the journals of learned societies had but a limited appeal. Readable historical articles found little favour with the editor, while scientific contributions were considered beyond the intelligence of the general reader. That this boycott has been carried too far is shown by the eagerness with which some books of history and works of science have been read and bought in recent years. It argues a lack of enterprise on the part of the editor or the publisher. If the public mind is not yet sufficiently educated to grasp the intricacies of scientific problems as expounded by the specialist, it behoves the editor to insist on a simpler form of expression. When the

scientist, however, condescends to a simplicity that will convey his meaning to the lay reader, he unwittingly does a greater service to his subject than to the unlearned public, for it is only by widening the bounds of knowledge that his discoveries will find breathing space and an atmosphere favourable to their growth.

The general periodical had not, however, come to a standstill. On the contrary, new magazines were keeping the printer busy. It is only necessary to mention *The Nineteenth Century* in 1877, which immediately took the foremost place in the political and literary field, and *Longman's Magazine* or *Murray's Magazine;* but these were merely developing on the lines of their predecessors, and forced their way into notice by dint of the great ability displayed by their editors. This period is also notable for the first magazine that made illustrations a distinct feature. Many had already inserted full-page illustrations and woodcuts in the 'sixties, but none of these approached to what we now accept as an illustrated magazine. The *English Illustrated Magazine* (1884) may perhaps be considered the parent of illustrated periodicals, though no doubt the bibliographer would name an earlier one. The continually changing attitude of the public is clearly shown by George Augustus Sala, who stated in *Temple Bar* (1861) that, with due regard to the interests of his readers, he preferred to give them sixteen extra pages of print rather than an illustration or two.

The journalism of our own day was quick to take the suggestion thus received. Popularisation is its keynote. Innumerable publishers adopted the view of Sir George Newnes that a magazine should give 'wholesome and harmless entertainment to crowds of hard-working people craving for a little fun and amusement,' and should provide the public with light literature and a large supply of illustration to please the senses. The failure of Mr. W. Stead to see eye to eye with Sir George Newnes when the *Review of Reviews* was brought out resulted in the issue of the *Strand Magazine* in 1891. The design of that magazine was that it should 'contain stories and articles by the best British writers and special translations of the chief foreign authors.' Its policy was 'to change individual features as soon as there were signs that the public were tired of them.' No limit was to be put to illustration. It was a bold move, and even the publishers felt that they were embarking 'upon the wildest extravagance in furnishing no fewer than a hundred and ten illustrations in a single number.' It must be remembered that this was before the general adoption of process engraving, and that woodcuts were still in use. The success which followed was phenomenal. Though fiction predominated, many articles of a scientific nature, comprehensible

to the lay mind, were printed. One notable example deserves mention, namely, the contribution of Professor Langley on his own aeroplane with a picture of its flight, which may be said to be the first representation of the working of an aerial machine. The periodical market is now crowded with magazines of this kind of varying merit and popularity.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

SCIENCE AND WONDERLAND

THE object of science is to observe and to explain the phenomena of the universe. The first step, the accurate observation of phenomena, is of fundamental importance, since this must precede any attempt at explanation. The explanation of phenomena involves their classification and co-ordination, in order to obtain generalisations which are commonly spoken of as 'laws of Nature.' It should be recognised at the outset that a law of Nature does not control phenomena, but is a generalised statement of the way in which phenomena are observed to occur; when we say that law and order exist in the universe, we mean only that we have discovered certain uniformities common to a number of phenomena, and we express these uniformities in the form of laws. It follows that, as our experimental knowledge increases, we may find it necessary to revise the laws previously deduced from insufficient data, and possibly to derive new generalisations of a more comprehensive character.

A theory takes the form of an explanation of a complicated phenomenon or group of phenomena in terms of laws or principles which have been deduced from simpler data. There is no finality about any scientific theory; in particular, the contradictory evidence of a single experiment may necessitate the abandonment of a theory formerly accepted, or it may lead to the recognition that the theory is true only in a restricted sense. On the other hand, it is hardly to be expected that any theory should be found to be consistently in agreement with all phenomena to which it is thought to apply. When inconsistencies are detected, they must be examined critically with a view to determine whether they are inherent and of such a fundamental character that the theory must be abandoned; or whether they may be due to a faulty application of the theory. When two or more theories are available for the explanation of a given phenomenon, we may be guided in our choice between them by the extent to which they agree with observation, or, if this criterion fails, our choice should fall on the simplest theory. Nevertheless, a theory is not discredited merely by the fact that it can be understood only with difficulty; some theories need the application of abstruse

mathematical analysis for their elucidation, and the criticism of such theories itself involves the use of mathematical analysis and would be unintelligible to non-mathematical readers. It should be borne in mind, however, that in employing mathematical analysis tacit assumptions are apt to be made, and it may happen that the final results depend more or less on these. Even when no such assumptions can be detected, the results of the analysis must be understood to represent only the logical outcome of the overt assumptions on which the mathematical statement of the problem is based. The character of these overt assumptions can be criticised independently of the mathematical analysis to which they are subjected, and if they are found to be untenable, the results of the analysis must be discredited.

An excuse for these somewhat trite reflections may be found in their bearing on the present state of physical science. During the course of the nineteenth century experimental determinations added to our knowledge of the phenomena of the universe at an ever-increasing rate. For a long time the available theories were found equal to the task of co-ordinating the experimental results as they were obtained. Indeed, during many years theoretical knowledge was ahead of experimental determinations; new experimental results were mostly obtained in testing issues which had been raised on theoretical grounds, and agreement with theoretical predictions was nearly universal; some unexpected phenomena were observed, but these for the most part were ultimately found to be in agreement with existing theories.

Towards the end of the century, however, serious difficulties arose in the attempted explanation of certain experimental results in accordance with accepted theories; the results referred to are—the apparent absence of an ether drift as deduced from the Michelson-Morley experiment, and the nature of the radiation from a hot body. Attempts to reconcile these results with existing knowledge having failed, they were used as the bases for the erection of new theories of a very remarkable character. The theory of relativity was based on the Michelson-Morley experiment, and the theory of quanta was based on the observed properties of radiation from a hot body. These two theories are not interdependent, but they possess many characteristics in common which differentiate them from what may be called the classical theories of physics and mechanics. The theory of relativity has been brought prominently before the public, and has received an amount of attention which many consider to be in excess of its intrinsic merits; the theory of quanta has appealed most strongly to experimental scientists, who have found that it provides a means of co-ordinating known phenomena of various kinds, and even of successfully predicting

phenomena which had not been observed previously. Both of these theories, however, violate the principles referred to at the beginning of this article, in so far as they attempt to explain complicated phenomena, not in accordance with principles which have been derived from the examination of simpler phenomena, but by hypotheses which in some respects are totally at variance with the rest of our knowledge, and are even self-contradictory. Both have gained much of their popularity on the ground that they claim to supersede the older classical theories. It would appear that some minds find exhilaration in contemplating a universe which had been reduced to incomprehensibility—a universe in which paradoxes supersede axioms, and phenomena in general resemble those observed by Alice when she stepped through the looking-glass. Alice observed the persistence of the feline grin after the cat had vanished, and by the same token she might have observed the waves of a non-existent sea breaking on the shore; phenomena such as these form the commonplaces of the universe as explained by the theory of relativity. To many people, however, a wonderland in which anything may happen is a poor substitute for a universe in which phenomena are not only foretellable but comprehensible; and the prediction may be hazarded that the theories which are now acclaimed as revolutionary will in the end adapt themselves to the requirements of commonsense, or be superseded by others which are better fitted to do so. In the meantime, it is disquieting to find that theories which aim at explaining the known in terms of the unknown tend to increase. Our disquiet might well be greater were it not for the fact that, so far as these theories involve principles that can be tested experimentally, researches are suggested which may prove fruitful even when the results predicted are not confirmed; purely speculative theories must eventually die a natural death owing to lack of utility. Further, it is a mistake to exaggerate the practical importance of these new theories; most of the experimental work carried out from day to day is independent of them, and the utility of the classical theories is proved by the number of successful industries which are based on their essential principles. As a matter of fact, so much has been explained by the classical theories that their failure in any particular case cannot escape notice; with the new theories, interest is centred on the limited number of phenomena which they profess to explain, and no one troubles about their failures.

The best way of appreciating the present state of physical science is to review the progress made from early times to the present day. A detailed review would, of course, be impossible within the space available for an article such as the present; but much may be done merely by touching on the most important

steps of the progress, and, in particular, answers will be found to some questions of vital importance.

Observation of the phenomena of the universe depends directly or indirectly on the use of our senses, and the question arises at the outset, How can we distinguish between those sensuous impressions which we attribute to the external world and the mental impressions of a similar character which occur in dreams? To put the question in another form, how do we know that there is any external world at all? Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of our experiences in dreams is that we are never perplexed thereby; however distressing they may be, we accept them without question. In our waking experiences we are compelled to adjust our ideas in accordance with observations of a more consistent character, and when we fail to do so we experience perplexity. Nevertheless, philosophies have been based on the non-existence of a material universe, and it is difficult to confute them on purely logical grounds; we find, however, that the Barmecide feast they provide for the intellect is not sustaining, and we are forced by circumstances to *act* as though there were an external universe independent of ourselves. In other words, we accept the existence of the universe as an intuitive conviction which is independent of logical proof.

Accepting the objective reality of the universe, we observe that material bodies occupy definite positions in relation to each other; such observations implicitly recognise the spaciousness of the universe, and give rise to the intuition of space. The only attribute of space is roominess or extension; we cannot define space, because definition implies comparison and there is nothing with which it can be compared. The observation of change in the universe involves the intuition of time, which also defies definition. The intuitions of space and time are more fundamental than intelligence, and must be possessed by the lower animals in common with man; for instance, the hawk that swoops down on its quarry must adjust its actions both in space and in time, and its intuitive perceptions of these qualities of the universe may be narrower than our own, but they cannot be intrinsically different. The needs of mankind, however, have demanded measurements of space and time. The simplest spacial measurement is the distance between two bodies, and this is obtainable by comparison with a standard measuring-rod. The simplest time measurement is the interval that elapses between two occurrences, and this is obtainable by comparison with phenomena that recur at regular intervals, such as the periodic motion of the sun or the swings of a pendulum. The accuracy with which either of these measurements can be made is a subject for experimental research.

The science of geometry must have developed step by step with the progress of architecture. Plane geometry came first, due to the ease with which distances can be represented accurately by straight lines drawn on a flat surface; this branch of knowledge was perfected at an early date by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. These races, unfortunately, possessed a complicated and inefficient notation for the representation of numbers, with the result that the simplest arithmetical problems presented almost insuperable difficulty; this will be realised if we attempt to multiply MDCCCXCIV. by XCVIII. The Arabs, who had adopted the numerical notation now in general use, were able to develop arithmetical calculations, and they speedily introduced the more generalised system known as algebra, in which letters are used to represent unspecified numbers, and the general solution of a problem is obtained in the form of a combination of letters, to which numerical values can be assigned when we require the solution of a particular variant of the problem. Modern mathematical analysis is merely a development of algebra; a number of measurable quantities are represented by letters, and the relation between them, known or assumed, is expressed by combining them with certain symbols; by a purely mechanical rearrangement of the letters and symbols, according to rules that have been laid down previously, the solution of the problem is obtained. Any meaning we please can be assigned to the letters and symbols, and any arbitrary relations can be assumed between the quantities they represent; the final solution will give the result of the assumptions that have been made explicitly and implicitly. Mathematical analysis is, before everything, a time-saving system of symbolical reasoning; by its aid problems can be solved that would otherwise baffle the intellect by their complexity, but nevertheless it cannot be used to determine anything more than the consequences of the initial assumptions. A simple example will explain the method used in mathematical analysis, and will also indicate the kind of limitation which is inherent therein.

In a financial statement, the plus sign may be prefixed to assets and the minus sign to liabilities, and the result will indicate whether the balance is on the credit or on the debit side. In a simple geometrical problem concerned with motion along a straight line, the plus sign may be prefixed to displacements in one direction and the negative sign to those in the opposite direction; the result will indicate the magnitude and direction of the net displacement. When the displacements are not restricted to a straight line, we may prefix the plus sign to displacements (say) from west to east, while an arbitrary symbol i is prefixed to displacements from south to north; thus when we mul-

tiply a distance measured from west to east by the symbol i we rotate it so that it acquires the direction from south to north, *i.e.*, we rotate the distance through a right angle. If we apply the symbol i twice in succession, we rotate the distance to which it is applied through two right angles, thus obtaining a displacement opposite in direction to that originally selected; in other words, we convert a displacement from west to east, that would be indicated by a plus sign, into one from east to west, that would be indicated by a minus sign. Thus the symbol i, when multiplied by itself or squared, is equivalent to 'minus one,' and the symbol i is therefore equivalent to the 'square root of minus one.' By the aid of this convention most important simplifications are effected in geometrical analysis. On the other hand, the square root of minus one would have no meaning in a financial problem, and if it were found in the solution of a financial problem it would indicate either that a mistake had been made or that the statement of the problem was incorrect.

If we wish to specify the position of one point relative to another in space, we can do this by means of three distances measured in mutually perpendicular directions. These three distances, called the co-ordinates of the point, suffice to determine its position, and space is therefore said to be of three dimensions. The position of one point relative to another can also be specified by a single distance and two angles, and numerous other ways can be used with equal success; in all cases, however, three measurements are required. It must be remembered, however, that our intuitive apprehension of space is not founded on any system of measurement; on the contrary, the system of measurement we adopt is chosen so as to satisfy our needs and to harmonise with our intuition of space. When a mathematician speaks of space of four or more dimensions, he is not referring at all to the space of the universe which we apprehend intuitively; his meaning can best be made clear by an example.

If from a chosen point as origin we draw three mutually perpendicular axes, the position of any point relative to the origin can be specified by three distances or co-ordinates measured parallel to these axes, and the square of the distance of the point from the origin is equal to the sum of the squares of the co-ordinates. Thus, a mathematical statement which comprises the sum of the squares of three independent quantities equated to a constant value represents a sphere, *i.e.*, a surface all points of which are at a constant distance from the centre. It may happen, however, that the statement of a mathematical problem involves the sum of the squares of four independent quantities equated to a constant value; the mathematician would say that this statement represents a sphere in four dimensions, merely

because the mathematical statement bears a formal resemblance to that which represents a sphere in space. Space of four dimensions has no literal meaning; the term may be used in reference to any problem which involves four magnitudes which can vary independently, even when these quantities have no relation whatever to distances. Similarly, a doctor may plot the temperature of a fever patient against the time, and obtain a curve in two dimensions; the buying or selling prices of stocks and shares from day to day may be plotted in a similar manner.

When objects change their positions in space, time is involved in their specification. The speed with which a body is moving, or its velocity, may be constant, in which case the body travels in a straight line through equal distances in successive units of time; or it may be variable, in which case the direction of motion may change, or the speed of the body may increase or decrease. The Newtonian system of mechanics was founded on the principle that, when the velocity of a body is changing, the body is under the action of a force, and the magnitude of the force is proportional to the rate at which the velocity is changing. Newton applied this principle to the motion of the planets, which were known to travel round the sun in elliptic orbits. He found that for a planet to describe its known orbit it must be acted on by a force, directed towards the sun, and having a magnitude inversely proportional to the square of the distance between the two bodies. Thus he arrived at the celebrated law of gravitation, that one material body attracts another with a force which varies inversely as the square of the distance between them. It should be noticed that this explanation of planetary motion is only partial; it specifies the value of the pull which the sun exerts on a planet, but gives no clue as to the way in which this pull is exerted. Various attempts have been made to explain why material bodies attract each other, and, since we cannot imagine how two bodies in an absolutely empty space can influence each other, all agree in postulating some sort of medium which occupies the space between them. None of these theories, however, has met with general acceptance, and the cause of gravitation still remains unexplained.

Newton's theory is concerned with the 'how,' and not with the 'why,' of gravitation. Its practical value is beyond dispute. When, for instance, we know the relative positions and the velocities of any two material bodies at a given instant, we can obtain a mathematical expression which will suffice to determine their positions at any later date. If, however, there are three instead of two material bodies, a similar solution cannot be obtained; this is not due to any shortcoming of the theory of gravitation, but to the insufficiency of the mathematical analysis

at our disposal. Given three or more bodies in specified positions, moving with specified velocities and attracting each other in accordance with Newton's law, we can in fact determine their subsequent history, but only by the tedious process of tracing their paths from instant to instant. It was by this means that the planet Neptune was discovered. When Herschel identified the planet Uranus, it was found that the motion of that body was not of the simple character appertaining to the other planets, and it could not be explained merely as due to the attraction of the sun. At first sight it appeared that the Newtonian theory had broken down, and at one time even the eminent mathematician Bessel held this view. Le Verrier in France and Adams in England adopted the more reasonable assumption that the Newtonian theory was probably correct, but that it had been incorrectly applied to the planet Uranus. They took account not only of the attraction exerted by the sun, but also of that due to the big planets Saturn and Jupiter, and found that this accounted for part of the anomaly of the orbit of Uranus. The residual anomaly was attributed to the attraction of some other planet that had hitherto escaped observation, and the position and size of this planet were calculated in accordance with Newton's theory. When a search was made in the part of the heavens indicated, the planet subsequently called Neptune was discovered practically in the calculated position. No more searching test of the validity of the Newtonian theory could have been devised or even imagined. It is worthy of remark that if Neptune had remained undiscovered up to the present day, it would still have been necessary to carry out the same tedious calculations on the same lines; modern science, including the theory of relativity, has devised no other means by which the discovery could have been made.

In the course of the development of the Newtonian system of mechanics, an ever-increasing importance has attached to the idea of energy. When a body is moved against an opposing force, work is said to be done; the magnitude of the work is obtained by multiplying the value of the force by the distance parallel thereto through which the body is displaced. When a body is in motion it can only be brought to rest by the application of an opposing force. Since the force is proportional to the rate at which the velocity changes, it follows that a finite force can only produce a finite rate of change of velocity. Therefore the velocity of a moving body must diminish continuously during the application of an opposing force; in other words, while the body is being brought to rest, it moves against the opposing force, and work is done. Energy is defined as the capacity for performing work; a moving body therefore possesses energy called kinetic energy, and the magnitude of this energy is equal to the

work which can be done by the body while it is being brought to rest. If a body is projected vertically upwards from the surface of the earth it will rise against the opposing force of gravity until it reaches its maximum elevation, when it will come to rest for an instant. The kinetic energy possessed by the body immediately after its projection is lost by the time it comes to rest at the extremity of its upward journey, but in subsequently falling to the earth the body will regain the kinetic energy which it possessed initially, and therefore we say that at its maximum elevation the body possesses energy of position, or potential energy, equivalent to the kinetic energy which it can acquire in falling to the earth. As the body rises its kinetic energy diminishes and its potential energy increases, the loss of one kind of energy being balanced by an equal gain of the other; in falling toward the earth the potential energy diminishes while the kinetic energy increases. The sum of the kinetic and potential energies of the body remains constant throughout the motion of the body. These ideas form the basis of the Newtonian mechanics as developed by Lagrange and Hamilton.

The idea of energy has been further extended to cover phenomena which are not explainable on the grounds outlined above. When a moving body is brought to rest by frictional forces its kinetic energy is lost without any compensating gain of potential energy; however, heat is necessarily produced, and it has been found that the mechanical energy lost is proportional to the heat generated, so that we are entitled to say that the energy apparently lost has in fact been converted into a new form —that of heat. The detonation of an explosive charge is accompanied by the performance of work, and therefore the charge is said to possess chemical energy. Sunlight falling on a black body is absorbed and heat is produced, so that light must be a manifestation of energy. The law of conservation of energy states that whenever one form of energy disappears, an equivalent amount of some other kind of energy makes its appearance, so that the sum total of the energy in the universe is constant. At the present day, energy is bought and sold like a material commodity, and the continued solvency of the industries concerned could not be explained if our ideas of energy were seriously at fault. It must be noticed, however, that the protean character of energy differentiates it unmistakably from matter. Further, all experiments which have been performed indicate that matter can gain or lose energy without undergoing a change of weight.

In addition to laying the foundations of mechanical science, Newton attempted to give an explanation of light. It had previously been proved that light travels with a velocity which is very high but is yet finite. In order to explain the fact that light

travels in approximately straight lines Newton assumed that it consists of streams of 'corpuscles' which travel with a definite velocity through empty space. A difficulty arose at the outset from the fact that rays of light can cross without affecting each other; rays of light from the farthest stars have been travelling towards us for thousands of years across innumerable rays from other stars, and yet when they reach us they show no signs of having been disturbed in any way. This, however, was not the only difficulty encountered. In order to explain the phenomena of refraction at the surface of a transparent material medium, Newton was forced to conclude that in entering such a medium, the velocity of the corpuscles is increased. This point was tested experimentally by Fizeau, who found that the velocity of transmission of light in water and other transparent liquids is less than that in air. This crucial experiment disposed of the corpuscular theory of light, and the evidence on which it was abandoned has never been rebutted.

When the corpuscular theory of light had been abandoned, there was no alternative but the acceptance of the wave theory, which indicates that the velocity of light in transparent material media should be less than that in empty space. Newton had himself considered the possibility of light being due to a wave disturbance somewhat like that involved in the propagation of sound, but he rejected it on the ground that light travels in straight lines with the result that an opaque obstacle casts a well-defined shadow, while ordinary sound does not behave in this way. It was soon found, however, that waves will cast a definite shadow if the linear dimensions of the obstacle are large in comparison with the length of the waves. It was then pointed out, as an objection to the wave theory, that light from a minute source, when it falls on a small body, should throw a shadow with a bright spot at its centre. This phenomenon had never previously been observed, but when the experiment was tried it was found that the bright spot was plainly visible. The difficulties that had confronted the upholders of the wave theory were melting away rapidly.

The nature of waves can best be explained by a simple example. When one end of a stretched string is twitched, an undulation or wave travels away from the point of disturbance at a definite speed dependent only on the tension and the massiveness of the string. As the wave pursues its course, each particle of the string executes an oscillation about a fixed position, and then comes to rest; the oscillatory motion is transferred from particle to particle, which is expressed by saying that the wave propagates itself along the string. When the string is twitched at regular intervals, a series of waves travel along it, the distance between

any wave and the next of the series being constant. The series of waves is called a wave-train; it goes without saying that a wave-train comprising a thousand waves must have entailed a thousand twitches for its formation, the time occupied being equal to a thousand times the period between successive twitches.

Each wave as it reaches the fixed end of the string is reflected and travels back towards the starting-point, with the result that the string is traversed by two similar wave-trains moving with equal velocities in opposite directions. The instantaneous displacement of any particle of the string is due to the two waves which are passing it at the moment. If the twitches which generate the waves are suitably timed, certain particles of the string remain permanently stationary, each being subjected to equal and opposite displacements by the two waves that pass it simultaneously; between these stationary points or 'nodes' the motion of the string is augmented, both waves producing displacements in the same direction. We thus see that two waves passing through a point may produce complete rest there. A similar phenomenon is observable in connexion with light. If a beam of light derived from a small source is divided into two component beams, both of which are caused to fall on a white surface, the illumination produced is not uniform; if white light is used, the surface is crossed by brilliant coloured bands, whilst if the light is derived from a Bunsen flame into which some common salt has been introduced the surface is crossed by yellow bands separated by black intervals. Optical phenomena of this kind are due to the interference of two beams of light, just as the nodes of a vibrating string are due to the interference of two wave-trains travelling along it. No such phenomenon would be anticipated in accordance with the corpuscular theory of light.

If a stretched string passes through a narrow slit, waves vibrating parallel to the slit can be transmitted, but those perpendicular to the slit will be intercepted. If the string passes successively through two slits, the waves will be transmitted if the slits are parallel to each other, but they will be intercepted if the slits are perpendicular. A similar optical phenomenon is easily observable; light can pass through two crystals of tourmaline placed face to face, if the axes of the crystals are parallel, but it is entirely intercepted if the axes are perpendicular. These facts suggest that light consists of waves, the vibrations of which are perpendicular to the direction of propagation.

If light is propagated through space in the form of waves, the space must be occupied by a medium which can propagate the waves. To speak of the propagation of waves in an empty space is as meaningless as to discuss the propagation of the human race in an uninhabited country. Thus the adoption of

the wave theory of light entails the acceptance of the luminiferous ether as a logical necessity. We assume that the constituent particles of a luminous body are quivering and disturbing the ether, so that waves are produced in the way already explained.

Fresnel assumed that the luminiferous ether is somewhat similar to an elastic solid such as a jelly; this would account for the transverse vibrations of light waves, but it entails serious difficulty in explaining the unimpeded motion of the planets through space. When light is transmitted through a crystal of iceland spar it is split into two wave-trains which travel along different paths, and the vibrations of the corresponding waves are performed in mutually perpendicular directions; these phenomena were explained by Fresnel on the assumption that the ether permeating the crystal has acquired the character of an elastic solid whose elasticity has different values in different directions. Fresnel's theory of double refraction possesses a peculiar interest, because it accurately predicted the laws of refraction applicable to crystals, and indicated phenomena (internal and external conical refraction) which had not previously been suspected; nevertheless, the properties which he ascribed to an elastic solid, and used in developing his theory, are not in agreement with the accurate laws of elasticity. Further, investigations carried out in accordance with the true properties of an elastic solid do not indicate the optical phenomena observed when light is transmitted through a crystal. Thus it becomes clear that the successful prediction of phenomena in accordance with a theory may be compatible with fundamental error in the theory itself. This conclusion should be remembered in connexion with modern theories which derive their justification merely from the successful prediction of phenomena.

At the present day the tenability of the wave theory of light can scarcely be doubted; indeed, the most trustworthy measurements in physics are those of wave-lengths, and our standards of length have acquired an added permanence and universality by their accurate comparison with wave-lengths of light. The existence of the ether, the medium by which the waves of light are transmitted, cannot logically be called in question without impugning the wave theory; nevertheless, attempts to construct a mechanical model to explain the properties of the ether have met with little success. The elastic solid theory has been abandoned, and we now content ourselves with the electro-magnetic theory, which explains light in terms of electro-magnetic disturbances. This theory demands the existence of the ether, not only to explain the propagation of waves such as those of light, but also to account for the attractions and repulsions of electric charges and the various phenomena of the electric circuit. The wave

theory itself has acquired a significance far transcending that due to its explanation of light. An intimate knowledge of the structure of crystals has been obtained by recognising that X-rays consist of electro-magnetic waves of exceedingly short length. Essentially similar waves of lengths measurable in metres are employed in wireless telephony and telegraphy. Auguste Comte seemed to have good reason for his conclusion that we should never be able to determine the chemical constitution of the sun and stars; but scarcely had the prediction been made when it was falsified by the application of the wave theory to the spectroscopic examination of celestial bodies. It is not too much to say that the explanation of light and allied phenomena, as due to waves transmitted by the ether, is as well founded as our knowledge of atoms and molecules.

Attention must now be directed to a class of phenomena that has previously been ignored. Our primary conception of velocity is derived from observations of the motion of bodies relative to the earth. Since the determination of a velocity entails the measurement of the displacement of a body in a given time, we must have some object to mark the starting-point from which the displacement can be measured. If we imagine an observer in a universe which is absolutely empty except for himself, it is clear that for him velocities would have no meaning whatever. The measurement of an absolute velocity would necessitate the existence of something which is known to be stationary, and obviously we have no criterion to decide whether any material object is absolutely stationary or not. On the other hand, the ether is an apparently boundless fluid distributed throughout all space; the motion of the planets is not impeded by it, and therefore they presumably do not set it in motion; local currents in the ether would produce erratic apparent displacements of the stars, and nothing of this kind has been observed. Apart from the quiverings due to light waves, the ether may be considered to give us a standard of complete quiescence.

The Newtonian system of mechanics is based on the conception of force as that which changes the velocity of a body, and we can detect and measure a change of velocity without determining the velocity absolutely. Thus, the mechanical interactions involved in a game of billiards are not affected by the fact that the table is moving with the earth, which is rotating on its axis and is also traversing an orbit around the sun. So far as irrotational motion is concerned, the Newtonian theory makes no distinction between a mechanical system which as a whole is stationary, and one that is travelling in a straight line with uniform velocity; therefore mechanical tests can give us no evidence whatever as to

absolute linear motion. In relation to rotational motion the case is different. By the aid of a pendulum or a gyrostat we could determine the absolute rate of rotation of the earth about its axis even if we had no means of making astronomical observations.

One of the earliest methods of determining the velocity of light was derived from the phenomenon known as astronomical aberration. If anyone runs through a shower of rain which is falling vertically, it will appear to him that the rain is driving in his face. Similarly, if light from a star is incident vertically on the earth, the motion of the earth in its orbit will produce an apparent deflection of the rays from the vertical, so that the star will not appear to be directly overhead; its apparent displacement will be reversed every six months. The phenomena observed indicate that the ether is stationary, that is, that the moving earth does not impart any translational velocity to the ether in its neighbourhood. In this case the source of light, the star, is external to the earth and does not partake of its motion. When the source of light, the observer, and the apparatus used are all moving with the earth, the conditions are different.

The orbital velocity of the earth amounts to about eighteen and a half miles per second, while the velocity of light is ten thousand times as great. As a consequence of the great disparity between these magnitudes, it is found that most optical observations are not appreciably affected by the motion of the earth imparted in common to the source of light, the apparatus, and the observer. An example will illustrate this.

The wave theory indicates that, when a ray of light is reflected from a stationary mirror, the angles of incidence and reflexion are exactly equal. If the ray is reflected from a mirror moving in a direction perpendicular to its plane with a velocity of eighteen and a half miles per second, the angles of incidence and reflexion will be sensibly unequal; if, for instance, the mirror is moving forward to meet the light, and the angle of incidence is about eighty degrees, the angle of reflexion will be about forty seconds of arc less than the angle of incidence. However, the motion of the source of light will increase the angle of incidence by about twenty seconds, so that, as a net result, the motion of the source and the mirror will diminish the angle of reflexion by twenty seconds. Further, the motion of the observer will produce an apparent increase of twenty seconds in the angle of reflexion, so that the apparent direction of the reflected ray will be approximately the same as if the system were at rest.

The case would be different if the orbital velocity of the earth were much greater than it is. As things are, there is only one optical experiment which could be expected to show the effect of

the earth's motion through the ether; this is the celebrated Michelson-Morley experiment, which is of so much importance that it is advisable to explain it in detail.

Let it be supposed that a speed test is to be performed under the following imaginary conditions. It is to be carried out on a plane surface of unlimited extent, so uniform in appearance that there is no means of distinguishing one point on it from another. On this surface three motor-cars, A, B and C, are arranged so that B is eight miles north of A, while C is eight miles to the west of A. Two runners start from A and traverse the surface at the rate of eight miles per hour, one running to B and back while the other runs to C and back; each will take two hours for the double journey.

Now let it be supposed that all three motor-cars, while retaining their relative positions, are set in motion at the rate of two miles per hour in the direction from south to north, and that the running test is repeated. The runner towards B still travels north at the rate of eight miles per hour, but the turning point B of his outward journey is moving away from him at the rate of two miles per hour, so that he is approaching B at the rate of six miles per hour and will reach B in one hour and twenty minutes. During the return journey from B to A the runner travels south at the rate of eight miles per hour, while the terminus A of his journey is moving toward him at the rate of two miles per hour, so that he is approaching A at the rate of ten miles per hour, and will reach A forty-eight minutes after leaving B. Thus the journey from A to B and back has occupied 128 minutes, as compared with 120 minutes required when the cars were stationary.

The other runner, also traversing the surface at the rate of eight miles per hour, must at first take the shortest path to reach C, which itself is travelling towards the north at the rate of two miles per hour, so that his course lies fourteen and a half degrees north of west, and he reaches C in sixty-two minutes; on his return journey to A his course lies fourteen and a half degrees north of east, and he reaches A after an additional sixty-two minutes, so that the journey from A to C and back has occupied 124 minutes. The motion of the system A B C relative to the surface has increased the distance traversed by each runner, the one on the A B track having run a little more than seventeen miles, while the one on the A C track has run about sixteen and a half miles.

If this test were carried out and it were found that both runners finally reached A at the same instant, we should be forced to conclude that the theoretical conditions of the experiment had not been complied with. It is supposed to be beyond question that the two runners traverse the surface at equal rates. If the

motion of the cars somehow carried the surface forward with them, the result of the test would be explained. It must be remembered that the surface is supposed to be so uniform that observation from one of the cars would not reveal whether it is moving relatively to the surface or not. If this explanation were not acceptable, it might be assumed that in setting the cars in motion the distance between the cars A and B is somehow diminished by a quarter of a mile, that between A and C remaining unchanged, so that the distance actually traversed by each runner is sixteen and a half miles. This would explain the simultaneous return of both runners to A, but it is not the only explanation possible; it might be assumed that the motion of the cars increases the distance between A and C by a quarter of a mile, while that between A and B is unchanged, in which case each runner would have traversed seventeen miles. If the referee on the car A observed the times of departure and return of both runners, and found that the intervals which elapsed were not only equal but that in each case exactly two hours elapsed as in the case when the cars were stationary, the additional assumption might be made that the stop-watch of the referee was caused to go slow by the motion of the cars. Assumptions of this sort would explain the phenomenon observed, but would themselves be inexplicable; we should be explaining the known by the unknown.

The Michelson-Morley experiment can now be understood. A beam of light falls at an angle of forty-five degrees on a thinly silvered mirror A, so that half of the beam is transmitted and half reflected. The two component beams traverse equal paths at right angles to each other, and are then reflected back to A by two mirrors B and C. At A the beams recombine and interference fringes are produced. The source of light, the apparatus, and the observer are all moving with the earth, and we cannot make a preliminary adjustment with everything at rest; but we can adjust the apparatus so that the paths A B and A C are apparently equal as indicated by the interference fringes produced, and then turn the apparatus through a right angle so that each path is brought into the line previously occupied by the other. In effect, a single wave of the incident beam produces two component waves which start from A, and correspond to the runners in the analogous case; both waves travel through the ether with equal velocities, and when the path A B is parallel to the orbital velocity of the earth the time taken in completing the journey from A to B and back will be longer than that required when A B is brought into a perpendicular position. Thus a shift of the interference fringes is to be anticipated as the apparatus is rotated; in the Michelson-Morley experiment each of the paths was eleven metres in length, and a shift of half a fringe-breadth was to be expected.

Michelson and Morley found that if a shift of the interference fringes was produced at all, it was less than the twentieth part of that anticipated. The obvious inference is that the ether is carried round with the earth so that the relative motion between it and the apparatus is very small or non-existent; but this conclusion is at variance with that deduced from the simpler and more straightforward observations of astronomical aberration. The Michelson-Morley experiment was performed in a cellar; the experimenters suggested that a similar test should be carried out on a mountain, and this has recently been done by Dr. Miller, who reports that a definite shift of the fringes is produced, although this shift is less than would be anticipated on the assumption that the apparatus is moving through a quiescent ether. Dr. Miller has carried out another experiment in which a beam of light is divided into two components which are caused to traverse a horizontal rectangular path in opposite directions; owing to the rotation of the earth, the rectangle is rotating about a vertical axis, with the result that its opposite sides are moving in contrary directions. It was found that a shift of the interference fringes was produced, its value being in excellent agreement with that predicted on the assumption that the ether is not disturbed by the rotational motion of the earth. An explanation of all the above experimental results has not yet been proposed. The theory of relativity was enunciated and developed before Dr. Miller's experiments had been performed, and it is not in keeping with them; it gives, however, a fanciful explanation of the Michelson-Morley result, and predicts results to be anticipated in many optical experiments that we have no chance of performing.

The Michelson-Morley result, if considered to be definitely negative, has been explained by Lorentz on the supposition that when any material body is in motion, its dimensions parallel to the direction of motion are diminished. The assumed diminution due to the earth's orbital motion is almost inconceivably small, being only three inches in 10,000 miles. The most accurate linear measurement that has ever been effected is Michelson's comparison of the standard metre with the wave-length of light, but this is accurate only to about one part in a million, or three inches in fifty miles.

The theory of relativity proceeds on the assumption, which is wholly gratuitous so far as the Michelson-Morley experiment is concerned, that the times taken in traversing the two paths A B and A C to and fro are not only equal, which is all that the experiment indicated, but that they are the same as if the system were at rest. This entails the condition that any timekeeper, such as a watch, runs slow when it is set in motion; on this assumption the speed of the earth in its orbit would produce a loss of one and

a half seconds of time in ten years. According to the theory of relativity, it is impossible to obtain any information as to the absolute velocity of the earth; therefore we might be moving with a velocity equal to that of light, in which case all lengths parallel to the direction of motion would shrink to nothing, the interval between consecutive ticks of a watch would be an eternity, and yet we should notice nothing extraordinary. Returning to the test with the cars, it is easily seen that if these are moving with the same velocity as the runners, the runner from A to B will be unable to get ahead of A, and will never reach B at all unless the distance between A and B vanishes; the runner from A to C will never reach C anyhow, and therefore the watch of the referee must stop in order that he may notice nothing extraordinary while he waits during an eternity for the return of the missing runner.

The theory of relativity as developed by Einstein is based on the assumption that there is nothing stationary in the universe, with the result that there can be no question of measuring any velocity absolutely. The inconsistent assumption is also made that light is propagated through space at a definite speed, which is tantamount to the assumption that the speed of light is known absolutely. It has been proved that light exerts pressure on a mirror when it is reflected thereat, and if the mirror were free to move it would be set in motion and its speed would increase until it acquired the velocity of the light itself; therefore it would be possible, theoretically at least, to set a mirror in motion with the absolute velocity of light and to use its velocity as a standard for the comparison of other velocities.

The existence of a stationary ether is inconsistent with the fundamental principle of Einstein's theory, and therefore it has been assumed that light, and radiation in general, consists of matter ejected from luminous bodies very much as was assumed in Newton's corpuscular theory. This assumption would lead us to expect that light may be influenced by gravitation, although its high speed would entail only an inappreciable deflection in any gravitational field not of excessive intensity. It was predicted that a definite deflection would be produced when a ray from a star passes near to the sun, and this deflection was observed during the solar eclipse of May 29, 1919. If this deflection had been observed before Einstein's prediction, it would unquestionably have been attributed to refraction by the atmosphere of tenuous matter which is known to surround the sun and extend to a great distance therefrom. This matter is understood to be somewhat like that of which comets are composed, and stars seen through comets have been observed to be displaced from their true positions, due to refraction by the tenuous cometary matter. Thus

the evidence in favour of Einstein's theory, derived from the solar eclipse of 1919, depends not so much on the fact that the stars were apparently displaced, but on the displacement observed being of the magnitude predicted. Observations made during subsequent eclipses have confirmed the existence of the displacement, but not its predicted magnitude. As a consequence, the validity of Einstein's theory cannot be sustained on the grounds that it predicts phenomena which would otherwise be inexplicable. Similar remarks apply to Einstein's explanation of the anomalous displacement of the perihelion of Mercury. This can be and has been explained on other grounds, and therefore provides no conclusive evidence. Moreover, Mercury is not the only celestial body whose motion is erratic; our nearest neighbour in the universe, the moon, is so erratic in its motion that its position cannot be predicted a long time ahead, and Einstein's theory furnishes no clue to explain this.

The strongest argument against the Einstein theory, apart from that which demolished the corpuscular theory, is that the abandonment of the ether is necessitated. The radiation emitted by a luminous body is known to consist of wave-trains each of which comprises many thousands, or even millions, of consecutive waves, and must therefore extend over a distance between (say) a millimetre and fifty centimetres. The breadth of the wave front must also be large enough to fill the apertures of our largest telescopes, and must therefore amount to several feet. If Einstein's theory were correct, each particle of infinitesimal mass emitted as radiation by a star would have to expand to the magnitude given above, and in addition to possess a structure that would enable it to simulate the properties of a train of waves.

On the whole, therefore, the theory of relativity has not removed the difficulties connected with the aberration of light, and though the ' boldness ' of the theory may recommend it to minds with a speculative bias, that very characteristic disqualifies it in the eyes of those who desire a comprehensible explanation of phenomena.

A full discussion of the quantum theory is impossible in an article like the present. First of all, the phenomena which it seeks to explain would have to be considered in some detail; when this had been done, the explanations advanced would need careful attention, and these explanations are not comprised in a single theory, but involve at least three main theories and a large number of variants. The most that can be done here is to subject some of the fundamental assumptions to a brief examination.

When a material body is heated to a high temperature, light is emitted. We know that visible light is only a portion of the total radiation given out; a particular wave-length, which varies with

the temperature, is emitted most profusely, but longer and shorter wave-lengths are also present. In fact, the radiation emitted comprises innumerable wave-lengths, and the energy of the radiation is distributed in a known manner between these, most of it being carried by waves whose lengths are only a little longer or shorter than a particular value. We are forced to conclude that the radiation is due to some sort of vibratory motion of the heated body, and the problem is to account for the known distribution of energy amongst the various wave-lengths. We know very little about the structure of the atoms of which matter is composed, and it is therefore impossible to effect a straightforward application of the Newtonian mechanics to the problem; the most we can attempt is to employ statistical methods in the hope of finding some general properties of matter which will assist us. In the Newtonian system of mechanics, energy is gained or lost continuously; for instance, when the kinetic energy of a body increases, its velocity changes from one value to another bypassing through all intermediate stages. When a statistical examination of matter is made on these lines, it is found that the energy radiated should tend to concentrate in the very shortest wave-lengths, which is not in accordance with experience. It is found, however, on the supposition that the energy is emitted discontinuously, as if it were given out in parcels, that the observed distribution of the energy between the various wave-lengths can be accounted for. Thus, matter is assumed to pass from one state to another in a series of jumps, and energy is gained or lost only in 'quanta.' These quanta are not invariable in value. The magnitude of the quantum of energy which a vibrating body can absorb or emit is directly proportional to the frequency with which the body vibrates; thus, with quickly vibrating systems like atoms the quantum has a large value, and for slowly vibrating systems, such as are found in the large-scale phenomena of matter in bulk, the quantum is so small that energy appears to be given out or taken in continuously. It will probably occur to the reader that many mechanical systems function with a certain degree of discontinuity. A watch loses a definite amount of energy at each tick, and the loss is confined to a very short time in comparison with the period between two ticks. Further, when the watch is being wound up, each click of the pawl on the ratchet wheel marks the gain of a definite amount of energy, and no smaller amount can be retained. Thus the broad ideas involved in the quantum theory are not very difficult to assimilate, unless absolute, as distinguished from relative, discontinuity is insisted on.

It is found, however, so soon as attempts are made to apply the quantum theory to concrete problems, that difficulties of the

most serious character arise. The nature of these difficulties is well illustrated by Bohr's theory of monochromatic radiation.

When hydrogen, at a reduced pressure, is present in the path of an electrical discharge in a vacuum tube, light is emitted, and when this is analysed by the spectroscope it is found to include a number of bright lines each of which corresponds to a definite wave-length. Further, we know from interference experiments that the radiation of each wave-length comprises a train of many thousands, and perhaps millions, of waves. So far as the structure of the hydrogen atom is concerned, experimental evidence indicates that the atom comprises a nucleus, or ' proton,' of relatively large mass carrying a positive charge, and an ' electron ' of much smaller mass carrying an equal negative charge.

Bohr assumes that the electron revolves about the proton in an orbit somewhat like that of a planet in the solar system. The relation between the radius of the orbit and the time occupied in a revolution are deduced from the Newtonian mechanics, but it is further assumed that only those orbits are possible in which the kinetic energy is equal to an integral number of quanta. It is assumed that no disturbance of the orbit, such as is known to occur in planetary motion, can possibly be produced; occasionally, however, for some unknown reason, an electron jumps suddenly from one orbit to another, and in doing so emits *instantaneously* a quantum of radiation. On these assumptions a formula is found which correctly indicates the frequencies of the various lines of the hydrogen spectrum; further, a whole series of lines in the extreme ultra-violet part of the spectrum was predicted and afterwards confirmed experimentally. When predictions, made in accordance with a theory, are found to be in accurate agreement with experimental determinations, we must accept this as affording strong evidence in favour of the validity of the theory. Indeed, if the theory itself is strictly logical, such evidence is practically conclusive. Unfortunately, Bohr's theory is logical only in determining the consequences of a number of assumptions which are themselves purely arbitrary; further, although it successfully predicts the frequency of the radiation emitted, the assumptions are inconsistent with the production of radiation comprising trains of many waves. It has been pointed out previously that the production of a train comprising a thousand waves must necessarily occupy a time equal to a thousand times the period of each wave, and therefore it is a contradiction in terms to say that a wave train is produced instantaneously, as is assumed by Bohr. Since Bohr's theory is inconsistent with the production of radiation with the properties which we know it to possess, it cannot be accepted as giving an explanation of radiation. Obviously, some or all of the assumptions made must be erroneous. We may recall

Fresnel's theory of double refraction, which was based on incorrect assumptions and yet predicted phenomena with precision; later it was found that the same results could be deduced from the electro-magnetic theory without any inconsistency.

Finally, the conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing review are obvious. The phenomena of aberration and those of the emission of radiation have not received a satisfactory explanation up to the present, either in terms of the classical theories or otherwise. It is clear that our acquaintance with phenomena has increased faster than our capacity to explain them. The truth appears to be that experimental knowledge lately gained has drawn our attention forcibly to intricate problems without sufficing to indicate the lines on which they can be solved. It is natural, in the circumstances, that our explanations should be tentative and not free from inconsistency. Nevertheless, the strength of a theory lies not in its 'boldness' but in its inevitability, and although science may for a time stray into the delectable meadows of wonderland, it must in the end return to the broad highway of logic and consistency.

EDWIN EDSER.

THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE IN THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

In the earliest stages the steam locomotive was designed more particularly for mineral and goods traffic, but George Stephenson's 'Rocket' inaugurated the speed era, in that it showed the possibility of running at 30 miles an hour, as compared with the 8 to 15 miles an hour hitherto associated with locomotive traction. It is said, indeed, that this engine actually ran at 60 miles an hour later in its history. From 1830 onwards, however, the speed capabilities of the locomotive engine became all-important, on the passenger side if not generally, and during the next two decades, not only was fast running regarded as practical, though on a basis of averages of 30 to 35 miles an hour, with actual speeds up to 50, 55, and 60 miles an hour, but for a long time constituted the outstanding feature of rail travel as compared with other means of conveyance.

Prior to about 1860 an express train would consist of from six to ten or a dozen small four-wheeled coaches, but it would carry perhaps 200 passengers, all paying ordinary first and second class fares, for the days of almost universal third class travel were not yet, and to take three hours from London to Birmingham (including stops), or six hours to Liverpool or Manchester, was regarded as a wonderful speed achievement. The engines were, of course, small, and probably not particularly efficient on a fuel basis, but they did the work in a remunerative manner, especially when six-wheeled designs superseded the four-wheeled, as they did comparatively early.

It must be remembered that, in those days, fuel was plentiful and cheap, and wage costs were low, while the trains were light, passenger traffic very much more remunerative, and charges for goods traffic were willingly borne, as alternative means of transit were generally more expensive and usually very slow. There was, of course, much less traffic, but what there was paid very well, while duplicated main lines, expensive marshalling yards, big warehouses, elaborate stations and hotels, docks and other 'ancillary' undertakings did not become essential until later.

By the 'fifties practice had, to all intents and purposes, settled

down, in that, although widely varied in detail, the engines of that period included most of the standard features. Moreover, signalling and other traffic control agencies had reached a stage which permitted of a fair volume of traffic being operated safely and trains run at reasonably fast speeds.

From the speed point of view, too, quite good work was done, and there are many claims that speeds as high as, or even higher than, those normally recorded to-day were made. During the famous 'Battle of the Gauges' of the late 'forties and 'fifties speed became, in fact, an all-important factor, and a number of engines, some of queer types and unusual dimensions, were built mainly with a view to the achievement of speed honours.

In this connexion several extravagant claims obtained currency, of which the most extreme was probably that which maintained that a Great Western broad-gauge engine once ran from London to Bristol—118½ miles—in the even hour. In regard to this, the late Mr. Charles Rous-Marten, famous in his day as an expert train-timer, argued that the actual time was one hour and so many minutes, the latter being quietly dropped as the tale was told and retold. Allowing, however, for the fact that the real time was possibly 1 hour 55 minutes, it still remains a notable performance, which is only equalled by times occasionally made to-day, though 40 or 50 tons was probably the extreme load, whereas 250 to 300 tons is now a usual figure for the London-Bristol two-hour trains.

Mr. Rous-Marten accepted, however, with a little modification and correction, suggestions that the run between Paddington and Didcot (53 miles) was made in 47 minutes. Further, it is beyond question that both the Great Western broad-gauge engines of the 'Lord of the Isles' class, with 8 ft. wheels, and the curious single-driver express tank engines, with 9 ft. wheels, on occasions reached, and probably exceeded, the 80 miles an hour rate on favourable down grades, even in the 'fifties. Similar claims were, however, made in regard to standard-gauge engines, including the London and North Western locomotive 'Cornwall,' with its 8 ft. 6 in. wheels, and the Crampton engine 'Liverpool,' with 8 ft. wheels behind the firebox instead of midway, as usual.

On the basis of mere speed, indeed, there is no doubt that a running speed of 60 miles an hour became common comparatively early, though it was not until the 'seventies and the 'eighties that even 50 miles an hour averages between stops were adopted. Moreover, whatever they may have done in their early days, many of these old engines met the heavier demands of later years very well, and not a few achieved speed exploits later in their careers which far exceeded the demands usually placed upon them when new.

By the 'sixties and 'seventies conditions and methods had settled down so far that reasonably fast express services were in general operation, while engines of fair size (for their day), and having good load-hauling as well as speed capabilities, were in general use.

The number of trains, including those used for suburban as well as local, branch, goods and mineral services, had also increased steadily, so that a great part of the work then done was more or less of a standard character, with an occasional special achievement. Some of these related to load-hauling, but now and then notable speed work was done. Thus, two of Mr. Ramsbottom's 'Lady of the Lake' class, on the London and North Western Railway, made the run from Holyhead to Euston, with the Trent despatches, in 5 hours for the 264 miles, one engine from Holyhead to Stafford and the other thence to London. This was in 1862, but engines of the same class also made the run from Euston to Crewe, 158 miles without a stop, in 1888, and about 1898 I saw two of them working the evening Highland sleeping-car express, also non-stop to Crewe, but with a substantial modern load of certainly 300 tons.

In the 'seventies coupled engines began to come into favour for main line duties, with coupled wheels from 6 ft. to 6 ft. 9 in. diameter, 150 lb. steam pressure, and total weights (without tender) of 30 to 40 tons. On some lines engines of that period can still be seen on suitable duties, though during the last twenty years they have naturally tended to disappear. The most famous still to be seen are undoubtedly the London and North Western 'Precedents,' originally built by Ramsbottom in the 'sixties, though they gained their chief honours after being rebuilt by Mr. F. W. Webb from 1873 onwards, with others constructed entirely under his oversight.

Mr. Rous-Marten claimed a speed of 88 miles an hour for the class, but the outstanding performances are on the basis of average speeds or steady, good work. Thus, in the 1895 'Race to Aberdeen,' No. 790 ('Hardwicke') achieved an average speed of 67·6 miles an hour from Crewe to Carlisle, though with only 75 tons, while No. 955 ('Charles Dickens') covered over 2,000,000 miles before being broken up, mainly by working from Manchester to London and back daily over a long period.

The engines which followed were somewhat larger machines on most lines, though the older and smaller locomotives frequently worked side by side with them. The period was, however, one of steady expansion of railway traffic, application of continuous brakes and improved signalling, including the introduction of the block system, a gradual increase in train weights, and acceleration of times on important services. The last-mentioned

aspect led to several competitive developments, notably the 1888 ' Race to Edinburgh.'

Some notable times were made on both routes. It was, however, the 1895 ' Race to Aberdeen ' which gave the most sensational times. Thus, one of the Stirling 8 ft. bogie singles on the Great Northern Railway, in the 1888 ' Race to Edinburgh,' with about 80 tons, reached Grantham, 105½ miles, in 110 minutes from King's Cross, and in the 1895 ' Race to Aberdeen ' engines of the same class averaged 61·9 to Grantham and 65·3 thence to York with heavier loads. During the same ' race ' a North-Eastern four-coupled engine averaged 61·5 miles an hour from York to Newcastle and another 65·5 miles an hour thence to Edinburgh. Incidentally, North British four-coupled bogie engines averaged 61 miles an hour from Edinburgh to Dundee, and 64 miles an hour onwards to Aberdeen, against the Caledonian 60·5 miles an hour from Carlisle to Perth and 67 miles an hour from Perth to Aberdeen. Other achievements of those exciting times were: 64·3 from Euston to Crewe by a Webb three-cylinder compound, and Caledonian runs in 1888 from Carlisle to Edinburgh (100¾ miles in 102½ minutes), and in 1895 from Carlisle to Stirling (117¾ miles in 117 minutes).

Notable, however, as these and other runs appear, even at this date, it has to be borne in mind that they were all achieved with light or relatively light loads, and the most remarkable thing is actually that, besides being able to ' show a clean pair of heels ' in this fashion, so many of the engines of the period could also do good work with heavy trains. Thus, the famous Webb three-cylinder compound No. 1305 (' Jeanie Deans ') for years worked the midday Scottish express between Euston and Crewe with loads of appreciably over 300 tons; while the Great Northern 8 ft. singles often ran East Coast and other expresses of 250 tons and more well into the present century, as did also the companion six-wheeled singles designed by Mr. Stirling. On the Midland Railway the work done by the singles of Mr. Johnson's design also showed substantial load-hauling capabilities, while one of the few authenticated instances of 90 miles an hour being reached or exceeded is credited to the class.

Except in respect of actual maximum speed, however, it is one of Mr. Dean's narrow-gauge single-driver locomotives for the Great Western Railway which claims what is believed to be the most remarkable sustained speed achievement on record. This was on May 9, 1904, when a special mail train from Plymouth to Paddington was worked, from Bristol, by No. 3065 (' Duke of Connaught '), which, with about 80 tons, ran the 118½ miles at an average of 71·3 miles an hour, including two slacks, incidentally covering the 81¾ miles from passing Wootton Bassett to passing

Westbourne Park in 62 minutes 55 seconds. The speed thus averaged about 80 miles an hour for most of the distance, with a maximum of 91·8 near Slough. Earlier in the journey a four-coupled engine, 'City of Truro,' with double the load, had touched a speed of 102·3 miles an hour descending the Wellington Bank down to Taunton, this being the highest authenticated speed attributed to any locomotive engine. Considerably higher speeds have been claimed, particularly in the United States, but the particulars are not sufficiently trustworthy to permit of unqualified acceptance, whereas 'City of Truro's' run was most elaborately timed and is generally accepted as unquestionable.

By about 1890 it was becoming increasingly recognised that bigger engines were inevitable to meet requirements, especially when corridor trains rendered it practicable to include restaurant cars to serve a complete train (the earlier restaurant cars were isolated vehicles in which a limited number of passengers remained throughout the journey). It is true that single-driver locomotives and six-wheeled four-coupled engines continued for many years to do a great deal of useful work, but the four-coupled bogie engine began by this time to be the favourite heavy-duty express type. Thus, on the Midland Railway, such engines were taking over the harder duties from the singles, in Scotland the type had become the universal standard, on the London and North Western the four-cylinder compounds had made their appearance, and on most other lines similar classes rapidly tended to become standard. These engines made many notable speed records, but their great value was in load-hauling, particularly when Mr. McIntosh's policy, initiated on the Caledonian Railway, of providing what was then considered to be ample boiler power, became general. It is necessary to bear in mind that increase of power carried with it the inference that adverse gradients could be climbed more effectively, so that there was less need for extremely fast running on down grades and level stretches. This fact, combined with the standardisation of running times and the discouragement of excessively high speeds, explains why there has been less sensational running in later years. As a result, very high speeds have become less necessary than in earlier years, though, both with four- and with six-coupled engines, there have been plenty of instances of the attainment of high maximum speeds (up to and exceeding the 90 rate), and of the maintenance of average speeds well over the mile a minute with substantial loads and for long distances.

For twenty years or so the four-coupled bogie engines did most of the hard express work, and on many lines they still cover a good proportion of the ordinary and some of the special duties, but, shortly before the opening of the twentieth century, 'Atlantic'

type locomotives (4–4–2) began to make their appearance, while six-coupled bogie (4–6–0) engines were being introduced on heavy-load and heavy-gradient routes soon after finding favour for general main line services. The first 'Atlantics' appeared almost concurrently on the Great Northern and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways, about 1897, and in due course this became a favourite type on several other lines. The advantage was that a very big boiler could be carried, as it had become realised that this was the primary requirement for sustained heavy work. The adoption on the Great Northern Railway of a wide type of firebox rendered it impracticable to couple the trailing wheels, so that it was not until the further development into the 'Pacific' (4–6–2) type was adopted in 1922 that six-coupled express engines came into use on that line. On certain other systems, however, the 4–6–0 type was employed, so that while the East Coast lines (Great Northern, North Eastern and North British) maintained their adherence to the 'Atlantic' type for many years, the Great Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire turned to 4–6–0's, and most of the other railways adopted six-coupled designs without introducing 'Atlantics' at all. We thus get the notable series of 4–6–0 designs, which in the earlier years of the twentieth century became the standard classes for heavy main line duties on so many railways, starting with the Highland mixed-traffic engines of 1897 and the North Eastern main line locomotives of the '2001' class (1900), and leading up to the 'Stars' and 'Castles' on the Great Western, the 'Claughtons' on the London and North Western, and similar designs on other lines, the Southern Railway's 'Lord Nelson' being, so far, the latest and most notable development.

There are now many trains which involve weights of over 400 tons—up to nearly 600 tons, indeed, on occasions—although there may be only 200, 300, or 400 passengers (approximately 1½ or 2 tons per passenger, as compared with substantially under half a ton in early days) Further, while many of the fastest runs are made with only moderate loads, there are large numbers of trains which have to average between 50 and 60 miles an hour with big tonnages.

It is necessary to remember that an average speed of even 55 miles an hour for 80 to 160 miles may entail the covering of perhaps two-thirds of the journey at well over 60 miles an hour, as so many runs include, besides a difficult start, and an easy run in prior to the stop, two or three places requiring reduced speed (as at big junction stations and for curves), and a number of miles of hard climbing. Consequently, even with an express train which does not have a phenomenally fast timing, it may easily occur that, to keep time, 50, 60, or even more miles must be run in as many minutes or less, while a really fast average

speed may entail an average of well over 60 miles an hour for all but the first and last three or four miles. For example, Great Western two-hour expresses between Paddington and Bristol must run 100 of the 117½ or 118½ miles (according to route) in 93 to 96 minutes if they are to keep time. The famous 'Cornish Riviera' express of the same railway has to cover three-fourths of its run between Paddington and Plymouth (North Road) in only a few more minutes than miles, because of the fact that between Exeter and Newton Abbot curves, etc., preclude very fast running, while between Newton Abbot and Plymouth the gradients are of a terrifically hard nature. Consequently, even allowing for the fact that, by slipping sections of the train *en route*, the load over the hardest portion is reduced to practicable limits, this run of 226 miles, the world's longest, represents a very difficult task to complete in 247 minutes. Yet the same distance, with moderately big loads throughout, has been run on many occasions in about 235 minutes, though this involved well over the mile-a-minute average for most of the journey east of Exeter. Similarly, on other lines, the working of present-day loads at the speeds demanded involves very hard work, whether the averages reach or exceed 55 miles an hour or show only a moderate 50 or so.

There are three British expresses timed at average speeds, start to stop, exceeding the mile-a-minute rate. One is on the Great Western Railway, Swindon to Paddington, 77·3 miles in 75 minutes. The other two are on the London and North Eastern Railway, one from Darlington to York, 44·1 miles in 43 minutes, and the other from Leicester to Arkwright Street, Nottingham, 22·6 miles in 22 minutes. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway has one or two trains booked from Birmingham to Coventry in 19 minutes (18·9 miles). On the Great Western Railway two trains are booked to slip coaches at Bath in 105 minutes from Paddington (106·7 miles), the through part being timed to reach Bristol in 120 minutes for the 118½ miles. On the basis of non-stop runs exceeding 100 miles, the Great Western Railway has twenty-six, ranging from 101·6 to 225·7 miles; the London Midland and Scottish Railway fifty-eight, for distances of 100·6 to 205·5 miles; and the London and North Eastern forty-one, from 103·1 to 188·2 miles. A good proportion of these exceed the 55 miles an hour average. Some of these runs are with summer trains, but about 80 per cent. apply all the year round, many of the trains being heavy business expresses as distinct from holiday and tourist trains, and not a few loading to a substantial degree. The Southern Railway has no regular runs exceeding 100 miles, but it has its due share of equivalently fast and notable bookings, frequently over distinctly hard routes, as

between Salisbury and Exeter, and, in the case of Continental boat trains, between London and Dover.

In other countries it is usually practicable to employ bigger engines than can be run in this country for the hardest duties, so that it is not quite so remarkable as it appears to be that in France big 'Pacific' locomotives haul 500 and 600 ton trains at speeds only a trifle short of the mile-a-minute rate, or that American locomotives work loads of 700 and even 800 tons on many runs. There is, indeed, a great deal of notable express train operation in many parts of the world, while numerous trains which do not suggest wonderfully fast running represent, in fact, very hard work. Such performances in other countries are, however, usually done by locomotives substantially or, in the case of the United States, considerably larger than our own, while a greater proportion than is the case here constitute trains limited to first or first and second class passengers, or subject to supplementary charges.

So far attention has been confined to main line express locomotives of usual types, but a few remarks are necessary in regard to other classes of engines. An interesting development in British practice is the extensive vogue of notable engines of classes which do not need a separate tender. Thus, there are many very big tank engines in use in this country, some designed for working trains over difficult sections or for special duties, others intended for express duties where the runs are not too long. Among the former may be mentioned some of the big six-coupled tank engines for hard gradient duties, and the eight-coupled engines for heavy yard shunting, while the latter include designs such as the 4–6–4 ('Baltic') and 2–6–4 express tank engines in use on the Southern Railway, which are called upon to make such runs as from London to Brighton, 51 miles in 60 minutes, involving actual maximum speeds of from 75 to 80 miles an hour. Then there are the big eight-coupled goods and mineral engines now in extensive use, and special engines, such as the ten-coupled engines used for banking trains up the Lickey incline of the London Midland and Scottish Railway (2 miles at 1 in 37), and the huge Garratt articulated engine, used by the London and North Eastern Railway for similar duty near Barnsley, which attracted so much attention at the Railway Centenary celebrations in 1925.

In other countries, especially for steeply graded and mountain lines, there are eight-coupled passenger and eight- and ten- and even twelve-coupled goods and mineral engines, while in the United States there are huge Mallet articulated engines, with sixteen, twenty, and even twenty-four driving wheels, designed to get tremendously heavy freight trains over difficult sections without division or attaching several assisting engines of ordinary

types. Over the mountain grades of the South African railways, and in other parts of the world, Garratt and other articulated or duplex designs have been introduced for working heavy trains unbroken over long and steep sections.

Notwithstanding, however, that locomotive engineers in other lands have developed their engines, on the dimensional basis if not in other respects, to a degree which has not been either necessary or practicable in the case of the home lines, it is substantially correct to claim that, weight for weight, our engines rank among the most efficient in the world, while British expresses compare to advantage, in respect of numbers and speeds, with those in any other country. Moreover, while British locomotive engineers cannot develop their engines for home service to the extent practicable elsewhere, large numbers of notable engines have been designed and constructed here for use overseas, many of them far too large to be run on our lines, even if the rail gauge did not constitute an effective prohibition.

It is sometimes argued that the standard steam locomotive is an inefficient fuel user. It is quite true that it wastes a considerable amount of fuel-heat, and the dimensional and other limitations and restrictions under which it operates preclude many of the refinements practicable with large-scale stationary and marine engines being adopted. It yet remains, however, the most generally useful and, on the average, most efficient machine for traction on rails. Further, a great deal is now being done in the way of improving its operating efficiency, while special forms have now reached a stage where they can be confidently adopted if conditions and requirements justify that course. So much so, indeed, that the suggestion that the steam locomotive has seen its best days can now be regarded as without foundation.

The electric locomotive cannot, however, be considered as a direct alternative to steam, though in its proper fields its position is unassailable, while it may give better fuel efficiency and undoubtedly offers substantial advantages. Moreover, direct steam turbine, turbo-electric, or Diesel or other internal-combustion designs are still mainly experimental or in early stages of practical development, and cannot, so far, be compared fairly with the steam locomotive engine.

In most cases, indeed, all these alternatives to ordinary steam locomotive traction call for selection or rearrangement of duties to maintain their heat-efficiency superiority, whereas usual types of engines are called upon to meet all the everyday demands of a big railway, including the unfavourable and miscellaneous work which figures so largely in practice. Other means of rail traction are designed, mainly, to suit special circumstances, or to satisfy particular requirements, with the result that steam locomotives

outnumber electric designs by many thousands to one, while other types continue to be occasional and more or less exceptional.

It is claimed in some quarters that the motor road vehicle (possibly working on special motorways) and the aeroplane will eventually provide the solution of the traffic problems which will have to be faced in the future. It is difficult, however, to follow such arguments. Unless it becomes an equivalent to a train, a locomotive vehicle hauling a series of trailers, no conceivable form of road motor vehicle can convey a load equivalent to that carried by a single ordinary railway train, while the frequent sequences, both passenger and goods, which are the rule on every railway main line, could only be operated on special tracks. Control of such road trains would probably be too complicated a matter to be left to, say, two men on the locomotive vehicle and one or two elsewhere, as is the case with the average railway train. Any attempt at high speed with such a combination, bearing in mind that there would require to be many such trains if their introduction and the construction of suitable roads were to be justified, would call for something in the way of signalling and traffic control, so that the conditions would become so similar to those which apply to the railway that the simplest solution would be to return to rail traction as most convenient as well as most suitable.

It is difficult, too, to consider a system of aerial transport which could deal with more than a very small percentage of the traffic easily, conveniently, and speedily handed by rail. Both road transport on private motorways and aerial transport seem to be schemes which suggest wonderful possibilities when considered on a small scale and exceptional basis, but it is only necessary to imagine their application to large-scale transport, with multiplication of units, to recognise that they offer little scope for development as an equivalent, or even as an alternative, to the railway.

The great problem of the day is, indeed, not to replace rail conveyance by another means of transport, but to get over the fact that these alternatives tend to divert from the railway a percentage of traffic which they can handle, and which is often the best-paying, leaving the main burden and the less remunerative traffic where it is. To a certain extent this problem will, no doubt, solve itself, in that it is only while road traffic is free from so much of the cost of provision and maintenance of track and control of traffic that it can continue to operate more cheaply than the railways. Road conveyance offers many other advantages, it is true, but it is becoming more and more generally realised that ultimately road and rail will have to be co-ordinated and that road transport must, if its scale and activities are to

increase as they bid fair to do, become subject to a degree of control and bear its due share of costs, very much as is the case already with the railways. Aerial transport may in the future be developed in interesting ways, but it is not seen that it offers much scope for the handling of general traffic in well-populated industrial countries, whatever may be the situation in regard to the making of special journeys where other communication is difficult and slow.

The future, indeed, seems to belong primarily to the railway, and as has been the case for the last 100 years, the world's greatest developmental period, it is the locomotive engine, and in particular that operated by steam, which will continue to be the predominating factor. Motor-road and aerial transport have their own fields, and there may be even more overlapping than is at present the case, but eventually the competitive element must give place to co-ordination and association.

J. F. GAIRNS.

PARADOX AND PRINCIPLE IN CHINA

II

Two of three paradoxes in the Chinese situation were examined in the last issue of *The Nineteenth Century*. Examination of the third—of the fact, namely, that the ' unequal treaties ' which the Chinese wish to abolish include specifically only some of the rights which they are most concerned to recover—will, it is hoped, place the reader in a position to understand much that has been happening at Hankow and Peking.

In none of the treaties is it provided that foreigners shall be immune from Chinese taxation, or that at the Treaty ports the Chinese Government shall not tax its own subjects. Yet, apart from land taxes and customs duties and dues, Treaty Power foreigners have for the most part not paid Chinese taxes, while in regard to its own subjects the Chinese Government's fiscal authority has, with the exceptions just named, in most cases stopped short at the boundaries of settlements and concessions. Nor in any of the treaties is it provided that the warrants issued or judgments delivered by Chinese courts shall not be executed within the settlements or concessions or within the precincts of any building belonging to a foreigner without preliminary examination by a consular or foreign judicial officer. Yet the practice has been to require the Chinese to have their warrants countersigned by foreign consular authority and to effect arrests through foreign-controlled police. Again, when originally provided for, extra-territorial rights were not intended to extend consular protection to Chinese, or to Chinese concerns only nominally foreign. Yet many Chinese and Chinese concerns have enjoyed, and enjoy, such protection. The treaties do not state that customs duties shall be collected by foreigners, or that the customs revenue shall be lodged in foreign banks. Yet such has been the practice for a long time and is the practice at the time of writing.

Labour leaders and others who are conducting the hands-off China movement have acquainted themselves with, and are using, some of these facts, but in a manner so obviously ' coached '

and superficial as to indicate that they do not really understand them. Indeed, if they did, they could make of them a case much more misleading than they are actually making, and people like myself, who have studied the position for years, would have greater difficulty than we are actually experiencing in placing the facts in proper perspective and giving them their correct value.

That, let it be emphasised, is a very different thing from trying to explain them away. They cannot be explained away. If they could, they would by this time have been negotiated away, whereas, as recent events have shown, negotiation is encountering stubborn obstacles. The reason is that many of the facts alluded to are structural: they result, that is to say, from faults in the Chinese governmental system necessitating improzisation and adaptation, and form part of an irregular and, in some ways, cumbersome edifice difficult to modernise without endangering. To review all the anomalies would require more pages than I am entitled to fill. Attention, accordingly, may be concentrated on those with which British diplomacy is directly concerned.

To begin with, however, it seems desirable to state, and, as far as possible, to analyse, the Chinese attitude towards them. As expressed at the Washington Conference, their point of view was intelligible and aroused sympathy, though, had the statesmen there assembled known their China, they would not have taken what was said as literally as they did. In regard to extra-territoriality Dr. Wang Chung-hui said:

> These extra-territorial rights were granted at a time when there were only five treaty ports—that is, places where foreigners could trade and reside. Now there are fifty such places and an equal number of places opened to foreign trade on China's initiative. This means an ever-increasing number of persons within China's territory over whom she is almost powerless. This anomalous condition has become a serious problem with which local administration is confronted, and if the impairment of the territorial and administrative integrity of China is not to be continued, the matter demands immediate attention.

In regard to tariff autonomy Wellington Koo said:

> The maintenance of the present tariff *régime* means a continued loss of revenue to the Chinese Government. The customs import duty under the *régime* is limited to the very low rate of 5 per cent. *ad valorem* for all classes of dutiable goods, compared with the average rate of 15 per cent. to 60 per cent. levied by other countries. . . . To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable Government it is necessary to restore tariff autonomy to her at an early date. . . . Nor is it to be overlooked that the present Treaty tariff *régime* is an impediment to China's economic development. Under this *régime* China enjoys no reciprocity from any of the

Powers with which she stands in Treaty relations: Chinese produce and merchandise, on entering into any of these countries, is subjected to the maximum rates leviable, which are in some cases 60 or 70 times the rate which she herself levies on foreign imports. Thus, whenever China makes a proposal, be it for revision of the tariff to bring it more into harmony with the prevailing prices or for an increase of the customs duty to meet her increased needs, the unanimous consent of more than a dozen Treaty Powers is necessary.

In regard to leased territories Dr. Koo said:

The existence of such leased territories has greatly prejudiced China's territorial and administrative integrity, because they are all situated at the strategical points along the Chinese littoral. Furthermore, these foreign leaseholds have hampered her work of national defence by constituting in China a virtual *imperium in imperio*.

The point of view expressed in these passages may be described as administrative, and embraces, obviously, the anomalies mentioned at the beginning of this article, which have resulted in giving foreigners a far wider range of rights than the treaties contemplated, at the same time withdrawing from Chinese control, wholly or partially, a very large number of Chinese subjects and a very substantial portion of the national revenue. From the point of view of international law and post-war conceptions of national self-determination, such a position requires rectification. And if the statements made in the passages quoted could be taken at their face value, if the administrative standpoint were entirely genuine and the only one with which we had to deal, botn classes of anomalies, those created by Treaty and the others, could be removed with comparative ease. Unfortunately this is not the case. The statements cannot be taken at their face value: the standpoint is by no means entirely genuine, while there is another point of view which makes a practical treatment of the issues involved between China and ourselves anything but easy.

This point of view results from what can only be described as an inferiority complex. It takes no account of historical or administrative facts, or, when it does, only of those which illustrate that at various times China has not been treated as an equal, her claims to equal treatment being taken, without any examination, for granted. This point of view is eagerly embraced by the most conceited and irresponsible class in China, the students, and easily taught, in the form of anti-foreignism, to the mob. To all who hold it recovery of sovereign rights is primarily important, not as a step towards the exercise of administrative competence, patiently learnt as Japan learnt hers, but as proof of successful international assertion and recognition.

During the past month Mr. Eugene Chen has issued two statements which illustrate this view. The first was published on January 25 and contains the following passages:

> The leading assumption of all British and other foreign declarations of policy regarding China is that she is unable to look after her own interests, and that, in pursuance of the spirit of the Washington Conference, Great Britain and other Powers must enter into self-denying ordinances respecting her in order 'to safeguard her integrity and independence' and promote her political and economic development and the rehabilitation of her finances. This is not true of 'Nationalist' China. To-day this new China is strong and conscious of its power and of its ability by economic means to enforce its will on Chinese soil against any Power.
>
> The question, then, is not what Great Britain and other Powers may wish to grant to China to meet 'the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese nation,' but what Nationalist China may justly grant to Great Britain and the other Powers, whose *régime* of international control is now definitely sharing the fate of all historical systems of political subjection.

The second statement was published on February 3 and refers to the 'Tory statesmanship of imperialism, war and Byzantine glory.' In neither statement is there a word to indicate that the nationalists are conscious of any of their country's deficiencies, nor is there any recognition of the part which these have played in her loss of rights, while, on the other hand, both passages indicate an attitude towards, and a conception of, this country and its aims which make satisfactory treatment of the very commonplace and mundane problems involved in Treaty revision extremely difficult.

Let us examine, first, those that group themselves round extra-territoriality. Why does extra-territoriality exist, and how comes it that on the original rights granted in treaties there rests now an accretion of other rights not foreseen or provided for in them?

In regard to the first part of this question the author of *American Consular Jurisdiction in the Orient* says:

> Between the treaties with Turkey and those with China there is this fundamental difference, that the treaties with China contain no references to privileges resting upon customs and usages. With the exception of the restricted privileges enjoyed by the Russian caravans in extreme north-western China many years before the Western European treaties with China were made, these treaties marked the very beginning of extra-territorial jurisdiction in that country. The earlier practice had, in fact, been just the opposite of that stipulated in the treaties. But the customary rights of foreigners in Turkey were so considerable and of so long standing that no attempt was made to reduce all of them to explicit written statement.

It is important that this difference between extra-territoriality and the capitulations should be understood. During the course of the past month I have more than once heard the

statement made that, in the first instance, China conceded extra-territorial rights voluntarily, and was glad to free herself from the tiresome responsibility of exercising jurisdiction over strangers whose language and ways her officials did not understand. History does not support this, nor does the case for extra-territoriality rest on it. It rests on the fact that the administration of justice in China is, and always has been, bad, and was worse at the beginning of the nineteenth century than it is now. Accordingly, when Great Britain was obliged, by provocations in many ways similar to those which she has recently been receiving, to use force against China, she arranged, in article 13 of the resolution issued in pursuance of the Treaty of Nanking made in 1842, that ' regarding the punishment of English criminals the English Government will enact the laws necessary to attain that end, and the Consul will be empowered to put them into force; and, regarding the punishment of Chinese criminals, these will be tried and punished by their own laws ' Later, in 1858, after a second war caused in the same way, this arrangement was expanded into the following provisions:

Chinese subjects who may be guilty of any criminal act towards British subjects shall be arrested and punished by the Chinese authorities according to the laws of China. British subjects who may commit any crime in China shall be tried and punished by the Consul, or other public functionary authorised thereto, according to the laws of Great Britain. Justice shall be equitably and impartially administered on both sides.

A British subject having reason to complain of a Chinese must proceed to the Consulate and state his grievance. The Consul will inquire into the merits of the case, and do his utmost to arrange it amicably. In like manner, if a Chinese have reason to complain of a British subject, the Consul shall no less listen to his complaint and endeavour to settle it in a friendly manner. If disputes take place of such a nature that the Consul cannot arrange them amicably, then he shall request the assistance of the Chinese authorities, that they may together examine into the merits of the case and decide it equitably.

If criminals, subjects of China, shall take refuge in Hongkong, or on board the British ships there, they shall upon due requisition by the Chinese authorities be searched for, and on proof of their guilt be delivered up. In like manner, if Chinese offenders take refuge in the houses or on board the vessels of British subjects at the open ports, they shall not be harboured or concealed, but shall be delivered up, on due requisition by the Chinese authorities, addressed to the British Consul.

All questions in regard to rights, whether of property or person, arising between British subjects shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the British authorities.

The Chinese authorities shall at all times afford the fullest protection to the persons and property of British subjects, whenever these shall be

subjected to insult or violence. . . . The Chinese Government will place no restrictions whatever upon the employment, by British subjects, of Chinese subjects in any lawful capacity.

The story of Shanghai illustrates how these provisions—the last of which conferred no extra-territorial rights—came gradually to be extended and to form the basis there of an *imperium in imperio* with a nucleus of 12⅔ square miles, in which until quite recently no foreigner and no Chinese could be arrested, tried or, except in the form of customs duties and land taxes, taxed by Chinese authority, similar conditions with local variations obtaining, apart from Hongkong and the leased territories of Kuangchowan, Kowloon, Weihaiwei, and Liaotung, at Canton, Amoy, Hangchow, Soochow, Chingkiang, Kiukiang, Hankow, Tientsin, and Newchwang.

Between September 1853 and February 1855 the native city of Shanghai was occupied by the Taiping rebels, and to escape them thousands of refugees entered the adjacent foreign area, the British section of which was 470 acres in extent. As a result the small European community (for, from the first, the British had welcomed all comers) had to seek wider powers of government than those possessed by the Committee of Roads and Jetties under the authority of Land Regulations agreed to, in 1845, by the British Consul and the local Chinese official, the Taotai. Accordingly, in 1854, a new code of municipal and land regulations was negotiated, under which, to quote from Mr. H. B. Morse's *International Relations of the Chinese Empire*, 'the Government having authority over the soil and the Governments having authority over the persons and property of the foreigners, delegated to those foreigners the highest power in all government, that of taxing and policing their own community.'

It was not intended, however, that this power should withdraw Chinese residents from Chinese control. In 1858 a Chinese-American Treaty laid down the principle that grants of right or interest in any tract of land should 'in no event be construed to divest the Chinese authorities of their right of jurisdiction over persons and property within the said tract of land except so far as that right may have been expressly relinquished by treaty,' an exception which did not include the Shanghai Land Regulations of 1854, which were not the subject of treaty. Similarly, in 1862, Mr. Bruce, the British Envoy, reminded the Shanghai community that

the Chinese Government has never formally abandoned its rights over its own subjects, nor has Her Majesty's Government ever claimed, or expressed any desire to exercise, a protectorate over them. The only case in which, consistently with the principles laid down for the guidance of Her Majesty's authorities in this country, the Consul has a right to interfere is where

the Chinese is in the employ of a British firm, and where there is reason for believing that the arrest of the Chinese servant is an outrage through him on his employer. . . . Because we protect Shanghai from falling a prey to a horde of brigands, it does not follow that we are prepared to interfere with the natural relation of the Chinese to their own Government.

On June 12, 1863, accordingly, it was arranged that the Taotai should be at liberty to levy on Chinese residents within Settlement limits a poll-tax that was being levied on Chinese in the native city, on the understanding that this should free them from any further taxation, the underlying principle of the understanding being the one expressed by the foreign residents in a memorial replying to the views of the British Envoy quoted above. This memorial admitted that, according to the strict letter of the treaties, Mr. Bruce was right. It expressed the view, however, that, according to their spirit, he was wrong and added that '*it is of very great importance to the future safety and well-being of this important port that some restrictions be placed upon the actions of the local native authorities within the limits of the foreign Settlements.*'

The passage is italicised partly because it shows how, in administrative no less than in legal affairs, experience had proved the necessity of protecting foreigners and their enterprises from Chinese misgovernment, partly because only very shortly before, namely in 1860 and 1861, this necessity had been recognised in the provisions made for British subjects at Canton, Chingkiang, Newchwang, Kiukiang, Hankow and Tientsin, and partly because the passage furnishes the key to subsequent Shanghai history. Of this the part most important from the point of view both of this article and of current events is that relating to the Mixed Court. Before proceeding to relate it, note should be made of the fact that the compromise regarding the Taotai's poll-tax was never put into effect, and that because of the dangers attending, as Mr. Morse says, 'the admission of dual and rival jurisdictions on a footing of independence within the same area,' the Chinese authorities have never been allowed to levy on Chinese living in the international or the French areas in Shanghai any taxes other than land taxes and customs duties. It should also be explained that the leases of the British concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang, dated respectively March 21 and 25, 1861, both stipulate that in the allotting of ground to British subjects, in the construction of roads 'and in every other matter appertaining to the said ground,' the British Consul 'shall exercise sole control and may from time to time make such regulations as he sees fit.'

The Mixed Court was established in 1864 under a deputy of the Taotai to take the place of the consular courts in mixed suits between foreigners and Chinese. In police cases the deputy

alone took cognisance: in criminal or civil cases in which a foreigner was concerned a foreign assessor was present, while the Taotai heard appeals. In 1869 procedure was altered so as to admit of the presence of a foreign assessor in all cases affecting the interests of foreigners. Prior to 1911 the Chinese magistrate tried all civil cases in which Chinese only were concerned, and, though foreign assessors sat with him in criminal cases and in all civil cases in which foreigners were interested, they were, theoretically, no more than assessors. Warrants, summonses, and orders were issued by the Chinese magistrate, countersigned by the Senior Consul or one of the foreign assessors representing him, and were served by the courts' runners accompanied by the municipal police.

In 1911, however, came the anti-Manchu revolution. The magistrates, who were imperial officials, fled, taking with them the fees and other moneys belonging to the Mixed Court, and leaving it in the utmost confusion. At the same time the native city of Shanghai joined the revolutionaries, and the Taotai, unable to perform his duties, requested to be allowed to act inside the Settlement. This step was refused by the Diplomatic Body in Peking, who authorised the Consular Body in Shanghai to 'exercise such powers of control as might be necessary to protect foreign life and property and to maintain the status of the international settlement.' The Consular Body, accordingly, issued a proclamation dated November 10, 1911, informing the public that, as a measure of expediency, the Chinese magistrate of the Mixed Court would in future function 'under the guidance of, and in concert with, the assessors of the said consuls,' and that the municipal police would take over the prisons of the court and 'execute its summonses and warrants when bearing the seal of the Senior Consul and its decrees and orders when countersigned by the proper assessor.' Thus the court, while it continued to apply Chinese law, became, to all intents and purposes, an administrative and judicial organ of the Settlement's authorities. Various reforms were introduced in its procedure, and it became in many ways a much more efficient and reliable institution than it had been before.

Other developments completed the process whereby foreign Shanghai, which was all the time expanding commercially into one of the eight largest ports of the world, became an extremely rich, well-organised and very self-conscious *imperium in imperio*. Chief amongst these was the rapid and universal deterioration of government in China, which, as shown in the first part of this article, became a prey to civil war, to the ravages of enormous armies steadily increasing in size, to indiscipline and savagery, and to unbridled and unproductive use of public funds, the

result being that at the time of the Washington Conference, when, as already seen, Dr. Wellington Koo put forward the most affecting and plausible arguments for tariff autonomy, there was not a single public revenue, other than the customs, which was not being seized in increasing quantities and squandered by provincial rulers, all sorts of expedients in the form of taxation and borrowing being employed to make good their misappropriations. In this welter of misrule larger and larger numbers of rich Chinese gravitated towards Shanghai and Tientsin, glad of the safety and immunity which they found there. More and more of them put their money into foreign banks, into land registered in foreign names, and into property entitled to foreign consular protection, and very many of them took out Italian and Portuguese nationality papers. The most ardent Kuomintang nationalists, including Eugene Chen, C. T. Wang, Wu Ting-fang, his son C. C. Wu, the great Sun Yat-sen himself and his family, were glad from time to time to make prolonged stays in the extra-territorialised areas which, when it was temporarily safe to leave them, they eloquently denounced as menaces to China's territorial integrity and ' imperialistic ' infringements of her sovereign rights.

It was owing to the events of 1911 that the substantial portion of the national revenue referred to at the beginning of this article—namely, the customs revenue—was to a large extent withdrawn from Chinese control. Before that year this revenue, which is collected by foreign, largely British, employees of the Chinese Government, under a British Inspector-General, Sir Francis Aglen, who is now retiring from his post, was paid into Chinese banks, and foreigners exercised no control over it whatever. It had become the security for three foreign loans, generally spoken of as the pre-Boxer loans, and for the indemnity imposed on China as a penalty for the anti-foreign (Boxer) outbreak of 1900. The service of these obligations, however, was a matter left entirely to the Chinese Government, which arranged it with the provincial authorities in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, collection of the revenue by foreigners having originated in the inability of the Manchu authorities to hold Shanghai against the Taiping rebels. Various methods of continuing the collection of customs duties were tried and failed, and ultimately three foreigners, an American, a Frenchman and an Englishman, were nominated to help in the task. The system so inaugurated was extended, under the Rules of Trade, 1858, to other ports, and in 1861 Mr. H. N. Lay was appointed Inspector-General, Her Majesty's Government receiving an assurance from the Chinese Government in 1898 that the post should continue to be held by a British subject as long as the trade of Great Britain remained larger than

that of any other country. In 1911, owing to the disorganisation caused by the anti-Manchu revolution, the Chinese Government defaulted on the monthly payment of interest due in respect of the Anglo-German loan of 1896, and the British Minister, Sir John Jordan, in order to ensure that default should not recur on a wider scale, insisted on immediate steps being taken to place the whole revenue both at the Treaty ports still in the possession of the Manchu Government and at those which had fallen into the hands of the revolutionaries under the direct control of the Inspector-General. Accordingly, on January 30, 1912, an agreement was arrived at between the Chinese Government and the Diplomatic Body. The Inspector-General was to arrange for weekly remittances from all the collecting ports to Shanghai, where the net revenue was to be divided weekly, and as nearly as possible equally, between the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, and the Russo-Asiatic Bank for account of the loans concerned and the indemnity payments. The Shanghai Commissioner of Customs was authorised to draw upon these accounts for loan payments as they fell due, the banks named being designated custodians of the customs funds at Shanghai. Certain other banks—*i.e.* the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Banque de l'Indo-Chine, the International Bank, and the Banque Sino-Belge—continued to receive the portions of the native customs revenue which had been assigned by the final protocol of 1901 as part security for the Boxer indemnity, and had been paid monthly to them as members of the commission of bankers brought into existence by the protocol. In December 1913 this agreement was altered by a revision of one of its articles to the following:

> The banks chiefly interested, *i.e.*, the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank and the Russo-Asiatic Bank, shall be custodians of the customs funds at Shanghai; at the end of each month, beginning with January 1914, the surplus, after all payments due each month on account of loans secured by the customs revenue and contracted previous to 1900 have been fully met, shall be divided *pro rata* amongst the banks having charge of the indemnity service up to the amount of the instalments respectively due to them each month.

At the beginning of the Great War the German bank dropped out.

Now it is to be noted that the agreement of 1912 contained a clause which implied that foreign control was to cease when the Chinese Government was able to resume loan and indemnity payments. The agreement was, in fact, originally conceived as a temporary measure, just as consular control of the Mixed Court at Shanghai was introduced as a temporary measure. It was the view of everybody who had to deal with the question, except the Belgian Minister, that, in the uncertain circumstances of

the time, foreign control ought to be continued. And so it was, with these further developments—(*a*) that in July 1917 the service of the Reorganisation Loan of 1913 was placed as a charge on the customs revenue, thus freeing the salt revenue which was originally its primary security; (*b*) that in 1917, after China's declaration of war against Germany, the monthly sums due to her as her share of the Boxer indemnity were cancelled and hypothecated to the service of domestic loans, the money being placed in a foreign bank; (*c*) that subsequently Austrian and Russian indemnity moneys were similarly hypothecated; and (*d*) that in 1921 the Inspector-General was authorised by Presidential mandate to use surplus customs revenue—*i.e.*, customs revenue not required for foreign loans or Indemnity payments—for the service of certain other domestic loans, which being thus secured became the backbone of China's domestic credit and are to-day very largely held by Chinese banks.

These developments took place in spite of the fact that the Canton Government, which, as shown in the last issue of *The Nineteenth Century*, was at enmity with the North, had in 1918 and 1919 threatened to seize the customs revenue collected at that port, threats which were met by counter-threats by the Powers, who were not concerned in China's civil wars, or desirous of supporting either side, but were justly interested in maintaining the solidarity of the security for foreign loans. For this reason, in 1919, acting on the same principle as the one that had governed their attitude towards the demands of Canton, they rejected a request by the Peking Government that in future the Inspector-General should be at liberty, when all foreign obligations had been fully met, automatically to release customs surpluses without the consent of the Diplomatic Body. In 1920 the Canton Government again threatened to seize the Canton customs, the ground of their threat on this occasion being the withholding, owing to the existence of rival Cantonese claimants to it, of the proportion of the surplus which, after their threat of 1919, the Central Government had agreed to give them, the moneys so withheld being deposited with the Inspector-General. In 1920 also the Diplomatic Body for a second time refused the request which the Central Government had made in the previous year. In March of the following year, however, they agreed to some of the money which, for the reason just stated, had been withheld from Canton and deposited with the Inspector-General, being used for domestic loan service.

Thus when the whole of the customs surplus was earmarked for the service of domestic loans, a step which, as far as I am aware, was taken without reference to the Diplomatic Body, and when, nevertheless, in the autumn of 1921, the Inspector-General

was supported by the Diplomatic Body in refusing to let the Central Government raid the funds they had themselves earmarked, the position of foreigners in relation to China's financial affairs became one which was bound, sooner or later, to lead to trouble, particularly for ourselves. In the autumn of 1923 the Canton Government again put forward a claim to their share of the surplus, arguing that Peking was not entitled to use it for the service of domestic loans which helped to finance military operations against South China, and again threatened to seize the customs. In the autumn of the following year the Peking faction obtained money through an issue of Treasury bills secured on the customs, whereupon Chang Tso-lin threatened to seize the Manchurian customs, his threat being followed by another threat from the south. In March 1925, power in North China being shared by Chang Tso-lin and Feng Yu-hsiang, a further domestic loan of $15,000,000 was secured on the customs. Two months later Bolshevist intrigue succeeded in uniting the various currents of anti-British feeling, and on May 30, 1925, the storm broke.

His Majesty's Government is now trying both at Hankow and Peking to reassert the principles which, as I have shown, its Envoy, Mr. Bruce, invoked in the middle of last century, and to adapt them to the circumstances which have arisen since. It has offered to apply Chinese law in British courts; to dispense, in mixed cases, with the presence of an assessor; to make British subjects amenable to Chinese taxation and to give the Chinese authorities a large share in the control of the Concessions, a change which, as pointed out by a correspondent of *The Times* on February 3, is likely to result in considerable modifications in the governance of the international Settlement at Shanghai. Additionally, in his speech at Birmingham on January 29, Sir Austen Chamberlain stated that the British Government was prepared to give China tariff autonomy.

As shown in the article in *The Times* just referred to, the fulfilment of these offers is bound to encounter many practical difficulties, for while China's modern system of law is very incomplete, her judicial and police administration is riddled with defects and abuses. In defence of the persons and property of British residents His Majesty's Government cannot but insist on maintaining certain safeguards, while in regard to the disposal of the customs revenue, a matter which does not appear as yet to have been raised, but which the retirement of Sir Francis Aglen and China's prospective enjoyment of tariff autonomy are certain soon to raise, His Majesty's Government will be confronted with the difficulty of seeing that British bondholders continue to be protected.

Furthermore, between the legitimate interests of our nationals

and the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese lie a number of wholly illegitimate aims, those of the Russians forming one group, those of bogus Chinese patriots a second. And in the pathway of successful negotiations lie also two paradoxical possibilities, each, to use a Meredithian phrase, with 'yard grin of eager grinders'—one the danger that in trying to retain the goodwill of Chinese merchants we do them the disservice of ruining their banks; the other that in seeking to replace anomaly by regularity we succeed only in stereotyping disorder. For it was, as I have shown, through disorder and misrule that foreign rights and privileges came into existence. If they have infringed China's 'sovereign rights' they have also helped to build up her foreign trade and its flourishing centres. They have provided her with the means of converting herself from a mediæval into a modern State, sustained her financial credit both foreign and domestic, and preserved her administrative system from the complete disintegration which now threatens it. The threat may pass: a regional or federal system of government may be established, and the sovereignty of which the nationalists talk so much may come to have practical meaning. But there is no certainty whatever that these things will happen; the chances, on the contrary, appear to be the other way. It would be a grim paradox indeed if, in our desire to recognise and apply principles in China, we made confusion worse confounded

E. M. GULL.

THE RIFT

THE long-delayed realisation of the importance of education as a national asset is perhaps the outstanding feature of the twentieth century in England, and the absolute necessity of spreading higher education throughout all classes in the country has been faced, and boldly faced, by the State as never before. To pretend, however, that the time has now come to sum up the results would, of course, in view of the youth of the new experiment, be both over-hasty and illogical, since our system of education is still in a state of flux, and will, we hope, long remain so.

The Nineteenth Century has lately published articles on the two main products of our secondary educational systems—the old type, the Public School Boy, and the new, the Secondary School Boy—and has made it abundantly clear that both are in a state of transition and open to new influences, and also that both contain the seeds, if not the fruit, of infinite good. The present article deals with one point of necessity left untouched—the problem of the relations of these two systems and of their human products to each other; and, since it cannot be denied that a nation stands or falls by the quality of its human material, the importance of this question for the future of our race must neither be overlooked nor underestimated.

It is now fully half a century since Disraeli wrote his novel *Sybil, or the Two Nations*, and it may be said only too truly that since that time the two nations to which he referred, so far from coalescing, have, if anything, drawn farther apart. It is, of course, hardly necessary to note that Disraeli spoke of aristocratic, or public school England on the one hand, and industrial and labouring England on the other, and of the rift between them, which had grown up almost unnoticed and, since they rarely ever came into contact, hardly felt. To-day, to the great misfortune of England, the rift is still there; it has even in some respects widened, and it threatens soon to become an abyss precipitous enough to engulf the whole fabric of the English nation.

Until quite late in the nineteenth century, however, despite this great division, there was a steady gradation in English society which prevented this hiatus being felt and which effectually knit

together the diverse wefts of the social edifice. In the new industrial centres which had sprung up since the advent of machines the new lords of labour had not yet come to feel themselves of a different stock from their workmen, and their sons were educated still at the local town grammar school. They grew up to some extent in sympathy with the poor folk around them, and preserved that intimate warmth of contact which arises from having lived to some extent in the same atmosphere and speaking, more or less, the same tongue. Their quarrel with the workmen, when they had quarrels, was economic, not social, and history has proved since then that the deadliest of enmity arises as much from social dislike as from £. s. d. This, in part, is the lesson of Russia. Similarly, in the older, more cultured regions of southern England the squire or local gentry did not hesitate to patronise the old grammar schools, and thus formed a stepping-stone between the uneducated lower strata of society and the aristocracy. In Disraeli's time it is true, of course, that the lower strata lived in definitely inferior conditions and with no education at all, and it might be supposed that with the spread of compulsory elementary education and of State-aided secondary education the cleavage mentioned above would have been narrowed. Strange to say, this is not so, and it is the object of this essay to explain why.

Fifty years ago our educational system was socially much more varied than to-day. From Oxford and Cambridge downwards to the free Sunday schools there were schools for all classes, from the most aristocratic to the roughest Scotch crofter. In the gradation of these schools it would have been possible to follow a given curve without meeting any definite social break, and it may be asserted that it was very largely owing to this system of schools that class feeling was so late in appearing in Great Britain. It was, in fact, more owing to this system than to our industrial prosperity of that period, for it is certain that as regards nine-tenths of our population we are industrially better off now than we were then—*i.e.*, better clothed, better fed, and with more security of life. Let it be noticed, in passing, that we are not so much discussing the efficient intellectual work of these schools as the human product they turned out.

To-day, with infinitely more and undoubtedly better schools, we find ourselves divided, as an educated nation, into two camps, and—strange phenomenon !—in this respect almost alone in the world. The State, realising that in order to hold our own in the trade and commerce of the universe we must be educated, and all of us educated, has built new schools everywhere, and with cordial, though perhaps not too lavish hand, has, in a magnificent gesture, invited all and sundry to partake; and to its great

invitation many have replied. In every town it has built new secondary schools with small and disappearing fees. It has helped the old grammar schools with gifts of money, asking only that they shall accept a small number of poor scholars (25 per cent.). It has dotted the land with new (modern) universities, and has even endowed State scholarships. And yet, with all this diversity, the people of England are no longer diverse but have divided themselves into two parties, between whom there is a gulf wide beyond nightmare dreams and possibly still widening. It is no longer possible to pick and choose any school between 10*l.* a year and 150*l.*; now either 20*l.* or 200*l.* must be paid—there is no *acceptable* half-way line. It may be believed that for 20*l.*, as for 200*l.*, the boy will learn about the same, in some cases more, for 20*l.* The difference, of course, lies in the social *éclat*, the gentlemanliness, the bearing and self-confidence which 200*l.* will buy, or is supposed to buy, for him. Such is the pious (and not altogether unfounded) hope of the fond middle-class parent.

How is it that our education has come to this unfortunate end while all the other white nations have tended steadily towards equality and democracy in their educational systems? To reply adequately to this problem would demand a separate study, dealing with our long tradition of aristocratic ideals, the supremacy of the two ancient universities and the equally ancient public schools, our lack of revolutionary ideas, and the inborn snobbishness (in its best sense) of our nation. Let it suffice to enumerate the actual effects of the new education. The grammar schools are ceasing to be connecting links between the rich and the lower middle class. The industrial magnates of the new towns, now established as ruling classes and forgetting their workman origin, have adopted the ideals of Oxford and the public schools. The grammar schools 'tainted' with their 25 per cent. elementary school children are no better than the State secondary schools, and are taboo. The only solution is to pay 200*l.*, or some similar sum, and turn to a public school. Thus the town grammar schools are becoming gradually limited to one class, instead of containing all the elements of town society, and they tend to rank socially with the State schools. For similar reasons every doctor and every lawyer will stretch every nerve to find the money for his boy's education at a boarding school. Too often they will adopt a third means and send him to a cheap boarding school with underpaid staff on modified 'Dotheboy' lines. For it must be admitted that there are intermediate schools, inferior both to those above and those below them. There (though he may learn nothing), at least he will mix with his own breed and learn the language of his father.

In the country the situation is very similar. It is known that Lord Nelson went as a boy to his local grammar school. I do not know whether or not there are descendants of Lord Nelson at school to-day, but we may feel confident that if there are they will be at Eton or Harrow or some equivalent, and every village parson and doctor will move heaven and earth to send his sons to similar schools Moreover, the rift goes further down. Even for preparatory education segregation is the watchword, and preparatory schools have sprung up throughout the length and breadth of England, skilled in the capture of public school scholarships, lest the poor middle class should be robbed of its due right to a gentleman's education Middle class parents on local boards of education will openly confess that this is an evil state of affairs, and will express their willingness to send their children *a priori* to the public elementary schools—as soon as these schools are sufficiently clean and wholesome, with playing fields attached. But how can this happen? Surely only by well-to-do parents consenting to use these schools for their children and bringing the necessary pressure to bear to make them clean and wholesome. This is how it came about in Germany and America, and the only way it can come about in England. If all our middle classes sent their children to the public elementary schools they would soon see to it that those schools were models of cleanliness and health. Thus the problem is shelved till the next generation, by which time a class feeling based on real differences of outlook will have had time to grow. And as at the bottom, so at the top. The public school boy goes to Oxford or Cambridge, where he learns nothing new. The town boy goes to the modern universities, where he also learns nothing new. When the two meet they dislike one another, and not without cause. As for the few State school boys (a mere drop in the ocean) who filter into the old universities, they are usually completely absorbed or possibly alienated. In any case, their influence is too small to count. Anyone who imagines that our old universities present a mixture of classes is profoundly mistaken. Along with the public or preparatory schools they present a small but compact front with definite and largely unchangeable ideas, while the modern universities, most of the grammar schools, and the State schools down to the elementary schools form another. It is a fact that they do not like each other, and it is a fact that they do not mix easily. The staffs of most public schools are mainly composed of public school types, with London as a possible exception. When a new master arrives the boys do not ask, 'What university do you come from, sir?', but *which?* And underneath that simple question lies the tradition of a thousand years—the whole of English history. To feel certain that they

do not mix together easily one needs only to hear a number of public school boys discussing their local schools, or town boys who have been in contact with public school boys discussing them. They do not mix well because they are not like each other —their speech and their manners, or sometimes their dress, are different; and however much we may deny it, these things are the basic facts of human intercourse, and they are the rock upon which this nation is splitting. Everyone who has been in close contact with Americans, British Colonials, or Continentals will have noticed the uniformity of their human products as compared with ours. Practically all native Americans speak alike. We may sometimes detect a deeper nasal twang in a visitor from the Far West, but we feel that he is equally intelligible (or unintelligible) as an American from Boston; and in other respects he is the same too. He feels the same, and will tell you so if you ask him. This is because he has received the same sort of education as nearly every other American, both in elementary, secondary, and even possibly university, education. There is no rift in America. In Germany, too, education for prince and pauper is identical as regards elementary education, and very often secondary education too, and their day universities do not differ materially. The same is true of France and Italy.

Only, therefore, in England has this unfortunate situation arisen, and, curiously enough, coincident with a rapid growth of democracy in power. It seems illogical, and yet it is true, that, especially since the war which was to unite us in brotherly unity, the cleavage has accentuated itself. That the public school system has gained in popularity can be seen by the rapid growth of new schools such as Stowe, and this in spite of the comparative impoverishment of the richer element in our society. Side by side with this we have the rise to power of a Labour Government and the open signs of another and more powerful Labour Government after the next election. We have had—what is more to the point of this essay—the surprising and interesting spectacle of men of both the types I have alluded to, and of both the traditions mentioned, carrying on the work of constitutional government in what seemed perfect harmony. This at first sight would seem to disprove our assertion of growing class antagonism and dislike; but on close examination it is not so. In the first place, our present Labour leaders, with few exceptions, are men of the nineteenth century point of view, reconciled to the social ideals of old England, who have moved about a good deal in a Liberal-Conservative atmosphere and have been partially absorbed. If they have not, their children will be, for, like the successful manufacturer, they tend to educate their offspring in the best schools. Moreover, the harmony is not so perfect as it may

seem, to judge by the remarks of Dean Inge in his book *England* on the new Labour members of Parliament. Finally, it may be prophesied that Labour Governments of the future will tend to be more democratic, and that there will be less absorption by the older classes owing to their decreasing political prestige. The present movement of many Liberals (and even Conservatives) over to the Labour Party testifies to the growing prestige of the latter, and with it a growing influence of their Labour culture.

Hence we have the peculiar and ambiguous situation of a State becoming steadily more democratic at the seat of government while its commercial and professional classes are becoming, if anything, less democratic in outlook, and more and more cut off from the workers, who ultimately control the personnel of the seat of government. I offer no comments on this situation. It may have its good points, and, as our history is full of anomalies, this may be but one more to add to them. It is true, also, that we are a tolerant nation, and it may be that our poorer populations are quite willing to allow the richer to segregate their social life provided they can have the control of government which they desire. Nevertheless it stands out as a significant fact that the only other nation in the world where such a division existed between the aristocracy, with their schools for nobles, and the rest of the nation, was Russia, and in that country, when the workmen came into power with the intelligentsia at their head, they did not tolerate—they made a clean sweep and began again. The public schools of Russia are now rest homes for proletariat workers or turned into proletariat schools. It will be objected in answer to this that we are not Russia, and that the process of absorption of successful Labour leaders will go on for ever, but we have already discussed this question above. It may be added, moreover, that there was absorption in Russia up to a point, but some refused to be absorbed. Among these were Lenin and Trotsky, both of whom represent popular culture as opposed to aristocratic, and these two men turned Russia upside down. Apropos of this same argument it should be remembered that those countries where cultural unity had been attained, such as Germany, rejected Bolshevism at first sight, and yet Germany, with its disciplined population, with its keen sense of duty towards the State, its readiness for hard work in return for small pay, is surely the one nation which could have worked Communism successfully.

It would be foolish to attempt a close parallel between two such different countries as Russia and England. We will return to the immediate argument. Between the two classes of Englishmen we have mentioned there is a gulf, and it is not lessening, and

by common consent, whether it is dangerous for the political stability of England or not, it ought to be bridged. If the two classes dislike each other there must be something wrong in the education of one or the other, or more likely of both. What is wrong is simply that they are different externally, and above all their speech and manners are different, and to a less extent their dress. Now it cannot be, and is not doubted, that fundamentally, being all Englishmen, they are the same and have similar ideals. In fact, they are, ultimately, not different. None the less, as men judge each other far more on exterior points, and since all social life is built upon similarity of speech and behaviour, these external signs of culture assume an importance far beyond their intrinsic value, and must be dealt with in the future without prejudice and with no half-measures. It is of the utmost importance for the future that we should produce *one class of cultured Englishmen —one only—and that it should be of the highest and best type possible.* This, and this alone, is what we mean by the term 'an educated democracy,' and it can be done by bringing the two classes together and combining their good qualities instead of allowing them to drift apart, as they are doing at present.

When we use the phrase 'one type of cultured Englishmen' we do not mean a barren standardisation of humanity. There is no fear of this in the future. We cannot and do not wish to standardise individuals—even the boarding school system neither aims at nor achieves this—but only to remove all the exterior differences which are the cause of misunderstanding and dislike. Of these dress has become the least important and has almost ceased to be a sign of class distinction. Good and inexpensive clothes are now practically within the reach of all, and will be increasingly so in the future. We can at once turn to the important question of speech.

With regard to speech there can be no question of overestimation. A man is judged far more by the way he speaks than by what he says in actual life, and nothing causes more irritation than a strong local accent or an unfortunate habit of dropping aspirates. There is here no question of right and wrong. A Cockney has a perfect right to drop aspirates if he insists upon it, just as much as a Scotchman is justified in sounding them in certain words where the Englishman has dropped them. Phonetically the aspirate has disappeared in the London area, exactly as it did in France in Roman times. It is a problem not of right or wrong, but of expediency. It has happened that the first part of England to be educated academically and develop a fairly fixed pronunciation—*i.e.*, the south-east of England—has also fixed certain rules of pronunciation which it would be well that the whole nation should learn. Any other dialect would have done

for this purpose had it experienced the good fortune to achieve supremacy, but since this did not happen, let us for the sake of unity cling to this pronunciation as a standard. From this point of view the public schools have a decided advantage as they all teach this pronunciation, and it coincides, frequently though not invariably, with the home pronunciation of their pupils. During the term also the boarding school holds the field unopposed by the pupil's family. The grammar schools and State secondary schools, and more so the elementary schools, drawing their pupils from their own localities, have to deal with the opposition of local dialects and of their scholars' homes. There is nothing unfortunate about this. Local dialects are in no wise to be despised, but for the sake of bridging our social gulf they must learn the κοινη, the standard pronunciation, as well. In Hamburg the educated man will speak Plattdeutsch quite openly at home, but he is perfectly able and willing to converse in High German, the κοινη of Germany, when environment demands. So it should be also in Lancashire and other parts of England. In this respect a national effort should be and can be made. Every training college for teachers, every secondary and elementary school, should have one trained phonetician on its staff who should teach the laws of sound to the pupils in precisely the same way as French and German are taught in the early stages. It would be indeed strange if the methods adopted for the pronunciation of French could not be used for English. It follows that it is ludicrous that many teachers of French, whose French pronunciation is beautiful, are in command only of their local speech for English. Nor are the practical difficulties at all insuperable. The office of phonetician might well be combined with that of English master; the training is rapid and can be made a part of the diploma of education or teacher's certificate. All that is needed is a good will, and a realisation that one common standard, or a close approximation to it, would be a national blessing and an act of patriotism. It casts no aspersions on local dialects; they should also be preserved, but the κοινη in addition.

The three great aims of education are wisdom, fearlessness, and tolerance, and they are achieved as much by the life children lead and by their relations to their teachers and parents as by the subjects they are taught. These three aims, if achieved, are achieved simultaneously. Wisdom is the complete understanding that it does not so much matter what men do as how they do it, and it is taught, as far as it can be taught, equally well or equally badly in all schools, whether public or State-owned. Fearlessness is the perfectly free attitude towards other human beings which it should be the desire of all schools to give their children. It is the only final law of behaviour and the only line of conduct which

can produce perfect manners. It denotes a perfect sense of 'being at ease' in all environments, a perfect frankness and openness, without boldness or importunity—in fine, a feeling that, wherever we are and whatever we are doing, we are 'at home.' It is to be found in some public schools, but by no means all, and possibly in fewer of our secondary schools. In the elementary schools it has hardly yet appeared, and cannot appear while the teachers have to struggle with large classes of forty or fifty children, and frequently are thereby compelled to make use of an iron discipline. For its growth there must be complete trust and confidence in all concerned—no obsessions of inferiority or injustice—and authority willingly accepted. It is to be doubted that our elementary schools are yet free in this sense. And yet fearlessness is steadily growing. Such institutions as the Duke of York's Camp, the Boy Scout movement, and the British Legion are fostering it, but if only we could produce a common elementary education for all classes the greatest step forward would be made. Where there is perfect fearlessness there will be no lack of good manners.

Lastly, there is tolerance, perhaps the great and unique virtue of the English race. In no country are the rich so easily and with such good-humour tolerated by the poor as in England. In no country, in the face of startling contrasts of wealth and poverty, is there less envy of the successful by the unsuccessful than in England. In Russia the Bolshevik will not tolerate the prostrate bourgeois, but tramples on him with savage delight, even as he himself was trampled on. In France in their civil strife they indulge in mutual bloodshed beyond all need or comprehension, while in Italy, the converse of Russia, the Fascist holds his enemies down by sheer brute force. Only in England are humane relations preserved in the very heat of conflict and the beaten man allowed to rise again from the dust. England alone, with all her snobbery, her intellectual and emotional shortcomings, has known how to reconcile conquered enemies after a bitter fight and asked them to forget as she herself forgets. It may be we are losing this virtue, as the world seems to be losing it. We claim it as a virtue of our race, but we are aware that it is not preached everywhere. It is not impressed sufficiently on our schools, and above all on the pupils of the public schools, that intolerance of others less fortunate is the greatest of sins and the least justifiable. Let all of us who care for education remember these three—'wisdom, fearlessness and tolerance'; and the greatest of these is tolerance.

F. McEachran.

THE PIED FLYCATCHER

THERE are five species of flycatcher on the British list. Of these the spotted is by far the commonest and best known. Of the others, the brown has only occurred once, the collared four, and the red-breasted over twenty times in England, and none of them has been known to breed in the British Islands. The pied is a regular summer visitor, but its distribution is curiously uneven In three or four districts it is common and nests freely. Mr. Walpole-Bond, in his *Field Studies of Some Rarer British Birds*, says that he has known over a dozen pairs to breed in one wood, and other observers are lucky enough to have a pair or two patronising the nesting-boxes in their gardens. But away from such favoured haunts it is somewhat of an adventure to find the nest of this most attractive little bird. One may come across an odd honeymoon couple, or even a small colony; but even so it does not at all follow that you will find them at home there the next season, or ever again in subsequent years. They seem to be capricious in their likes and dislikes, as, indeed, when one has watched them for long, one would expect them to be, for their erratic flight and inconsequent songs mark them as birds of a volatile temperament.

My acquaintance with pied flycatchers began many years ago in a wood in North Wales. To see an unknown bird for the first time always sends a thrill down the spine of a Nature-lover. It is a lifting of a corner of the veil which hides the unknown. And in this case the thrill was intensified by the fact that I could not at once identify this unfamiliar species: I knew that in some parts of Wales they were present in some numbers, but I was not then aware that they had occurred in that particular piece of country. And added to curiosity was delight at the charm of the bird itself: I was first attracted by a song that was strange to me; then I caught sight of the singer—he was, of course, the cock. Though not much larger than a marsh or coal tit, and not very dissimilar in general appearance, his spruce black and white plumage marked him out as distinct from either of these. Breast, waistcoat, wing-bars and forehead were of a sleek and shining white which contrasted finely with the glossy black of his other

feathers. His song, too, was a far more elaborate affair than anything a tit could ever imagine, and his spasmodic flight suggested at once kinship with his cousin, the spotted flycatcher.

Soon his mate appeared—a dingy, drab little person beside her smart, well-groomed spouse; where he was white she seemed powdered with dust of a buffish tinge, and his black feathers she had replaced with dull brown. Both were busy carrying food to what was evidently their nesting-hole in a birch about 20 feet from the ground.

Since then I have had many opportunities of becoming better acquainted with the pied flycatcher. He occasionally assumes that humped-up attitude in perching which makes our common flycatcher look so lazy and lethargic, until stirred into galvanic activity in the chase of a fly; yet, being smaller, and neater in build, the pied is a much more sprightly person, and for that reason far more interesting to observe. Few of the plates which one sees in bird books succeed in conveying this sprightliness, and yet it is perhaps the bird's most striking characteristic. As this quality depends chiefly upon its swift and erratic movements, the task is, of course, one of extreme difficulty for the artist. Yet it has been successfully attempted by Mr. Seaby and Mr. Thorburn. Bewick's woodcuts, as Mr. E. M. Nicholson has pointed out, are usually most vivid and life-like, but his illustration of the pied flycatcher is a caricature. He depicts the unhappy bird in a crouching position with its beak wide open and its tail slightly raised. Apparently it is intended to be in song, but when the real singer warbles he throws back his head and holds himself upright. On the other hand, when he crouches it is before he launches himself upon his prey, and in that case, as Miss E. L. Turner has observed, the tail is depressed. The reason of Bewick's failure is obvious: he tells us that his cut was made from a stuffed specimen; evidently the taxidermist had never seen the live bird. And this appears to have been the pathetic case with some of the compilers of other bird books—at least, so one judges from their reticence. They faithfully copy the general remarks of previous writers, but beyond that are wisely silent.

Both spotted and pied flycatchers feed chiefly on insects, but the pied seems to have a more catholic taste and an especial weakness for ants: formic acid, which at one time I myself absorbed in considerable quantities under doctor's orders, has a distinctly spicy flavour. Certainly the black and white liveried gentleman drops to the ground for his food much more frequently than his sober-suited cousin. Some observers state that he seldom chases flies, but hunts for insects and caterpillars among the trees; it is true that the latter method of foraging is employed (I once saw a pied flycatcher cling to a tree and search for food

like a woodpecker); but all the birds which I have watched have invariably hovered and hawked for flies in the air, and in so doing their aerial curvets and caracoles have been equal to any evolutions performed by other members of this family.

Even at rest they are very wide awake; you can see them turning their heads from side to side, with their black eyes ever watchful for prey. The males vary much in colouring, some showing a good deal of brown on the mantle, which detracts considerably from their smartness; in such a plumage their garb is reminiscent of the rusty old black coats which confidential clerks sometimes affect in the seclusion of dust-ridden solicitors' offices. Such birds are probably young males in their first summer—though, like Jacques, 'ambitious for a motley coat,' they have not yet attained it; but, despite their dinginess, they sometimes manage to attract mates.

To attempt to describe in words the song of any bird to those who have not heard it is almost always a hopeless business. I have read a good many forlorn hopes of this nature as regards the song of the pied flycatcher, and I cannot say that any of them are convincing. Several observers have noticed the resemblance of certain of its phrases to the notes of the common redstart and the great and coal tits.

My advice to an inquirer would be 'First catch your flycatcher, then listen to him.' But this is a counsel of perfection to most people. 'Tree, tree, tree, each year I come to thee,' has been suggested, but to my mind it cannot be called more than a poor parody of the original. I have in my notes over a score of attempted sketches in prose of this song, which is indeed a lyric of great charm and elusive beauty: they were all taken down in the open air when the bird was singing. My persevering endeavours to collate these various and varying versions prove the versatility and infinite idiosyncrasies, not only of the songs of different singers, but also of the same bird, in the space of a few minutes. It would be as impossible as tedious to set out the conclusions in detail; but a few salient and important points emerge from what at first appeared chaos, without form and void.

The first note has something guttural in its initial sound which is not represented with accuracy by the 'tr' in 'tree': it is more like 'ch,' or even 'tch,' and this characteristic is reproduced in some of the phonetic renderings of other writers. Also, it is more usually, though not always, dissyllabic, the first syllable being accented; at other times a sort of intensive 'te' is prefixed, so that it becomes trisyllabic, 'te-cheetle,' or something like it; and this first phrase may be repeated twice, or three or even four times, sometimes in its dissyllabic and sometimes in its monosyllabic form, and in each instance with or without its prefix.

This phrase is often, but by no means invariably, followed by a very delightful descending cadenza, but uttered so rapidly that it sounds more like a trill on some very delicate wind instrument; and this trill may be repeated twice. Sometimes there is substituted for it a short warble which recalls a robin's more mellifluous notes. Occasionally one hears the trill twice or three times, but alone, and not preceded by the first *motif* of the song.

Having abused the efforts of others, it is only sportsmanlike to attempt a rendering of the song myself, though at the risk of being subjected to the jeers of my fellow field naturalists. It is this: 'Tchéetle, tchéetle, tchéetle, diddle-dĭddle-dée.' I am painfully aware of its inadequacy, and, as I have explained above, it is liable to all manner of variation, according to the caprice and vocal powers of the singer. But it has, at least, the virtue of having been learned, however faultily, from the throat of the bird itself.

To describe the charm of the song is even more difficult. In all bird music it is the associations which add so much to its beauty. Heard among scenes where Nature is at her wildest, with the wind in her hair and flowers scattered confusedly at her feet—where man and his works are no more than trivial incidents in a landscape which, in its essentials, has remained unchanged throughout the course of centuries—it is the artless beauty of this song which is impressed upon the listener. The bird spills those insouciant jets of melody so carelessly, as he flits and swerves in and out of the spring foliage, that they seem to express in song the spirit of burgeoning leaf and opening flower; you can hear them singing. One June morning I was listening to a pied flycatcher in a North Wales woodland. Suddenly there broke upon my ears another strain, in its way quite as perfect. A girl, striding up a winding path to her home in the farm beyond, was singing in a strong, clear treble some Welsh air whose words I could not interpret. But the throbbing pulse of her song needed no speech; joy and pride, love and hope and longing were mingled in it. It rang and echoed through and among the enaisled trees. Then, perhaps in answer, from a wood on the other side of the valley, a man's voice pealed out; it was a deep and sonorous bass, and in its own mode quite as wonderful as the girl's purer, more lyrical notes. And in and out, above and below, like a descant upon the theme of this duet, there rose and fell the desultory arpeggios and trills of the flycatcher's refrain, like the trickle of some tiny waterfall sparkling in the sunlight and dropping musically into a deep pool. Which part in this amazing trio was the most beautiful one could hardly say, even if one had thought of comparison; but no episode could have contrasted more vividly the artless overflow of song from this little bird and

the more sophisticated performances of the human singers. This is my ideal memory of the pied flycatcher's song, and it owes much to its associations.

The courtship is a very pretty piece of play-acting. But it sometimes has its tragedies. The cocks arrive before the hens, and at once begin prospecting for holes which they consider suitable for nesting Near these holes they sing vociferously; but, alas, they sometimes fail to attract a mate. Of five cocks which I had under pretty constant observation during one summer only two appeared to find the right lady, and of the rest two failed to attract even temporarily any lady at all. The fifth was an unsuccessful suitor; when first I came across him he was busy going in and out of a hole which to him, and indeed to me, seemed ideal: soon she whom he hoped to persuade to share this desirable residence appeared. His deportment was perfect; he flew to the entrance, looked in, and then retired to make way for her. After some maidenly hesitation she took the hint and went inside; he followed her. What happened next I cannot say, but I imagined him pointing out with pride the advantages of the site for a perfect honeymoon. Perhaps her attitude was too critical, for after a few seconds they both emerged, and he chased her as she flew off. Not long after he returned to the same tree, but I did not see her again that day. It looked ominous, but I hoped for the best.

Four days later I found him still singing optimistically at the door. Soon she came too, and perched upon a branch near; he again showed her the way in, and tempted her to follow with a charming song of welcome and a lavish display of his resplendent white waistcoat. These cumulative attractions succeeded nearly, but not quite; she got as far as the doorstep, but then feminine perversity—or shall I say caprice?—supervened. She flew away in chase of a fly, and though she showed some signs of relenting she did not return again.

I fear that all this persistent suitor's efforts were wasted. I paid several other visits to the tree. Once he was there alone, still singing, perhaps to keep his spirits up. The next time both birds were in evidence, and the same pantomime was enacted. At its end another cock put in an appearance, but was at once furiously attacked and driven off: perhaps the fickle lady transferred her affections to the interloper, for, as Bacon sagely remarks, 'love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt'; and after this I saw no more of her. Subsequently three male birds were challenging each other in vociferous rivalry in the near vicinity, but, though I spent many hours watching them, I could not see that any of them secured a partner. One of these was, no doubt, my unwilling benedict: perhaps he solaced himself with some trite reflection

about its being better to have loved and lost. If so, it can have been but cold comfort to so whole-hearted a lover.

But let us turn from this story of lost endeavour to a more cheerful scene. It was a May morning, and, as Herrick tersely puts it, the lovers had 'wept, and woo'd and plighted troth.' In fact, to speak prosaically, nest-building was in progress, and, as usual in household matters, the woman was doing all the work, though her activities were from time to time impeded by the well-meant attentions of the other sex. When first I caught sight of her she was carrying a straw to the nesting-hole, some 20 feet up, in an ash on the edge of a wood. She was a fastidious housewife, for the straw was brought out again and rejected, but she soon returned with another more to her fancy. Her next contribution consisted of a couple of dead leaves on a stalk, but these furnishings were also ill-adapted for her purpose: she dropped one leaf, caught it in the air as it fell, changed its position in her beak, then dropped both in disgust, and gave up the attempt to fit them in as hopeless. Later she paid frequent visits to the nesting site, sometimes with bents, sometimes with nothing in her bill.

The cock spent his time singing and generally fussing about. Twice he chased her into the hole; once he hovered in the air over her; another time he descended towards her with wings outspread, like a tree-pipit. On one occasion on her return with nesting material the hen found him in the hole: this annoyed her intensely; it was bad enough to have him fussing, but to have him getting in her way was altogether too much. She chided him with acerbity, and he crept out of her way looking ludicrously ashamed of himself. A curious and charming love passage followed. When she was about to leave the hole the cock flew towards her, and, after hovering in the air, pitched below her—and their beaks touched. Further advances she repelled: like the lady in Mr. Yeats's wistful poem,

> She bade him take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
> But he, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

He stood opposite her motionless for some seconds, and then she flew off with him in pursuit.

A Nature-lover cannot spend an hour more profitably than in sitting down within sight of a spotted flycatcher's nest when the pair are busy feeding their young. In my memory they are associated with mountains, rocky gorges, and the tangled confusion of neglected woodland. Usually the tree which holds their 'procreant cradle' is within sound of running water: I have known only two nests, out of the many I have found, which were not near burbling streams, and even these were not more than half a mile from a river. Seated in such surroundings on a morning

in early June when the oaks are in their freshest green foliage, and the sky, blue as the sheet of wild hyacinths at your feet, is a limitless ocean, across which clouds sail like galleons carrying panoplies of snowy sail, with the murmur of wind in the trees and rippling water mingling in delightful harmonies, all the senses are attuned to the fullest enjoyment of beauty. One's thoughts fly back to old Isaac Walton and his ' sweet content ' in fields and waters and angling, and recall his tale of how Diogenes at the fair said to his friend, ' Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need ! ' And as these flycatchers are almost ridiculously tame, the pleasure of intimate observation of their doings adds to one's happiness.

They are, indeed, charmingly confiding ; there is no need to construct a hide or use any sort of concealment. You can sit within 10 yards of the tree and watch them going to and fro to the nest. More than once I have known the hen catch some insect almost at my elbow and take it thence direct to her nestlings. The cock is very attentive to his mate, not only during courtship, but while she is sitting on the eggs : usually there is a dead branch not far from the selected hole, and on this he will pitch with a beakful and flit down thence to feed her ; the same bough serves him as a perch from which to give relief in song to his pent-up emotions when this little attention is over. Later, when the eggs are hatched and both are bringing food to the nest, the same station is used by them as a resting-place ; but the cock has very decided ideas about parental responsibilities. Though presumably unacquainted with Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, he nevertheless lives in the spirit of that poem, for if, as sometimes happens, his mate, having fed her offspring, stays awhile to preen herself on the accustomed bough, he drives her off to get more food. If she ' deferred the task, in smoother walks to stray,' he was ' a rod to check the erring and reprove.' In the earlier stages there was some excuse for his correcting her, for he then brought food as frequently as and sometimes even more often than she did ; but, alas, it is to be feared that he wearied in well-doing, for later on his attention seemed to flag, and he left the greater part of the work to his helpmeet.

For the first few days after the young are hatched food is supplied at irregular intervals : on these occasions the hen sometimes remains as long as ten minutes in the nesting-place ; probably she broods the young, but this seems to cause annoyance to her partner, who, in masculine ignorance, is anxious to overfeed them. As the nestlings grow larger more frequent meals are necessary. One pair, with young some six days old, fed them about every four minutes : ten days later, when the nestlings were on the point of leaving the nest, they were being fed every

other minute. But perhaps these were particularly good parents, for another observer records that young hatched nine days previously were fed only twelve times in an hour. The fare supplied is varied: flies of various kinds are provided, and the cock sometimes arrives with bunches so large that his burden might be taken for nesting material. Grubs, green caterpillars, and large moths also form part of the menu. Both birds remove the excrement.

The position chosen for the nest is usually a cavity in a tree, which may be either one due to natural causes or an old woodpecker's hole; sometimes a crevice in a building or stone wall is selected. The height from the ground is subject to considerable variation. Nests have been found only a few feet up, but I have seen two in disused green woodpeckers' holes which were not less than 50 and 60 feet above ground level. The most usual height in my experience is from 15 to 20 feet.

So soon as the young have flown both they and their parents mysteriously disappear, and are seldom or never seen again in the vicinity of their nesting tree. This fact is curious, and has recently been the subject of correspondence in an ornithological periodical. One observer once came across a party in July about half a mile from a known breeding-place, and another bird, ringed in June, was found dead in August about a mile away from the site of the nest. But, except for these instances, all the correspondents agreed that the vanishing trick was performed with singular regularity and completeness. My experience is the same. The year in which I had five males and two females under constant observation, all within a district comprising about a couple of miles, although two pairs bred, I saw nothing of either family after the young left the nests in mid-June, and the apparently unmated cock birds were not in evidence after that date.

The most probable explanation seems to be that pied flycatchers at this season are overlooked: the foliage is, of course, thickest in the summer months, and they feed for the most part among the leaves and high up among the tree tops. The young, who do not leave the nest before they can fly, are very like the dull-coloured hen in plumage, and so easily escape notice, or may be mistaken for any of the warblers; and the males, who no longer call attention to their presence by song, moult in July or August into feathers which are chiefly brownish and buffish instead of black and white. Thus they are hardly more conspicuous than the other members of their family. Professor Eagle Clarke, writing in his *Studies in Bird Migration* of his observations at Fair Isle, says that 'all the old males have assumed their winter dress ere they appear in the autumn, and I have never seen a bird either at Fair Isle or elsewhere, during my many

autumn pilgrimages in search of migrants, which showed the slightest trace of the pied plumage which renders it such a beautiful and conspicuous object in the spring.' And again, recording his autumn observations at the Flannan Isles, he says of pied flycatchers, ' all were in the grey dress of autumn.' Though they are recorded in considerable numbers on the coast, and especially the east coast, during the autumn migration, few are noted inland at that time, and this may be partly due to the fact that on the coastline they are less concealed by foliage.

The migrations of this little bird are interesting, and in some cases peculiar. Its winter home is northern tropical and equatorial Africa. Its arrival in England takes place from the last week in April to the middle of May, but odd birds have put in an appearance as early as March 26, and one has been seen as far north as Lancashire by April 3. There is also a passage migration from the first week in May till the first week in June. As to the route by which it arrives, the western part of the south coast seems to be favoured, and in some years the preference is most marked. Since it is a rare migrant in Devon and Cornwall, though regular in Dorset, it looks as if a fairly short cross-Channel route were preferred ; as the old sea-shanty has it, ' from Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues '—a long way for so small a voyager ; and yet, strangely enough, some wanderers journey both to and from home by way of Ireland : one was seen at Achill Island, county Mayo, on the west coast, in May 1920. It would seem that this traveller must have lost his way, and yet in November of the next year another turned up in the same county (this date is very late) ; perhaps it was the same bird. In other western counties it has been noticed in spring, probably *en route* for its breeding haunts in Wales and further north, and there is a pretty constant stream of pilgrims along the east coast, but these are probably bound for Scandinavia.

Some intrepid wayfarers have come under notice both in spring and autumn in the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and at Fair Isle, which lies between them. Others skirt the Outer Hebrides on their return journey, and there seem to be lines of flight at the same season along the east coast, rather ill-defined in Scotland and the northern English counties, but well authenticated in the more southerly ones, and so on to the Channel Islands. A less crowded line of flight is along the east coast of Ireland and the west coast of England. Truly a wonderful achievement in globe-trotting for a bird whose length is some 4½ inches ; but the gold crest's migrations are almost as wonderful, and his length is a good inch less.

The eggs, of which there are usually from five to eight, are of a very beautiful pale blue. Having said so much, no more is

needful; their measurements have been recorded with meticulous detail by those to whom such things are interesting, and, of course, exactness is a scientific necessity. They may be inspected, usually much faded, in museums, and, I am told, in quite unnecessary numbers, in some private collections. For myself I will say frankly, and I know many good field naturalists share my views, that eggs interest me only in their natural surroundings, which are the nests where they are laid. 'Oology,' as Mr. T. A. Coward has aptly written, 'presents many interesting problems, and some can only be studied by the accumulation of a number of eggs, even in clutches. But for the majority of those who profess to study oology the scientific claim is nothing more than a cloak for miserly accumulation.' I entirely agree, and would only add that some of these people, who resemble carrion-crows in their wanton destruction of eggs, could spend their time much more profitably in trying to learn a little about the habits of the birds whose nests they pilfer. At present their knowledge is more often confined to the outside of the egg-shell, but of aught else they are ludicrously ignorant. And their unscrupulous depredations make it impossible to reveal in public the exact locality where birds so local as pied flycatchers may be found.

Perhaps some who read this essay may complain that in writing of birds I have adopted too humanistic an attitude. To them I would say that this is not, nor does it profess to be, a scientific treatise. There are many such for those who want them. I have merely attempted as a field naturalist to give my own impressions, and to convey to others some of the charm of these delightful birds and the pleasure which may be derived from the observation of even a small portion of their little lives, their hopes and fears, their loves and hates. It is only by these means that one can ever learn something of what goes on in their small brains, and what is the personality hidden beneath their feathers. If the language employed seems inapposite when applied to birds, it has been used not because I am not aware that their feelings are more primitive and elemental than ours, but rather because if we are to try and express their feelings at all we can do it only in human terms; otherwise the only way would be to chirp, and have the result broadcasted to my audience. But I think that there will be some who will appreciate my intention and my meaning: if these random notes give any pleasure and satisfaction to them, I am content.

E. W. Hendy.

MANORIAL FARMING

AT a time when the unsatisfactory position of British agriculture is arousing widespread attention and the land system which has emerged from a thousand years of slow development is challenged, it is opportune to recall the conditions under which farming was practised in the Middle Ages. The foundation of the English land system was the manor, as defined and organised under the form of feudalism imposed by William I. on the conquered country. The manor was primarily an administrative unit, but it was also an agricultural unit, forming the domain or estate of a single landowner. The essence of feudalism was the subservience, in greater or less degree, of all the inhabitants of the manor to the lord. It thus gave to the lord the control of the land and the conditions under which it was occupied by the inhabitants of the manor. Feudal tenures were of various forms, all governed by the principle of payment by service, but they did not determine the methods by which the land should be cultivated. The system of co-operative, or communal, farming which was characteristic of mediæval agriculture was incidental to, and not inherent in, the feudal system. The common-field and the three-course system prevailed long before the Conquest, and were fitted by the stubborn traditions of the countryside into the structure of manorial organisation. In referring to manorial farming, therefore, we are speaking of methods which were almost universal under the manorial system and became entwined in it, but were nevertheless not necessarily imposed by it.

Manors were of various sizes, but from 500 to 1200 acres seems to have been about the average, though this reckoning would not include the waste or woodland which surrounded the cultivated land and was more or less utilised for the grazing of stock, particularly pigs. By far the greater part of the occupied land was under arable cultivation. Some calculations, based on deductions from the Domesday survey, of the total extent of land under the plough in the whole country reach astonishing, not to say incredible, figures, but there is no doubt that at that period the proportion of land under the plough to the aggregate area which could be described as in any sense under cultivation was

much greater than at any subsequent period. The reason is indeed obvious. Every community had to put under crop enough land to support the population, however unsuitable it might be for arable cultivation, or however much better suited for pasture. There was no question of putting the land to its most profitable use; there was one use to which it must be put—that of growing corn for bread.

In the allotment of the cultivable land the lord naturally came first. He took a large slice—perhaps a third or fourth of the whole—for his use and profit. This was termed his demesne, and was usually a compact area around the manor-house forming a separate farm, although the demesne might also include strips of land intermixed with others in the common-field.

There was also a number of small inclosed crofts or holdings and a few inclosed paddocks or yards. Along the banks of the stream there were also the meadows, of no great extent, which would be fenced off and kept for grazing or for hay.

The main bulk of the land formed the common-field or village farm, which was the characteristic feature of manorial farming. This was divided into two or three equal parts, according to whether a two- or three-course system of cultivation was followed. From the Conquest down to the end of the eighteenth century the three-course system was practically universal, although instances of the two-course system—*i.e.*, a corn crop followed by a fallow—existed, and indeed, according to Lord Ernle, might be found in Somerset as lately as 1879—so persistent is agricultural habit. The three-course system was: (1) wheat or rye; (2) spring corn—barley, oats, beans or peas; (3) fallow. Other field crops grown were vetches, fairly extensively, and hemp and linseed, occasionally. If, therefore, the village farm consisted of 1200 acres and it was farmed on the three-course system, it would be divided into three parts of 400 acres each. The holding of every occupier who held land in the farm would also be divided into three equal parts. The actual extent of a man's holding varied, and measurements were in any case not very exact. The fiscal unit was the 'hide,' which, though it seems to have varied in different districts, was generally about 120 acres. This was the extent of land which was assumed to represent the amount which a plough-team of eight oxen could work. The more common unit, which may perhaps be termed the economic unit, was the virgate of generally 30 acres, which represented a pair of oxen. The holder of a hide would as a rule have his own plough-team, while occupiers of smaller holdings would combine for a joint plough-team, each contributing a number of oxen proportionate to the size of his holding. But in every case the holding would be equally divided between the three parts of the common-

field. Thus the holder of a virgate would have 10 acres and the holder of a hide 40 acres in each part. But the 10 or 40 acres would again be divided into acre or half-acre strips, distributed in various parts of the field. This distribution was based on the principle of equality so that every man should share the good and the bad land, the near and distant parts of the field alike.

The shape of the fields was affected by the physical conditions of the ground. A stream, a marsh, a pond, or a piece of rocky or hilly ground would naturally disturb the symmetry of the planning of the field, while it was necessary to allow for paths or roadways to provide separate access to each strip. But, however irregular the main divisions might be, the internal arrangement of the field followed a uniform and invariable plan. It was arranged in a series of strips or parallelograms, each strip being approximately a furlong in length and 4 or 2 rods in breadth, equal to an acre or half-acre. The form of the acre is very ancient. The earliest English law fixing the size of the statute acre (33 Edward I.) declared that ' 40 perches in length and 4 in breadth make an acre ' ; and Mr. Seebohm observes that more than 1000 years ago in Bavaria the shape of the strip in the open fields for ploughing was also 40 rods in length and 4 in breadth, though the rod was in that case the Greek and Roman rod of 10 feet instead of the English rod of 10½ feet. Measurements varied in different localities, and up to quite recent date ' acres ' of various dimensions were recognised in different districts, and indeed have not quite disappeared from local use at this day. The idea underlying the shape and the size of the normal acre was convenience of ploughing, 40 rods being regarded as a fair distance for oxen to go at one stretch, and perhaps also as far as an ancient ploughman found it easy to keep a straight line. The word ' furlong,' it need hardly be observed, is a corruption of ' furrow-long '—that is, the length of the normal furrow.

The strips were divided, as a rule, by edges of turf, termed ' balks,' left unploughed as boundaries to divide the strip of one man from another. This, however, does not appear to have been the universal practice, and the boundary seems frequently to have been an imaginary line fixed by a stone or landmark at each end. This would explain the frequent reference to disputes between neighbours as to the boundaries of their strips and the fervour of the anathema against the man who removed his neighbour's landmark. In the great contemporary record of the social condition of the English poor-folk in the fourteenth century (*The Visions of Piers Plowman*) we find Avarice confessing :

If I went to the plough, I pinched of his half-acre
A foot or a furrow of my neighbour's land,
If I reaped I would reach over, or had them that reaped for me
Seize with their sickles what I never sowed.

This kind of encroachment would hardly be possible if there were a balk of turf between the strips. In one of the last survivals of the ancient common or uninclosed arable field at Elmstone Hardwicke, in Gloucestershire, there were no permanent turf balks between the various strips or holdings, nor are they to be found at Laxton.

The demesne lands of the lord, whether in a compact holding or scattered in strips throughout the common-fields, were cultivated mainly by the villeins, each of whom had to render a certain quantum of labour. This was of two kinds—'week-work' (*i.e.*, regular work on so many days in the week all the year round) and 'boon-work' (*i.e.*, special services at busy seasons, such as ploughing or harvest). The cottars and other unfree tenants of the manor had also to render service on the lord's demesne, while any additional work required was supplied by serfs, or in the last resort by hired labour, though at the period we are considering the supply of mobile labour was limited and uncertain. The supervision of the work on the demesne was entrusted to a bailiff, who was responsible to the lord for the farming operations.

The cultivation of the common-field was carried out on a communal system, subject to specified rules and regulations under the general direction of a reeve or headman of the village. Although each holder had a separate right in the produce of his own strips, he was bound to cultivate them in accordance with the general rule. He must sow when his neighbours sowed, reap when his neighbours reaped; and after the crop was harvested all the land was open to the common grazing of the stock, which were under the control of the village herdman.

Half the land under crop in the three-course system was sown with wheat or rye, which were the two kinds of grain of which bread was made. On the tenant's land rye usually predominated, as it probably formed a large part of the breadstuff of the English peasantry, as it still does largely in parts of Europe. It would seem, however, that, on the whole, wheat was more largely grown than rye, so it may be regarded as the chief bread corn. Sometimes wheat and rye flour were mixed, and the bread made therefrom was termed 'maslin'—a word still in local use in England to describe a mixture of corn crops. But all kinds of corn, and even of pulse, were made into bread. Langland, in *The Visions of Piers Plowman*, mentions barley-bread, oat-cakes, and 'loaves of beans and bran,' but probably these were only resorted to by the very poor in time of dearth. Wheat and rye

were sometimes grown together, and the practice was regarded as a preventive of mildew. The fallows were ploughed three times for wheat and rye, and sowing began on Lammas Day (August 12) and was completed by Halloween (November 1). For oats, beans and peas the land was ploughed and the seed sown between Candlemas (February 2) and Easter. Oats were best sown in March and beans between St. Valentine's Day (February 14) and St. Chad's Day (March 2). The land for barley was ploughed and sown between Hock Day (the second Tuesday after Easter, a festival long kept by the English to celebrate a great slaughter of the Danes) and Whitsuntide. Barley was mainly grown for making into ale (not to be confused with beer, which was not made until hops were introduced in the sixteenth century), which was then the almost universal drink, its chief competitor for popular favour being mead, a beverage concocted from honey, sugar, and ginger. To modern tastes both would probably seem equally nasty, but the consumption of them, when there was no control of the liquor traffic and every householder was his own brewer, was limited only by the amount of materials available for their manufacture.

Seed was, of course, sown broadcast, though beans were sometimes dibbled in. Two bushels of wheat, rye, beans and peas and four bushels of barley and oats was the usual allowance of seed per acre, and the yields were ordinarily from three- to four-fold in the case of corn—sometimes five-fold in the case of wheat—and from three- to six-fold for leguminous crops. It would therefore require the produce of rather more than an acre of corn on the average to afford sustenance for one person. There was very little drainage of land practised except that of the furrow and open ditch, and the agricultural authority of the thirteenth century (Walter of Henley) advises that to free the lands from too much water the marshy ground should be well ridged. For maintaining the fertility of the soil the year's fallow was mainly relied upon, the common method of manuring being the folding of sheep and the grazing of stock on the land. Marling and claying for light lands and liming for heavy lands were the systematic manurial operations practised, but these only by the more enlightened agriculturists. Thorold Rogers mentions an estate in a sandy district of Surrey on which about 143 acres were gradually marled, the operation extending over thirty-seven years. About 100 loads to the acre were applied, at a cost of nearly half the original value of the land. Near the coast sea sand was sometimes used, and the value of soot and street refuse was known and these substances utilised on the lord's demesne when they were available.

The ordinary plough-team was eight oxen, though sometimes

horses were used, either alone or jointly with oxen. Horses were bred extensively as they were essential for warfare, and the cavalry horse of those days, having to carry a knight in full armour, was necessarily a powerful animal. That there was even then some difference of opinion among practical men as to the relative advantages of oxen and horses for farm work is indicated by the argumentative manner in which Walter of Henley states the case.

A plough of oxen [he says] will go as far in the year as a plough of horses, because the malice of the ploughman will not allow the plough of horses to go beyond their pace, no more than the plough of oxen. Further, in very hard ground where the plough of horses will stop, the plough of oxen will pass. And the horse costs more than the ox, for he is obliged to have the sixth part of a bushel of oats every night worth a half penny at least, and twelve penny worth of grass in the summer. Besides each week he costs more or less a penny a week in shoeing if he must be shod on all four feet. But the ox has only to have 3½ sheaves of oats per week, worth a penny, and the same amount of grass as the horse. And when the horse is old and worn out there is nothing but his skin, but when the ox is old with ten pennyworth of grass he shall be fit for the larder.

I have heard almost precisely similar arguments used by a farmer in Northern France, where oxen and horses are frequently used on the same farm for different classes of work.

Both horses and oxen were taken great care of, and Walter of Henley defines the duties of waggoner and oxherd with minuteness. The man slept with his charge every night, a practice which still survives in some countries to this day.

Harvest on the manor was the great time of the year. The petition of the Prayer-book—'Preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth so as in due course we may enjoy them'—had a poignant significance in those days, when a good crop meant plenty and a bad crop starvation. Therefore the time of the ingathering was a social as well as an agricultural festival. All the inhabitants of the manor clustered in the fields, reinforced, if the manor were near a town, by the townsfolk, many of whom came to assist at the harvest. The long vacations at the universities and the law courts originated in the practice of mustering all hands to the fields for harvest. I read Piers Plowman's vision of 'a fair field full of folk' as representing the world of his day, like Bunyan's vision of Vanity Fair; but if, with Mr. Seebohm, we regard it as representing the common-field of a manor, it might well, with its motley collection of 'all manner of men,' stand for a picture of the busy and merry crowd assembled at harvest time. An example on a demesne farm of 250 acres in Suffolk towards the end of the fourteenth century may be cited. The crops were wheat, oats, barley, peas, and 'colymong,' a mixture of tares and oats. The corn crops were cut and housed in two days. On the

first day thirty tenants attended to perform their 'boon services,' together with 244 reapers; on the second day there were, in addition to the tenants, 239 reapers, pitchers and stackers. These would consist largely of the cottars and other smaller tenantry of the manor, with the farm servants of the lord and wandering bands of 'cockers' or harvesters, who had at that time begun to travel the country at harvest time. Reapers were organised in bands or 'setts' of five, and it was reckoned that each band could reap and bind two acres a day. Barley, oats, peas and beans were generally mown and wheat and rye reaped. In reaping the corn was cut high up the stalk, so that only the ears were gathered, the straw being left to be mown later for threshing for fodder or litter for cattle, or for bedding for men. Frequently it was so short and thin, and also so full of weeds, that it was left for grazing. In any case, it may be assumed that there was a good deal of promiscuous feeding on the stubbles when the stock were turned in.

There was a gathering of the great folk as well as of the lesser folk at harvest time, for the lord with his household would come to take audit of his bailiff's accounts. The parson, too, would be busy reaping the crops of his glebe and collecting into the tithe-barn his tenth of the year's produce, while if the great tithes were impropriated the representative of the abbot would be looking after the interests of the abbey.

After harvest, when the last load had been safely housed and the whole community had celebrated the harvest home and offered pious thanksgiving in the parish church, threshing and winnowing would occupy a long period. The men 'flapped away with flails, from morning to evening,' and the women winnowed the corn. The grain was stored in the barns and grange, and sometimes in the church.

The meadows were usually on a stretch of low-lying land near a stream, if there was one. Part was appropriated by the lord as a portion of his demesne and the remainder was divided into lots or doles among the holders of land in the common-field. The whole was put up for hay from Candlemas (February 2) or St. Gregory's Day (March 12) to Midsummer, when it was mown, the hay from each lot being the separate property of the holder of the lot. Sometimes the lots were, so to say, attached to the arable holdings so that each man had the same year after year, but on other manors they were re-allotted, each drawing lots. This practice of re-allotting was probably a survival from primitive or tribal days, and it may be noted that it existed in the village communities of Russia down to very recent times. From July to February the meadows were open to common grazing.

A large number of stock were kept, and their maintenance

must have been a continual care. Pigs were probably at this period the most numerous, and they found their living largely in the woodlands and waste, under the care of the village swineherd. The stock of plough oxen had to be kept up, and cows were valuable not only for breeding purposes, but also for dairying, butter and cheese forming an important part of the dietary of the people. Sheep were perhaps not so numerous as they became after the fourteenth century, but they formed an essential part of the live stock of every manor, not only for their wool and mutton, but also for the milk of the ewes. With the limited resources available for carrying stock, rights of grazing were very jealously guarded, and any encroachment upon them by persons not properly entitled was promptly resisted. Any commoner turning out more stock than his proper share was hauled before the manorial court and fined, and he was strictly prohibited from turning out animals which belonged to other persons. The basis of the allotment of grazing rights was the amount of arable land held, the theory being that the amount of stock turned out was the number which could be maintained through the winter from the produce of the holding. At the end of the summer there was a general drafting of all kinds of stock for slaughter, so as to reduce the number to be carried through the winter, the meat being salted down. For five or six months of the year, indeed, the majority of the people lived on salt meat. The greater part, no doubt, was supplied by the pig; but beef, mutton, and even poultry were also preserved by salting—the only means of preservation then known. Butter was also salted down in large quantities for winter use. No doubt the large consumption of salted provisions, in the absence of any winter vegetables, except perhaps onions, was the cause, aggravated by the dirty and unsanitary conditions of life, of the prevalence of scurvy and leprosy in mediæval England. Salt was one of the few necessaries of life which had to be procured from a distance. It was, says Thorold Rogers, entirely produced, so far as it was an English product, by solar evaporation in the southern counties, as although the Romans made use of the brine springs of Worcestershire and Cheshire, they were abandoned after their departure and not again used until the eighteenth century.

Manorial farming in the Middle Ages was essentially farming for subsistence. The basis of the organisation, and of the cultivation, was the maintenance of the population settled within the confines of the manor. The lord on his demesne aimed perhaps at the production of a surplus for sale, though he depended probably more upon the live stock than directly upon the crops for saleable commodities. As urban communities grew, and trade and commerce developed, the demand for food extended,

but it seems probable that its supply was forthcoming from comparatively limited areas. The monks were leaders in agriculture, and no doubt from the well-tilled demesne of the monasteries much corn and other produce were sold. Most of the improvements in mediæval farming were of ecclesiastical origin. Rules for the management of an estate were written by a great Churchman, Robert Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln. Walter of Henley is said to have been a Dominican friar, and his work was found in many monastic libraries. The monks built bridges, drained marshes, cleared forests, reclaimed waste, and improved live stock. There were also enterprising landlords and farmers, in advance of their generation, who devoted their energies to the cultivation of the land in a commercial spirit. But of the large majority of manors scattered over the country it is true to say that they were no more than self-supporting as regards food. It is not difficult to imagine, therefore, their vital dependence on the seasons. The gaunt spectre of famine was never far distant. A failure of the crops meant dearth in the village, with little or no prospect of relief from the outside. Apart from difficulties of transport, there was no organisation of supplies, no intermediate class between the grower and the consumer to regularise the trade. If a crop was plentiful, it was lavishly used; if it was scanty, the people went hungry. Any person attempting to deal in corn was regarded as an enemy of the human race attempting to make unholy gains out of the poor. The Statute-book a little later bears witness to the strength of this sentiment in various enactments against the 'engrossing' of corn—*i.e.*, buying it in one market and selling it in another—which were not finally swept away until 1773.

The change in the value of money makes any statements of the economic results of farming, expressed in terms of currency in the Middle Ages, almost meaningless to the ears of the present generation. It conveys to us no conception of the cost of labour to learn from Walter of Henley that 'You can well have 3 acres weeded for 1*d.* and an acre of meadow mown for 4*d.*, and an acre of waste meadow for 3½*d.*,' or to know that 'one ought to thresh a quarter of wheat or rye for 2*d.* and a quarter of oats for 1*d.*' Nor are we much enlightened as to the value of produce by the knowledge that the average price of wheat was 5*s.* 10¾*d.* per quarter, of barley 4*s.* 3¾*d.*, of oats 2*s.* 5¼*d.*, of rye 4*s.* 5*d.*, and of beans 4*s.* 3½*d.*, except in so far as we get some indication of the relative supply and demand of the various crops.

That horses fetched from 13*s.* 5*d.* up to as much as 5*l.* merely tells us that then, as now, the noble animal had very varying values according to his class and quality; while the fact that one

could buy a working ox for 13*s.*, a cow for 9*s.* 5*d.*, and a sheep for 1*s.* 2*d.* is no measure to us of the value of stock.

Even when we come to quantities we have to be cautious, owing to the fact that weights and measures have not only, in some cases, changed, but that there were always local differences. It is by no means certain, for instance, that the bushel mentioned in contemporary records everywhere meant the same thing. Even at the present day in England, although there is of course only one legal bushel, the term is still locally used to denote varying quantities of grain. Nor are there any statistics from which a trustworthy calculation of average yields per acre can be made. There are many records for individual estates and for various years, and it may be assumed that they represented the best returns obtained. On one manor it appears that the average yield per acre in various years from 1290 to 1306 was wheat 10 bushels, oats 12 to 16 bushels, barley 16 bushels, peas 4 to 12 bushels. On another manor in the years 1243–8 the average yield was wheat and barley 5 bushels, oats 7 bushels. Another statement gives the average yield of wheat over a large area in 1298–9 as 4·3 bushels per acre. A cow was expected, according to Walter of Henley—who, however, seems to have been rather inclined to counsels of perfection—to yield 1 cwt. (112 lb.) of cheese annually and about 2 lb. of butter per week. Cheese was mainly made of skim milk. The milk of ten ewes seems to have been equal to that of one cow, and the best practice was to cease milking the ewes at Lammas Day (August 12). In certain districts of the West Midlands the development of sheep for the fleece was studied, and no doubt the trade in wool even at this period was important. But generally it would seem that the sheep were poor and small, and the average fleece appears to have been only about 1½ lb.

The most that can be said for the economic results of manorial farming is that, on the whole, they sufficed for the needs of the people under the conditions of the times. The communal system on which farming was based had certain social and political merits which have been indicated, but it is clear that it was necessarily antagonistic to agricultural progress. All the improvements in farming practice, all the advance in agricultural knowledge, were made by individuals or communities (such as the monks) having exclusive occupation of the land. The holder of land in the common-field had no incentive and little opportunity for enterprise. He was bound to farm by the routine of the village, and his stock must be subject to the same conditions as his neighbours'. During the three centuries we have referred to the art of agriculture made practically no progress. This stagnation was not due to political, legal, economic, or social causes so much as to

the system of cultivating the land and herding the stock on communal principles, which crushed individual initiative and prevented any farmer, whatever his personal intelligence might be, from rising above the general level of the community. Only in the free play of individual enterprise is progress possible. Every tract of land brought under cultivation is a subject of experiment. The man who attempts to wrest from it its maximum produce must be free to exercise all his wits, to bring to bear all the intelligence, all the knowledge, all the experience he can command. He will make mistakes, for the man who makes no mistakes makes nothing else. But he will learn from failure as from success, for it is true of human enterprise, as it is of human character,

> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

HENRY REW.

JOSEPH CONRAD

I

In one of his stories depicting the experiences of French sailors during the late war Claude Farrère has described the singular adventure of the stoker on a torpedoed vessel who alone survived when all the rest of the crew perished. While all the men on deck, in the rigging, at the guns, and in the upper engine-rooms went down with the ship, one of the stokers working in the very bottom of the hull was caught up by the torrent of water which streamed through the torpedo-made rent. Hurled from one corner to another, from narrow stairway to engine-room, from engine-room to ventilating fan, dragged from wall to wall, from berth to berth, projected by the mass of water which, like a fountain, forced its way upwards through every orifice, the stoker was swept from the lowest to the uppermost deck and from thence overboard among the untrammelled waves, where, uninjured in mind and body, he was rescued by strangers and conveyed to the haven of happy life.

This improbable, not to say miraculous, adventure of the French sailor comes to my mind when I review the life, the adventures, and the present position of Joseph Conrad, one of the best known writers of contemporary England. From his earliest childhood he was condemned to live in the abyss of Muscovite chaos: together with father and mother he passed days in the extremest recess of the ship of Poland's independent existence, and there seemed no hope that he would ever escape from that hell.

Apollo Korzeniowski, Joseph Conrad's father, was a stoker of the national spirit, one of those who have often been called 'the hot-headed instigators' of the rising of 1863. His brother-in-law, Thaddeus Bobrowski, has given the following account in his well-known *Memoirs:*

> My brother-in-law, Korzeniowski, was the first victim. The leaders of the movement entreated him to come to Warsaw and he obeyed the call. Literary pursuits and the projected publication of a monthly review in the style of *Revue des Deux Mondes* masked the real object of his presence. He already occupied a prominent position in the Warsaw movement,

when in October 1861 he was arrested and confined in the Citadel. He was tried by a commission under the presidency of Colonel Roznow, once the comrade of my brother Stanislas in the Grodno Hussars, and afterwards governor of Warsaw. To these ties which united him to my brother Roznow attributed the lenient sentence passed on Korzeniowski, who was 'only' deported to a distant government. Korzeniowski himself had begged to be sent to Perm, where the governor, Laszkarew, was a school friend of his, but the latter on hearing of this wish asked to be excused. In fact, Korzeniowski had already started for Perm with his wife and four-year-old son when he was turned back and sent to Vologda, the governor of which was a worthy White Russian, by name Chominski, who had formerly been *maréchal de la noblesse* in one of the districts of the government of Mohylew and knew how to fulfil with humanity the duties of his situation. During the journey, at the last stage before Moscow, little Joseph Conrad fell ill: the police escort refused to wait, although the agonised parents declared that only force should compel them to continue the journey. A humane fellow-traveller, who was also on his way to Moscow, promised to send them a doctor, and Korzeniowski, remembering that he himself had an acquaintance there in the person of Dr. Mlodzianowski, a professor of the university, who had formerly been his tutor at Winnica, sent an appeal to him through this good Samaritan. Shortly afterwards the worthy doctor arrived and brought the child safely through a severe attack of brain fever: thanks to his numerous connexions in Moscow, he obtained permission for the party to delay their journey for a few days until the boy was sufficiently restored to travel. Later on, as they were approaching Nijni Novgorod, my sister became so ill that the gendarmes took her out of the carriage and carried her, but even then they obstinately refused to break the journey. At the posting inn in Nijni itself an officer who was passing was so disgusted at the brutality and roughness with which the gendarmes treated their charges, and also at their disregard of his own remarks, that he returned to the town and made a report both to the governor and also to the colonel of gendarmerie. The latter hastened to the inn and put a stop to further travelling for the present.

Apart from my sister and her little son the Polish colony at Vologda consisted of twenty-one men, mostly priests from the kingdom of Poland and Lithuania. So far as the authorities were concerned, life there was quite tolerable, but the climate took its toll of the exiles. Almost all the men developed scurvy, and my sister and her child, though they did not suffer from this disease, experienced the results of the unhealthy climate and altered mode of life in a diminution of their vital force.

Did space permit, I might here quote from the pages of her brother's memoirs many details which would bring before our eyes Eve Korzeniowska as a type, admirably expressive in her moral distinction, of the national culture of that generation. Gladly, too, would I show my readers the portrait of that voluntary exile, one of those old but wonderfully life-like photographs which must have passed through the hands of a hundred policemen, the picture of a charming woman in whom all is beauty, but beauty outlined against the halo of misfortune. For love

she gave her hand to a poet, 'to Apollo Korzeniowski, who had idolised her for years and for whose sake she had at once discouraged all other suitors': him she followed to the ends of the earth, and his lot she shared in distant exile. Moscow killed this radiant figure, but we know to-day from his life and from his writings that Apollo Korzeniowski was worthy of her love.

Chained to the place of his exile, he had no part in the blood-stained tragedy of 1863: years passed and robbed him of his wife. In 1866 he addressed to some of his relatives in Poland the following words, which, in their directness and humility, sound like a continuation of the 'Polish Pilgrimage,' and ring in our ears as the profoundest and most genuine expression of that accursed period:

If anywhere among us a smile still lingers, may it shine on you, and may tears, instead of scorching your hearts, rather mitigate their anguish. After more years than I can reckon of sorrow and pain ineffable, a new year is now at hand, and I pray that it may bring you not an increase of your grief, but rather the possibility of silently fostering with your love and hallowed longing those who are afar and those who, though asleep in the grave, live in the divine pity. I have passed through heavy and even terrible days of brooding on lost blessings, and, if I have survived, it has not been through my own but through God's strength. I know that I have not suffered and never could suffer like our Saviour, but then I am only a human being. I kept my eyes fixed on the cross, and with it I fortified my fainting soul and my reeling brain. The blessed days of agony passed and I resumed my ordinary life, a little more broken, but with the breath still in me and still alive. But the little orphan is always at my side, and I can never forget my anxiety for him. And so, my friends, I still live and I still love what is left me to love as fervently as ever, but with this difference, that I can no longer either give or sacrifice anything to the objects of my affection. In whatever I may still do in life there cannot be either sacrifice or oblation, for I have nothing to sacrifice or offer up. Sad is the fate of that man who sees shut before him those two doors by which alone he may attain to the likeness of God, but such is the will of Providence. When bitterness chokes me, I read your second dear letter and the pride of despair melts into a divine sadness: tears flow, and in their fount is reason. With recovered tranquillity I betake myself once more to my life, which all centres in my little Conrad. I teach him what I know, but unfortunately it is not much. I protect him against the atmosphere of this place, and the child grows up as though in a monastic cell. For a conventual *memento mori* we have the grave of our dear one, and every letter which reaches us from the four points of the compass is as good as a day of fasting or as a hair-shirt and a discipline. We shiver with cold, we die of hunger, we are overwhelmed by the destitution of our fellow-men—of our brothers: but there is still prayer, and in that prayer I call God to witness that there is scarcely a word about ourselves. If I am to describe the place of my abode, I would say that on one side it is shut in by locked doors behind which the being dearest to me[1] breathes her

[1] 'It may be necessary for English readers to explain that by the being dearest to him who is dying Korzeniowski meant not his wife, who was already

last without my being able even to wipe the death-sweat from her brow, while on the other the door is open and, though I may not cross the threshold, I can none the less look through at what Dante did *not* describe, for in his soul, so Christian in spite of the terrors which appalled it, there was no room for inhuman visions. That is our life.

We are at the bottom of the pit. The lonely stoker of a lost cause in his vessel doomed to destruction does not even know whether the ship can still put up a fight, whether it has fired its last shot or whether it is already sinking. When we turn from the 'little Conrad' of Vologda, the fruit of his father's soul, in whom all that father's life centred, the child who was lulled to sleep by the poetry of exile, to the series of admirable works he has since given us with their wealth of pictures embracing continents and oceans and the various races of mankind, all knit in the manifold adventures which, on both sides of the equator, were presented to one who studied the riddle of humanity on the mysterious pathways of the sea—when we turn to these works in which the civilised world has found pleasure, we must indeed think of the wonderful adventure of the French sailor as told by Farrère.

II

When he abandoned the sea for good in 1894, the 'Master,' who for some twenty years had lived on the water, hardly knew what to do with himself on shore. Some years previously, in 1889, he had written *Almayer's Folly*, and he now submitted the manuscript to Edward Garnett. After some months of waiting it was accepted. The publication of this book in 1895 meant the appearance in the English literary world of a new writer who soon occupied a prominent position. His next work was *An Outcast of the Islands*, the events of which are really antecedent to those described in *Almayer* and concern the same group of characters in the same neighbourhood on the river Pantai. Shortly afterwards, in 1898, the famous *Nigger of the Narcissus* appeared and also a volume of short stories entitled *Tales of Unrest*. The year 1900 brought *Lord Jim* and *Youth;* 1903 *Nostromo*, an admirable creation, and the collection of stories known as *Typhoon*. These were followed by *The Secret Agent* (1907), *A Set of Six* (1908), *Under Western Eyes* (1911), *'Twixt Land and Sea Tales* (1912), and *Chance* (1914). After the beginning of the war he published four novels—*Victory*, *The Shadow Line*, *The Arrow of Gold*, and *Rescue*, all of which have enjoyed immense popularity. In addition to all these novels and stories he has given us two works of a more or less autobio-

dead when the letter was written, but his country, then suffering under the repression which followed the insurrection of 1863. The hell on which the other door of his cell is described as opening is, of course, Russia.'

graphical nature—*The Mirror of the Sea* (1906) and *Some Reminiscences* (1912)—besides a collection of articles, appreciations and reminiscences, under the title *Notes on Life and Letters* (1921).

Any reader who wishes to penetrate the creative processes of this writer should, in my opinion, begin with *The Mirror of the Sea*, a work which lives up to its title and does in fact reflect, in every detail and with incomparable precision, like the mirror in the periscope of the submarine, all that may be seen on the sea. The range of vision is so wide that the eye of a tranquil observer can embrace the whole ocean and even those parts which lie behind him. Before everything else Joseph Conrad loves the ship, that admirable product of civilisation and cunning masterpiece of man's industry which he has built to be a safe home and to protect his rest among untraversed oceans and appalling hurricanes. Conrad has trod many such ships: he knows them through and through like old friends, and can distinguish one from another as though they were living beings animated with a soul. 'Ships!' cries the old naval officer when he sees some vessels in harbour, and his exclamation depicts and embraces the sailor's whole life. Those ships are indeed living creatures with individualities of their own as much as human beings. Some carry with them over the sea power, heroism, nobility and a capacity for suffering, while others are comic figures, the sea's clowns, and still others mere brigands, endowed like human beings with cunning and obstinacy. Conrad gives us admirable descriptions of ports, of cargo-loading, of complicated adventures with the anchor—and it was the anchor which inspired his mind as a boy with such burning curiosity: he pilots us through a thousand details concerning docks until in his company we sail out to sea. This book, which is based on the experience of twenty years, shows us everything which its author, as a boy longing for the wide world, had to visualise with the eyes of imagination. It is, as it were, a summary of all the works I have already mentioned, whose theme is the sea and whose stories are woven out of what happens thereon. What is most striking in Conrad's confessions is that each of them represents an actual experience. There is not an impression, not even a description of landscape, which has not its firm and enduring foundation in some, perhaps long past, experience and which does not in consequence derive from the fount of truth. This is no poetic vision of the sea such as Arthur Rimbaud might write on shore, drawing on his imagination, ideas and suppositions to describe a colossus he has never seen. On the contrary, Conrad's vision is made up of incontrovertible syllogisms, which he has wrested from his struggle with the elements or attained by prolonged contemplation of the sea in its periods of inactivity or

torpor. He has only one name for the sea—the Foe. With this enemy the sailor must cross swords in an heroic duel. With the help of singularly apt comparisons the writer analyses his enemy's character and measures the power of the forces at his disposal—the winds, whose various natures, or rather 'personalities,' he classifies in detail. We are called to witness how these winds, like hunters driving the grey clouds in leash before them, harry the wandering ship, be it off the Cape of Good Hope, in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, or off St. Helena: how they pursue her with frenzy and churn the ocean depths into foam. Other storms arise from the midst of a great calm in the twinkling of an eye, and so unexpectedly that the ship is tossed from side to side or driven headlong with her stern in the air and her bows burrowing deep into the water. Half the crew are submerged and half hang in the air. Equally interesting are Conrad's descriptions of the calm and silent nights in the regions of the Azores. The steamer pursues its course over the level surface in unbroken stillness: the only sound is the monotonous voice of its own perfect engines, which chant in space the wordless pæan of their strength, allied with man, obedient to him and yet menacing in their independent power, the voice of one awakened soul to another. Many years before the Italian futurists Conrad listened to the language of the engines and expressed its meaning. When he describes the running of a vessel on a sandbank or a submerged reef, it is, he says, as though the feet were caught in an invisible trap or an impalpable snare: the sense of balance is interrupted, and there is an abrupt cessation in the sailor's brain of the equipoise he has created by bringing everything else into harmony with the shifting surface on which he habitually moves. This, it seems to me, is a piece of description at once entirely original and entirely beyond reproduction. These are no traveller's notes, jotted down to be remembered, which may be mistaken or definitely misleading, but facts absorbed into the subconsciousness of a sailor who has had to cope with that very experience and has sought, not for impressions or generalisations, but for a practical way of getting his ship off the rocks or the sandbank. Later on these recollections have been fished out of the depths and have been considered and reconsidered in cold blood before being admitted to take their place in the narrative as adequate expressions of feeling and certain psychological connotations of events. Here is neither glitter nor empty eloquence. Of Conrad's art it may be said that the rise and fall of the style is imperatively conditioned by the subject-matter. Hence the elevation of the style, when it occurs, is a very real force, being always supported by the matter. The active sailor could not fall into raptures merely through contemplating the beauty of the

sea, for the lurking danger would have shattered his reverie into fragments. Moments of crisis occur, however, when the soul of man exerts all its prodigious force and masters the sea. Then indeed speech attains its utmost limits, and the sailor becomes the prophet of an infuriated element whose beauties are inaccessible to the rest of mankind. English critics have not hesitated to compare these pages to *Paradise Lost.*

We shall not be far from the truth if we suppose that these feelings animated the young man when he left Cracow, old and fallen on evil days, to seek food for the youthful passion within him. His soul longed for the sea, and cherished for it, once found, an undying affection. Instead of the simple course of entering, as an officer, the Austrian navy, he struck out a lonely and difficult path, the devious windings of which would have been too much for a weaker will. All the countries of the world passed before his eyes, mountains and deserts, uninhabited promontories fading into sand dunes, pestilential bays where men contend for material gains and empty spaces, bare to the sky, scoured by the wind in its autocratic majesty and burnt by the sun into a gamut of fantastic colours. Dream-like, there passed before his eyes not only India and China, Egypt and Arabia, the foundries of our elder civilisations, but also great continents and islands inhabited by wild tribes whose hair is still smeared with mud and dung. He saw black races and yellow races, but everywhere there were a few representatives of that white stock which has steadily and imperceptibly imposed its civilising sway on all parts of the globe—at Gibraltar and Malta, at Suez and Malacca, in Australia and New Zealand, as well as in India or South Africa. His mind was filled to the brim until it overflowed with the mass of knowledge, with the wealth of pictures and memories, of colours and types, of imposing figures, with laconic utterances marking the victory over protracted and terrible dangers, or with epigrams summing up in a word the most complicated situations. Furthermore, in his long watches, in rain and storm, the young sailor, this wanderer from an inland country, saw before his eyes, chiselled as it were by the wind, all those mighty figures which he has since given back to us under the names of Singleton and Craig, of Wait the nigger, of Donkin and MacWhirr, of Falk the Norwegian, and the brothers Jacobus. The eyes of the newcomer drank in these figures and assimilated all their movements, gestures and words. Little by little there grew up in him the desire to reproduce this multifarious wealth of things seen, and thus came into being the wonderful stories which belong to-day to the patrimony of civilisation. But it would be unjust to Conrad to describe his works as mere traveller's reminiscences or as the portrayal by an artist of the

curious types and occurrences he has seen during his wanderings. For instance, the story of *Lord Jim* shows us the problem of heroism and abject cowardice as it is enacted both on land and at sea. This unrivalled sculptor has wrought his figures so plastically that they may be compared with certain creations of Tolstoi and Sienkiewicz. For instance, what an admirable figure is that French captain, who, drunkard and sluggard as he is, performs a deed of most real heroism and, when praised for it, laughs to split his sides and declares that such actions spring from cowardice. In *Nostromo* we have to do with a huge anthill: there are unbridled passions and enormous accretions of wealth, there is greed treacherously abusing the pure intentions of patriotism, there is bestial cruelty and, above all, there are the basest of instincts and the noblest of motives set at war with one another. The admirable figures of the silent fanatical Gould, of the dictator Ribiera, of Decoud, the young journalist, and, finest of all, that of Nostromo himself, place this work in the first rank of artistic creations.

In this story most of the light is thrown on the figure of the Italian, Nostromo, but other skilfully drawn characters are made to subserve the development of the plot. In consequence, towards the end the book ceases to be the history of certain adventures and troubles in a South American town called Sulaco or in the silver mines of San Tomé and becomes a synthesis of revolution in general. Different as are the means employed and the countries described, Conrad's novel may be put by the side of the *Revolt of Islam*.

There is no doubt that Conrad's most splendid creations are his sea stories—the account of the nigger in the *Narcissus* and the description of the storm in *Typhoon*. The winds, about which we read in *The Mirror of the Sea*, are here shown us in their untrammelled violence. When the wave sweeps over the deck of the *Narcissus*, catches up the valiant crew like a scrap of waste paper and deposits them at the other end of the vessel in a confused heap of arms and legs, of heads and bodies, when the ship itself cracks and all its tackle is torn and twisted like a handful of rags, a vision rises before our eyes. In *Typhoon* we see Captain MacWhirr the man, and realise how a sailor may be called on to cross swords with his foe. In his leather hood, which recalls the helmet of the Vikings, his leather coat and boots up to the thigh, he struggles for twenty hours to save not only himself but also the crew and the crowd of coolies. Here we have, fished out by the author from his own forgotten experiences, a vision of what the sea really is. It needed this wanderer from the East to reveal to the English the terror and the beauty of that sea over which by right of inheritance they sail victoriously.

They themselves admit that in his written word he has presented with admirable plasticity what they have beheld for centuries but have never been able to express with the same force and mastery. The richness and perfection, the musical qualities of Conrad's prose strike the English reader, and the critic cannot but ask himself how it comes about that a Pole can write such English. Richard Curle distinguishes two periods in the development of Conrad's prose, and he attributes to the second the same importance in the development of English prose style as Flaubert's work had in France. 'His music,' he says, 'is not the mere enlargement of older English strains; it is a new music altogether—the romantic, mysterious and thrilling music of another race.'

It seems to me that there must be some truth in this. In 1914, when I had the honour to make his acquaintance at Zakopane, I perceived, not without surprise, that Conrad was a perfect master of our Polish language. Although for forty years he can but rarely have had a chance of speaking Polish, he had not forgotten a single expression nor even lost the pure accent of Cracow. From this I infer, though rashly perhaps, that this admirable English author thinks in Polish, especially in moments of difficulty and exaltation—for instance, during the process of creation. I am not inspired to hazard this conjecture by any Chauvinistic designs, for Conrad's purely artistic achievement has no connexion whatever with Polish literature. All I am concerned with is the psychological phenomenon. If I am correct in my assumption, we have to do with an author who composes his phrases in two languages. We who only employ our own language for speaking and writing do not pay any heed to the names of objects, to the history of words which often go back to an immemorial past, or to the dignity and mysterious power of expressions. For us they are as commonplace and as negligible as the pavement under our feet. As soon, however, as we have to think in one and write in another language, words rise out of their abasement, change, blend and swell—in short, reveal their dignity. It becomes necessary to hunt for synonyms, to choose words and to build the phrases differently. The language takes on colour and an unusual richness of lustre. In the case of Joseph Conrad we must also remember that he originally learned English from simple sailors, children of the people, and learned it, too, while sharing their hard toil. From this level he rose higher and higher, incorporating in his own vocabulary more and more expressions drawn from the literary language. But none the less he can never have lost the music of our Slav tongue. Up to his seventeenth year he had studied exclusively in Polish, and that too in Cracow, whence the literary language of Poland has

for so many centuries continued to spread over the country. In his childhood he read a vast amount of Polish. 'I read!' he says in his reminiscences of Cracow. It was in his father's Polish translations that he read many English works. Hence there lingered in his ears, as it were, a half-forgotten melody, something Polish in his way of joining phrases, a Polish capacity for admiring things unknown or mysterious, exalted or terrible. In his life of a wanderer from sea to sea there must have been moments of danger or enthusiasm when a whispered Polish expletive found its way across his lips or when he summed up a picture in the simplest and most available words of his original language. Later on, when he had to recreate these pictures and experiences, they came back to his memory accompanied by Polish words. Forced into the mould of another language, they sought appropriate forms and found them in expressions which, though possibly perfect, are by no means such as an Englishman would ordinarily employ. An altogether new note has been added to English literature, already so rich, and a stranger from Poland has come to be known as one of the greatest—some say as the very greatest—stylist in England.

III

Independently of his personal reminiscences Joseph Conrad twice during the war raised his voice on behalf of Poland. In 1916 he published in the *Fortnightly Review* an article entitled 'A Note on the Polish Problem,' and three years later in the same periodical another on 'The Crime of Partition.' In both these articles, which have been reprinted in the *Notes on Life and Letters*, he stood up in noble fashion for the Poles and their inalienable rights and demanded the reunion of the nation. The famous author did what he could for us at that time and threw the weight of his name into the scale of our fortunes. Now, however, putting politics altogether aside, we desire to enrich Polish literature with a complete translation of all Conrad's admirable works—with a translation, moreover, which will commend itself to the author as adequately expressing the spirit and force of the original.

Up to now Poland has only produced two sailors. One was the half-legendary John of Kolno, and, though he was born among us, it was under an alien flag that he discovered Labrador. The other is Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, who was also indubitably born in our country, but also scoured the ocean for so many years under a foreign flag. That he was born and bred in Poland may be regarded as an accident, seeing that he owes his fame to himself alone, to his own hard work and endurance,

to his own passion and will power. But, though we have no right to probe his motives, we may justifiably wish to profit by his achievement as by that of other famous writers. Nowadays Polish boys no longer need to run away from the country to gratify their longing for the sea or their appetite for adventures. We have our training ship at Tczew, and little by little the Polish navy is developing. I was myself fortunate enough to be present at the launching of the training ship *Lwow*, and to hear the word of command draw all eyes towards the Polish flag, the white eagle on the red ground, as it was unfurled on the Baltic. That vessel will shortly set sail and will cross the equator on its way to South America. The pupils in our naval school, the officers on Polish ships, and our younger generation need books dealing with the sea, and we cannot give them any better literature of the sort than the writings of Joseph Conrad.

We must make every effort that these translations may become, as it were, the Polish originals of Joseph Conrad's English writings, that this collective edition may be a worthy greeting to the master from the writers of the country where his cradle once stood. The Poland of to-day is beginning to collect and gather together the treasures which have been scattered, plundered and spoiled, and in this work, which is at the same time a passion, she cannot but show herself acquisitive, greedy, insistent, zealous, unyielding. She is in her rights, for she has too long had to submit to spoliation. First and foremost she must exalt and hold up to the admiration of all what is most precious in her history—the forgotten labours and sufferings of her martyrs.

Noble indeed was that woman of our race whose hand was rocking Conrad's cradle when the enemy hammered with brutal fist at her door. For the love and the truth that were in her she endured to the last breath, as did so many other women, whether they sprang from manor-house or from peasant's cottage or from workman's tenement.

'I kept my eyes fixed on the cross, and with it I fortified my fainting soul and my reeling brain,' says the great writer's father. This faith has had its reward, and now Poland shines forth once more, free, strong and immortal. Those two heroic souls who live not only 'in the divine pity' but also in the undying gratitude of the nation deserve all we can do for them. Let us give them the satisfaction of knowing that the admirable works of their beloved child not only belong to the common treasure of humanity, but are also a jewel of that language in which their own sufferings, virtues, and hallowed hopes found expression.

STEFAN ZEROMSKI.

WILLIAM BLAKE AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

A Contrast in Theories of Art

There was little in common between Blake and Sir Joshua Reynolds; in temperament and in artistic conception they form a sharp contrast. Indeed, the two men disagreed so widely that any attempt to reconcile their views is like trying to mix fire with water. The opposition found expression at an early stage in Blake's career, for while still a student at the Royal Academy he had an interview with Sir Joshua which was anything but harmonious. In later years he gave frank utterance to his opinions in his annotations to Reynolds's discourses to the students of the Academy. These notes, written about 1808, are of fundamental importance in any scrutiny of the relations between the two great artists.

Blake had a personal grievance, for Reynolds was rich and successful, while he was poor and struggling. An artist like Barry, whom Blake admired, was forced to exist on bread and apples, and Mortimer and Fuseli, whose work he also esteemed, found little or no encouragement, whereas Reynolds and Gainsborough enjoyed the affluence which their portrait-painting brought them.

> This man [says Blake] was hired to depress art. Having spent the vigour of my youth and genius under the oppression of Sir Joshua and his gang of cunning hired knaves without employment and as much as could possibly be without bread, the reader must expect to read in all my remarks on these books nothing but indignation and resentment.

From a man in this frame of mind it is obviously futile to expect a judicial appreciation of his adversary. One must therefore make allowances for the bias of Blake, who loses no opportunity of twisting Reynolds's words to his disadvantage. Often he deals telling blows, for his very hostility sharpens his eyes to any weakness or inconsistency in his opponent, but just as often we feel that his prejudice has got the better of him. He condemns Reynolds as a fool and a blockhead, one who has learnt all that he knows from others and entirely lacks originality. Some con-

temporaries had spread a report that Burke and Johnson were the real authors of the *Discourses*, but Blake says that the inconsistency of the views set forth by Reynolds is no proof against the authenticity of his speeches; for how could it be otherwise with a man whose ideas were a patchwork of borrowings? Of Reynolds's character also Blake has a low opinion. In one of his discourses Sir Joshua tells how, on perceiving in the works of Raphael principles with which he was then unacquainted, he felt his ignorance and stood abashed. Blake's comment is: 'A liar! He never was abashed in his life and never felt his ignorance.' When Reynolds recommends catholicity of taste and the desirability of trying to learn what excellence lies in the various schools of painting, Blake denounces him as a hypocrite. 'He smiles particularly where he means to betray. His praise of Rafael is like the hysteric smile of revenge, his softness and candour the hidden trap and the poisoned feast.' In political matters also Blake and Reynolds were far asunder—the one a friend of Tom Paine and a keen supporter of the French Revolution; the other the intimate of Burke and a staunch upholder of the established order. In these circumstances Blake was at a loss to understand how a man like Goldsmith could associate with Reynolds. The great reputation of the *Discourses* was equally incomprehensible; he thought their success as degrading and insulting to true artists as the popularity of Reynolds's paintings. For the assembly of great noblemen who carried the pall at Sir Joshua's funeral Blake had only a bitter smile—it was in keeping with the ideals of the man who had turned his art into mere money-making. How, then, could he subscribe to Burke's statement that 'Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time'? To Blake this was a manifest lie. His view of Reynolds's fame is found in the following lines:

> When Sir Joshua Reynolds died
> All nature was degraded;
> The King dropp'd a tear into the Queen's ear,
> And all his pictures faded.

The hostility of Blake to Reynolds was, however, not dictated merely by personal animus. Sensitive though Blake was both to kindness and discouragement, he was not the man to sit brooding continually over his wrongs. His attitude to Reynolds is based on a deep-rooted antagonism in their artistic creeds. To Blake it seemed that Reynolds embodied many of the false conceptions of art which he regarded with intense loathing. Now, Blake believed with prophetic fervour in the value of true art to the community at large and in his own mission to restore it to the right path from which it had strayed. Reynolds, therefore, was a

powerful and dangerous leader who had caused people to bow down and worship at the shrine of idols, and Blake felt himself called to denounce his teachings. It is this which accounts for the vehemence of Blake in speaking of his contemporary rather than the fact that Blake remained poor and unknown while Reynolds was surrounded day and night by a universal chorus of praise.

Reynolds advocated the study of the older masters, not merely of one group, but of all. His ideas on this subject are closely akin to those of Burke in politics and to those of Pope in poetry. Before we attempt to set up something new we must discover what our ancestors have done and see what guidance they afford.

> The works of those who have stood the test of ages [he says in the second discourse] have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The student who is unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers will always exaggerate the importance of his own trifling excursions and mistake every coast new to him for a new-found country. Consequently he must be afraid of trusting his own judgment, and of deviating into any track where he cannot find the foot steps of some former master.

But this is surely the attitude of Pope in his *Essay on Criticism* when, having admitted the theoretical possibility of genius striking out on paths unknown to the great poets of Greece and Rome, he cautiously adds a qualification:

> Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
> Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
> Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
> And have, at least, their precedent to plead.

Blake would have none of this, for he felt that such a servile frame of mind cramped the inventive power of artistic genius. Equally, he rejected the eclecticism of Reynolds which advised the student to familiarise himself with all kinds of artists and glean the best features from both great and small. To consult many, not to follow one blindly, was the counsel of Reynolds, whereas Blake held that of the many most were fools and that hence salvation lay in the example of a few great masters.

Blake had no doubts as to who these should be. His enthusiasm for Giulio Romano, Raphael, and Michael Angelo bordered on idolatry, while among the engravers he admired Marc Antonio, Goltzius, Sadeler, Edelinck, and, above all, Dürer. Rubens, Rembrandt, Correggio, Titian, and Tintoretto he hated with a fierce hatred, while such smaller fry as Le Brun, Vanloo, and Salvator Rosa he regarded with contempt. It was his belief

that English engraving had been ruined by Rubens and Vandyke, and consequently he esteemed but lightly the work of such English contemporaries as Woolett, Strange, and Bartolozzi. To Blake it was inconceivable that Reynolds, while professing a genuine admiration for Raphael, should neglect to follow in his track. Reynolds confessed that on his first visit to the Vatican the works of Raphael had disappointed him, and conversation with other artists had revealed an experience similar to his own. Hence he maintained that it was the florid style of the Venetians which most easily captivated the eye, whereas the depth of Raphael could be only gradually appreciated. It was hardly to be expected that the mind, like tinder, should at once catch fire from the divine spark of his genius, and only 'those persons who from natural imbecility appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them.' Yet this was the claim that Blake made: 'I am happy I cannot say that Rafael ever was, from my earliest childhood, hidden from me. I saw and I knew immediately the difference between Rafael and Rubens.' He had never felt the slightest attraction towards the Venetian and Flemish schools, and attributed Reynolds's initial blindness to the beauty of Raphael to the spell that had been cast over him by the florid style. Even as a youth Blake had defended Raphael and Michael Angelo against the aspersions of Moser, the Keeper of the Royal Academy. When Moser, in accordance with the taste of the age, denounced the work of the two great Italians as 'hard, stiff and unfinished' and lauded that of Rubens and Le Brun, Blake raged until he could restrain himself no longer and exclaimed: 'These things that you call finished are not even begun; how can they, then, be finished? The man who does not know the beginning never can know the end of art.' Blake's enthusiasm, then, was limited and exclusive. He refused to believe that it was possible to reconcile allegiance to Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Dürer with allegiance to the Flemish and Venetian schools. When he read how Sir Joshua in 1783, on a visit to Brussels and Antwerp, devoted several days to contemplating the work of Rubens, he felt that this was incompatible with his tribute to the greatness of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Blake therefore concluded that Reynolds was foolish or insincere, or perhaps both. He would not allow Sir Joshua to raise his voice in criticism of his own idols, nor in praise of those artists whom he despised. All attempt at discrimination between the good and the bad elements in the various masters was dismissed by Blake with scorn and contumely. In his eyes the one group could do no right, the other no wrong. He would admit no compromise.

There was, of course, a reason for this rigid attitude. Blake believed passionately in certain principles which, according to him, were inevitable conditions for great art. In the first place, he asserted that the basis of all art was drawing. He considered that anyone who pretended to be a painter or an engraver without being a master of drawing was an impostor. The opinion of Heath and Stothard, Flaxman and Romney, that drawing spoils an engraver seemed to him utter folly. 'He who thinks he can engrave, or paint either,' says Blake, 'without being a master of drawing, is a fool. Painting is drawing on canvas, and engraving is drawing on copper. He who draws best must be the best artist.' Closely connected with this is the emphasis that he laid on the importance of outline. Clearness and precision of outline were in his eyes vital. A clearly-cut line is beautiful; only when it falters in its course is it ugly. Where there are no lineaments there can be no character, Blake contends, and again he says: 'The great and golden rule of art . . . is this: that the more distinct, sharp and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art. . . . Leave out the line, and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again.' On this ground Blake criticises Rembrandt's device of concentrating attention upon points of light which are thrown into strong relief by deep surrounding shadows. There is a suggestion of mechanism about it which he finds distasteful. 'To look for points of light in a great picture,' he says, 'is like looking for epigrams in Homer. A point of light is a witticism; many are destructive of all art.' For the blurred outlines and the monotony of effect which, in his opinion, result from this practice Blake has nothing good to say. Emphasising as he does the all-absorbing importance of form, he argues that relatively colour is of minor significance. 'All depends on form or outline. On where that is put; where that is wrong, the colouring never can be right.' Again he says: 'In a work of art it is not fine tints that are required, but fine forms; fine tints without are nothing. Fine tints without fine forms are always the subterfuge of the blockhead.' Blake had but scant respect for the intellect of those who see only the colours, and not the forms, of things. Yet while holding that colour should be subordinate to form, Blake did not ignore its value. He would use it as did the Roman and Florentine painters. This may be seen from his commendation of the following passage in Reynolds's fourth discourse:

> The distinct blue, red, and yellow colours which are seen in the draperies of the Roman and Florentine schools, though they have not that kind of harmony which is produced by a variety of broken and transparent colours, have that effect of grandeur which was intended. Perhaps these distinct colours strike the mind more forcibly, from there not being any great

union between them; as martial music, which is intended to rouse the nobler passions, has its effect from the sudden and strongly-marked transitions from one note to another, which that style of music requires; whilst in that which is intended to move the softer passions, the notes imperceptibly melt into one another.

It was just this seductive harmony in which one colour is merged in another that Blake most cordially detested. He claimed that it destroyed all possibility of variety and compared it to the vacant smile of an imbecile.

Whenever Reynolds in his *Discourses* attached importance to any of Blake's fundamental principles he received hearty commendation. But this was rare. On the whole, Blake was inclined to class Sir Joshua with the Venetian and Flemish artists, whom he so often and so roundly abused. Blake refused to see that they were coping with new problems, attempting to produce atmosphere, wrestling with the problems of light and shade. For him they were mere bunglers, whom he detested because their practice was broken lines, broken masses and broken colours, a practice the very reverse of his own and, according to him, subversive of the sublime. Their art was to lose form; his to find and keep it. Of them he would hear no good. They could not draw: their men were like leather and their women like chalk; their work lacked originality, and the execution was often left to journeymen. It was in vain for Reynolds to speak of the senatorial dignity of Titian, in vain for him to praise the elegance of the Venetians: they were merely vulgar fellows. 'Why should Titian and the Venetians be named in a discourse on art?' asks Blake. 'Such idiots are not artists.' More than the rest perhaps, Blake hated Rubens. He would not admit the beauty of his colouring, which seemed to him contrary to real art or science. 'His shadows are of a filthy brown somewhat of the colour of excrement; these are filled with tints and messes of yellow and red. His lights are all the colours of the rainbow, laid on indiscriminately and broken one into another.' Elsewhere he termed the paintings of Rubens 'the work of a blockhead.' 'Bloated gods, Mercury, Juno, Venus, and the French palace are thrown together around clumsy and ricketty princes and princesses higgledy-piggledy.'

It was Blake's firm belief that these painters after their death continued to govern mankind, and in their spiritual forms thwart those who otherwise would rise to fame. Such 'corporeal' demons, he maintained, often possess the body of the living artists and clog the channels of inspiration. Blake tells how they had molested him, tempting him in particular to abandon his principles by blurring the outlines. Thus, when he was painting Satan rallying his legions, he had at one stage the lineaments

perfectly clear, but succumbed to his tempters and obscured them. It was only with difficulty that he succeeded in restoring the original distinctness of outline. These strange ideas are set forth in detail in the catalogue of the exhibition of his pictures held in 1809. He tells how the demons tried to block up everything with brown shadows and made the artist doubt his own conception. The spirit of Titian was active in suggesting fears as to the possibility of executing without a model, and so weakened Blake's vision that it grew clouded with recollections of Nature and of pictures that he had seen. Rubens seemed to Blake a most outrageous demon who fettered individual thought by memories of his own technique. 'Though the original conception was all fire and animation, he loads it with hellish brownness, and blocks up all its gates of light except one, and that one he closes with iron bars.' Another demon was Correggio, 'a soft and effeminate, and consequently a most cruel demon.' His subtle temptation inspires a love of soft and even tints without boundaries, and of endless reflected lights that merge into one another and make the most vigorous drawing nerveless.

The mention of these demons reminds us of the great gulf that yawns between Blake and Reynolds, for the latter dismissed such notions as madness. How could he follow the soaring thoughts of this visionary and mystic? He was as incapable of appreciating his art as Johnson would have been unable to comprehend his poetry. Blake conceived of art as divinely inspired and therefore essentially a matter of the spirit. There was a passage in a sonnet of Michael Angelo with which he was altogether in sympathy:

> Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold;
> Beyond the visible world she soars to seek,
> (For what delights the sense is false and weak)
> Ideal Form, the universal mould.

In these circumstances Blake had little patience with the view expressed in the third discourse, that ideal perfection and beauty lie all around us and are to be sought on earth and not in heaven. The student whom Reynolds described as finding no divine inspiration within himself, and as never travelling to heaven to gather new ideas, but merely relying on common observation and plain understanding, was, in Blake's opinion, ill qualified to be an artist. He would surely fall a prey to the wiles of corporeal demons. Blake was confirmed in his creed by his conviction, contrary to that of Reynolds, that the great writers, such as Plato and Milton, sincerely believed in the visitation of God. He therefore asserted that the greatest masterpieces of art, whether music, poetry, painting or sculpture, could not be outdone. They were 'the gift of God the Holy Ghost,' and to suppose that these

can be surpassed is being blind to the gifts of the spirit. All art being thus divinely inspired, Blake felt that it should concern itself, not with mundane matters, but with the world of the spirit. 'Shall painting,' he asks, 'be confined to the sordid drudgery of facsimile representations of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be, as poetry and music are, elevated into its own proper sphere of invention and visionary conception? Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts.' Such immortal thoughts Blake could not find in the fleshly figures of a Rubens nor in the portraits of a Reynolds and a Gainsborough. Hence the disdain with which he viewed them. The art which merely reproduced natural scenery or the features of a model seemed to him too facile. Anyone with eyes and a little patience might do this sort of work, and Blake could not understand that it should awaken admiration, still less that it should be the pride and glory of a nation. For his part he always found that natural objects weakened and deadened his imagination, and therefore maintained that his wanderings in the realm of the spirit were on a higher plane. He was sure that by 'copying' the visions which he saw he could achieve more than all the copiers of Nature from Rembrandt to Reynolds. In his visions of angels and spiritual bodies Blake saw with a piercing intensity. The concentration of all his powers was such that he perceived everything far more minutely than with the bodily eye, and in this rapt state he gazed into the life of things and tried to reproduce what he beheld. How characteristic of him are the words: 'He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all.' In a note on Wordsworth, Blake said that one power alone could make a poet—imagination, the divine vision; and he doubtless held the same of all art. With what superb pride did he not express his contempt for the realm of the tangible: 'Imagination is my world; this world of dross is beneath my notice'! It was this consciousness of his superiority to the bonds of the flesh which inspired his belief that art and artists are spiritual and laugh at mortal contingencies.

This way of looking at life was entirely alien to Reynolds, the representative of common-sense and shrewd observation. To him Blake must have appeared as a wild enthusiast—a poor, weak-brained fanatic. The man who claimed that vision and inspiration had always been and always would be his dwelling-place passed Sir Joshua's comprehension. Under the influence of Locke, Reynolds traced all knowledge back to experience, and therefore thought it possible for an appreciation of art to be taught and acquired. This was a process of long cultivation, and only gradually could an artist attain full understanding. Reynolds

scoffed at those who waited for inspiration to descend upon them, and pictured them as begetting with great travail, not masterpieces, but monstrosities. It will readily be perceived that in this respect he approached the position of Pope, who held that

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

This emphasis on skill is characteristic of the earlier eighteenth-century poets, and persisted even in Cowper. Critical though he was of the industry of Pope in touching and retouching, he nevertheless attached great importance to the careful finish of his own work. This is well illustrated by the famous passage in *The Task*, where he shows himself in the act of composition, seeking

> To dispose his copies with such art
> That each may find its most propitious light,
> And shine by situation hardly less
> Than by the labour and the skill it cost.

Art, labour, skill, created the works of many eighteenth-century poets, and ultimately evoked Keats's denunciation of them in *Sleep and Poetry* as mere handicraftsmen, artificers rather than artists. In this Blake was at one with the great poets who immediately followed him. Not that they or he ignored the necessity of that painstaking revision which should ensure that the best words were in the best order. The angels who prompted Blake and the muses who guided his successors did not always find the inevitable word at the first attempt. But they did lay the emphasis on inspiration rather than on skill, and hence the different atmosphere which enfolds the work of these later poets.

On all the points just mentioned Blake's opinion was diametrically opposed to that of Reynolds. Far from it being true that 'nothing is denied to well-directed labour,' Blake believed that genius is born, and not made; it dies with its possessor and disappears from sight until a new genius is born. Unlike Reynolds, he held that man brings into the world with him all that he has or can have. 'Man is born,' he says, 'like a garden ready planted and sown. This world is too poor to produce one seed.' The same view is revealed in his comment on Jan Steen. Reynolds had praised him as a most diligent and accurate observer, one who, had he come under the guidance of Raphael and Michael Angelo, would have developed into an eminent artist. Blake will not grant this—the task is beyond even these great masters, for Jan Steen was born a boor and a boor he must inevitably remain. Observation and experience are of no avail; of themselves they can never give the artist a knowledge of ideal beauty. The idea must be born in him, and then at the destined hour, when the breath of divine inspiration moves upon him, an immortal work

will spring into being. In this conception of art Blake was confirmed by a passage in the introduction to Milton's *Reason of Church Government*, where it was said that a masterpiece was ' not to be obtained by the invocation of memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.' In Blake's eyes Reynolds committed the unforgivable sin of taking memory rather than inspiration as his guide.

Maintaining as he did that experience was all in all, Reynolds not unnaturally clung to the rules which had been handed down from generation to generation and seemed to represent the accumulated wisdom of humanity. The students of the Academy were told that they should implicitly obey these rules as established by the practice of the great masters, who were to be regarded as perfect and infallible guides, as subjects for imitation, not criticism.[1] Reynolds thought rules for the judgment of art as indispensable as for its execution, otherwise all would lie at the mercy of individual caprice. In his respect for rules, as in his trust in reason, Sir Joshua was one of the Old Guard. According to him, taste was essentially a matter for the reason, and the pleasure derived from the resemblance of a picture to an original or from the harmony of music was allied to that produced by a demonstration in geometry. He considered also that the artist should always be controlled by reason even in the highest flights of imagination. Akin to this confidence in the power of reason is Reynolds's distrust of passion and enthusiasm. To preserve the most perfect beauty in the most perfect state, he claimed, one must not express the passions, which distort the most beautiful of faces. He informed the students of the Academy that enthusiasm would carry them but a little way, that enthusiastic admiration seldom promoted knowledge, and that they should always carefully ponder how much scope should be given to enthusiasm and how much to reason. Upon all these questions the attitude of Blake, the lonely zealot, the dreamer of dreams and seer of visions, was antagonistic to that of Reynolds. Rules he despised, for he was divinely inspired and above all precedent. Reason he rejected as useless in the uncharted regions where he voyaged. ' God forbid that truth should be confined to a mathematical demonstration,' he cried. Rather he relied on intuition and that imaginative knowledge which is superior to demonstrative science that is weighed or measured. This explains the aversion that he felt for Bacon, Newton and Locke, an echo of whose accents he

[1] Reynolds did, however, tentatively suggest the possibility of the master-painter breaking the rules,

seemed to hear in the voice of Reynolds. In his notes on the eighth discourse he mentions that in his youth he read not only Burke's treatise on the sublime and beautiful, but also Locke's work on human understanding and Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, on which it was founded. On each of these books he wrote his opinions, and on looking through them found that his sentiments then were similar to his later feelings towards Reynolds —contempt and abhorrence, because they all mocked inspiration and vision.

Blake held that Bacon's philosophy, which was only that of Epicurus over again, had ruined art and science and had made both statesmen and artists fools and knaves. Far from being worthy of the title 'the great' which Reynolds had bestowed upon him, Bacon stood unspeakably low in Blake's eyes, because he said that everything should be based on experiment, and thus his first principle was unbelief. In the same way Blake denounced Newton, whose ideas seemed to him to result in atheism. At his exhibition in 1809 Blake showed a picture where the Horse of Intellect was seen leaping from the cliffs of Memory and Reasoning; this rock he also called the Barren Waste of Locke and Newton. Corresponding to Blake's suspicion of reason is his reliance on passion and enthusiasm. Passion and expression he regarded as beauty itself, and a face that was incapable of them appeared to him deformed. For Blake enthusiasm was all in all, the first and last principle of knowledge; reason, on the other hand, had no concern with art. The antagonistic opinions of Blake and Reynolds on this point are admirably illustrated in connexion with a passage in the first discourse. Sir Joshua, addressing the young students, impressed on them the necessity of unremitting toil. No part of the time of the great painters, he informed them, was spent in dissipation, and even an increase of fame served only to augment their industry. Blake replied that Reynolds was confusing two things, idleness and dissipation, and, far from his statement being correct, painters were notorious for wildness and Raphael himself died of dissipation. 'He who has nothing to dissipate cannot dissipate,' he says. 'The weak man may be virtuous enough, but will never be an artist.' The thought here is obviously the same as underlies some of Blake's *Proverbs in Hell*, such as 'Exuberance is beauty,' 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom,' and 'The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.'

In view of what has already been said, it can occasion no surprise to find Reynolds insisting on the importance of technique and careful workmanship and inclined to cast a suspicious eye on the genius with a fertile invention. To his mind the only foundation of solid fame was labour and industry, and he feared

the ready inventor as being extremely apt to acquiesce in imperfection. He told the students of the Academy that to rely too much on their powers of invention was to court disaster, for nothing could come of nothing. 'The mind is but a barren soil, a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop.' It was but natural that Blake, conscious of the amazing fertility of his genius and of his untiring patience in execution, should controvert every one of these statements. The man who would propagate the view that great inventors cannot execute, or execute with inferior technique, he regarded as an impostor. Personally he held that facility in composing was the greatest power of art and given to none but the greatest artists. As for the mind, he asserted that, far from being a barren soil, it was the most prolific of all things and inexhaustible. Sir Joshua's remarks force from him the heart-felt exclamation, 'Thank God that I am not like Reynolds!'

It is noteworthy how the views of Blake and Reynolds diverge also on the question of generalisation in art. One of the guiding principles which Sir Joshua repeatedly laid down was that the general idea constitutes real excellence, and all minor things, however perfect in their way, are therefore to be sacrificed mercilessly to the greater. The beauty of art consists in rising above all singular forms, local peculiarities and details of every kind. The painter must disregard all local and temporary features and consider only those general habits which are everywhere and always the same. Peculiarities in works of art, Reynolds maintained, are like those in the human figure—they serve to distinguish, but are none the less blemishes. However difficult it may be to escape them, the painter must try to overlook these accidental discriminations of Nature and exhibit distinctly and with precision the general forms of things. Only by concentrating on this central form and leaving out particularities can the artist arrive at perfection. Every natural object is full of defects, but the artist, by creating the type from these faulty individuals, rises to the grand style, which is independent of age and locality. To this Blake answered that the minuteness, the individuality, is everything. Even granting Sir Joshua's assumption of the general or central form, he would not admit that any deviation from it is deformity. 'All forms are perfect in the poet's mind, but these are not abstracted nor compounded from Nature, but are from imagination.' Minute discrimination is not accidental; it is the foundation of the sublime. As for distinct general form, Blake denied its possibility; generalisation entails vagueness. To lose sight of the parts in a striving after general effect was in his opinion folly. The term 'general Nature' he regarded as an absurdity, for all Nature is particular.

It might be argued that Sir Joshua's love of generalising is not unconnected with the scientific temper of an age that had reduced chaos in Nature to an ordered system of law, and that Blake's emphasis on individuality is appropriate to the generation which saw the birth of nationalism. But we will leave these speculations and confine ourselves to showing that the opinions of Reynolds and Blake on this matter are related to those of the earlier and later eighteenth century writers. There is a passage in *Rasselas* the thought of which bears a striking and at times a verbal similarity to Sir Joshua's views on generalising. In the tenth chapter the poet Imlac says to the Prince of Abyssinia :

> The business of a poet is to examine, not the individual, but the species ; to remark general properties and large appearances ; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of Nature such prominent and striking features as to recall the original to every mind ; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness. . . . He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age and country ; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state ; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same. . . . He must write as the interpreter of Nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

Although Blake himself paid little heed to inanimate Nature, his attitude on this question of generalisation was in full sympathy with that of Wordsworth. Even if he does not number the streaks of the tulip, the poet of the swaying daffodils, the violet by the mossy stone, and the yew-trees in Borrowdale had too keen a sense of individuality to allow the contention of Reynolds and Johnson.

The reader who received without cavil Blake's judgment on Reynolds's *Discourses* would carry away an impression very unfavourable to the older man. There was, indeed, little in them of which Blake approved ; here and there he accepted a detail, but in the main his remarks were condemnatory. Only on one occasion did he learn anything from Reynolds, and then he refrained from pointing out his indebtedness. In the catalogue of his exhibition in 1809, anticipating criticism of the incorrect costume of his Brahmins, he pleaded the authority of the ancients, as exemplified by Laocoön, who, though a priest, is represented naked. Apart from this instance, which is mentioned by Reynolds in the seventh discourse, Blake derived nothing from these speeches. Others, who had not such preconceived notions, were perhaps more just. Cowper, for example, writing to William Unwin on February 27, 1780, says :

It is a just observation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that though men of ordinary talents may be highly satisfied with their own productions, men of true genius never are. Whatever be their subject, they always seem to themselves to fall short of it, even when they seem to others most to excel. And for this reason—because they have a certain sublime sense of perfection, which other men are strangers to, and which they themselves in their performances are not able to exemplify.

Cowper here deduces from the *Discourses* that never-ending struggle for perfection which led Browning, according as the artist was or was not impelled by it, to praise Raphael and pity Andrea del Sarto. It would, however, be futile to scoff at Blake for not seeing what others saw. Art was to him a crusade; only one side was in the right, and that was his. He approached the *Discourses* not as an objective critic, but as a passionate partisan. With the burning conviction which, had he lived some generations earlier, would surely have placed him in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides, he swept onwards, his watchword 'The Lord of Hosts,' his battle-cry 'Smite and spare not.' In his encounter with Reynolds we see the clash of two ages. Sir Joshua defends the ideas of the passing age, Blake champions the new.

On whichever side our sympathies may lie, we are moved by the spectacle of Blake, poor and unknown, throwing down the gauntlet to the all-powerful Reynolds and the artistic creed which was then triumphant all over Europe. Thanks to his unfaltering faith in the divine inspiration of his work, Blake knows no doubts or fears. His self-confidence amidst dire poverty and bitter discouragement borders on the sublime. He boldly claims his engraving of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims as the finest that has been or is likely to be done in England. To his rivals he cries: 'I am mad or else you are so; both of us cannot be in our right senses. Posterity will judge by our works.' He declares that if all the princes in Europe were to patronise inferior art, he would remain unshaken: 'I, William Blake, *a mental prince*, should decollate and hang their souls as guilty of mental high treason.' Referring to the patrons of art, he says haughtily:

I demand the encouragement which is my due; if they continue to refuse, theirs is the loss, not mine, and theirs is the contempt of posterity. I have enough in the approbation of fellow-labourers; this is my joy and exceeding great reward. *I go on, and nothing can hinder my course.*

The same spirit breathes from another passage in his catalogue, where he says with engaging candour:

If a man is master of his profession, he cannot be ignorant that he is so; and if he is employed by those who pretend to encourage art, he will employ himself, and laugh in secret at the pretences of the ignorant, while he has every night dropped into his shoe, as soon as he puts it off,

and puts out the candle, and gets into bed, a reward for the labours of the day, such as the world cannot give, and patience and time awaits to give him all that the world can give.

These are proud words, but posterity has indorsed them.

HERBERT WRIGHT.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CLERIC[1]

STEPHEN EATON, the future Archdeacon of Middlesex, was born in 1737 at the family home, Deene Place, Deene, in Northamptonshire. He was the youngest son of Daniel Eaton, of Deene, who was agent to Lord Cardigan, of Deene Park.

Stephen was the youngest of three brothers. Daniel, the eldest, seems to have succeeded his father as agent to the great man at Deene Park. William, the second son, who died at twenty-four, passes, unhappily, straightway out of our history. He was, Mr. Lamb tells us, remarkably handsome and a great singer. His beauty, his talent, his early death, and, not least, his occupation shroud him in romantic mystery. This charming and good-looking youth, the son of Lord Cardigan's well-to-do agent, was keeper to his father's employer. And while William was a gamekeeper, his younger brother, Stephen, went to Eton.

This curious anomaly, as it seems to our modern eyes, sets us wondering. We have all known sons of English country houses, bred at Eton, whose heart was in the woods, and who, had they been able to take the line they loved and exercise perhaps the only talent God had given them, would have turned gamekeeper gladly and fallen, perhaps not so gladly, to the level of the groom and the gardener. In those days before the Enclosure Acts of the later eighteenth century, when England was still largely a warren, was it as natural for the younger son of the lord or his agent to don the velveteen and shoulder his musket as it was later, when a Regular Army had been finally established, to wear the King's uniform or take the family living? Or was William Eaton something of an original and sport?

We cannot say. All that we know is that while the sylvan William was, as we may imagine, completing his education in the gunroom at Deene Park, and wandered singing

In the elm-woods and the oaken,
There where Orpheus harped of old,

[1] This article is composed from data compiled by the late Mr. Edmund Lamb, Borden Wood, Liphook, Hants, whose mother was an Eaton. The article is published with the permission of his widow.

a brace of spaniels at heel, his younger brother, Stephen, was going to Eton.

One of Master Eaton's school-bills, dated 1754, is still preserved.

MASTER EATON'S BILL

1754.			£	s.	d.
Jan.	10.	Paid for ye Cloke Bag from London		1	6
	14.	a Pd. of Candles			7
		gave Master for ye Doctor's man		1	
		Post and news		1	
Feb.	6.	out of College 5 days		5	
		half a Pd. of Candles			3½
	17.	A Pd. of Candles			7
	22.	A Pd. of Candles			7
		Post and Bellman's Box		1	6
March	1.	a Letter			3
	9.	a Pd. of Candles			7
		Soap			3
	11.	gave Master for a Remove		2	6
		for Gun money		1	
	22.	fire and school sweeping to ye Dr.		1	10
Ap.	1.	Chappel sweeping a qr.			2
	5.	Bed maker a qr. to Lady Day		1	
	6.	a letter			3
		pd. for cutting Master's hair		1	
	8.	Stage Coach and pocket money		6	6
	23.	Stage Coach from London		1	6
		Bed and desk from and to college		1	
		Soap			3
		Half a year's Battling to June 21. 1754	3		
		mending linen & stockins half a year		10	
		Allowance from Jan. 14 to May 20 is 19 weeks		19	
May	20.	Fetching bed and desk out of college		1	
		School sweeping to Dr. Sumner *4d.* and gave Master for gun money		1	4
		Gave master for expenses on ye road		8	
			6	9	5½
		Dr. Sumner half a year	2	2	
		Shoe Cleaner half a year		2	
		Booksellers Bill		3	6
		Shoemaker's Bill		4	6
			9	1	5½
May	18.	Cutting Master's hair		1	
			9	2	5½

From the above we gather that Master Eaton was a colleger during the reign of Dr. Sumner, who was Headmaster of Eton from 1745-1754, at a time when there were 367 boys in the school.

We note that the boy's fee to the Headmaster for half a year was *2l. 2s.*, and to the boot cleaner for the same period *2s.* It seems that in those days an Etonian (or was the privilege confined to collegers?), on payment of *1s.* a quarter, might keep a gun, with which we may assume he sported—that is to say, poached—in Windsor Park and the woods about Virginia Water. Our colleger (happy lad!) seems to have obtained his remove for *2s. 6d.* This well-spent sum appears to have been in the nature of a fee, as it is included in the bill, and not, as we had first fondly hoped, a tip to the master ingenious enough to arrange the boy's promotion. On the other hand, it was hard that when ill our Stephen should have been fobbed off with the doctor's man instead of his principal.

After Eton Stephen—who was to prove the most considerable member of his family, as he was certainly one of the most lovable—pursued his adventurous career far from Deene and its farmlands and forests, going on to Oxford about the time that the Great Commoner was snatching North America from the Bourbons.

Subsequently he took holy orders and became curate of Stanion in 1762. Three years later he was appointed rector of St. George-the-Martyr, Holborn, at the early age of twenty-eight—whether on his merits or owing to the influence of the Cardigan family, the head of which was about to be created Duke of Montague, we do not know. Stephen remained at St. George's till 1781, holding with that position other appointments, which may or may not have been due to the friendly duke, whose agent his brother seems to have been.

In 1781 he entered upon the work of his life at St. Anne's, Soho, where he ministered for a quarter of a century. For the particulars of his life and his record as rector Mr. Lamb refers us to a series of articles entitled 'Men and Women of Soho, Famous and Infamous,' that appeared in the parish magazine in December 1900. When Stephen began his long reign at St. Anne's he was in the prime of life and a man whose energy was only equalled by his benevolence. And it was well this should be so. For the parish had been neglected, and the flame of church life flickered feebly. He blew it into a blaze with the bellows of his tireless industry, unlike most of his brother clerics in that spiritually stagnant century, concerning himself with the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. Thus sanitary engineers, medical officers of health, and social reformers may be horrified to learn that the benevolent rector allowed his poor neighbours to use the well in his churchyard.

His capacity was recognised and rewarded. He became Archdeacon of Middlesex and domestic chaplain both to the Bishop of

London and Princess Amelia. Moreover, his interests were by no means confined to his clerical duties. In 1778 he was made a member of the S.P.G., and in 1797 was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians; while a few months later he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society.

It is, however, in his family capacity, as brother and uncle, that his correspondence shows him to us in the most pleasing light. His devotion to his elder brother Daniel was life-long.

Of this Daniel we know little save what we gather of his character and fortune from the letters of the Archdeacon. Born in 1732 at Deene, the eldest of the three brothers, Daniel seems to have stepped into his father's shoes as agent to Lord Cardigan. It would appear that he lacked alike his younger brother's energy and capacity. His health, moreover, was always precarious; and the Archdeacon shows himself continually concerned about it in his letters, offering his elder brother fatherly and somewhat fussy advice.

> I am much pleased at your expected commission from Mr. Clementson [he writes in 1785], and wish you may have health to finish it: yet considering the state of your health the undertaking appears to me rather arduous; traversing wet and dirty woods must be very fatiguing; and repeated colds are the least evils you can expect. When you meet Mr. Pywell to settle the plan, etc., if it be possible let everything be so arranged as to enable you both to dine and sleep at home; you will then be sure of being comfortable at night after the hurry of the day: the accommodation at Gretton, Weldon or Corby are not like those at Deen: and your health will always be a sufficient excuse for your going home.

In November of the same year he writes in a like strain:

> I am much concerned at the news of your late attack, and I pray that success may attend the issue in the thigh; but whatever new remedies you may try, you must never omit paying the most careful attention to Dr. Hiberden's prescription, *i.e.* to be temperate in all things.

It is from these letters, chiefly to his brother, that we obtain a clearly limned portrait of the good Archdeacon in his habit as he lived: his rather fussy kindness; that particularity in detail which perhaps largely accounted for his success in life; his keen family affection and delightful concern for his little nephew, and particularly his pet, Betty; his business acumen; the whole touched with the pleasant masterfulness of the successful man who knows his strength, and knows, moreover, that this strength must be used to bolster the weak, to whom the milk of human sympathy should be administered duly tempered with the lemon of acid criticism.

His attitude towards his elder brother—always affectionate, often fatherly—was sometimes sharp, even censorious. Daniel

seems to have accepted the position with resignation. He appears to have been weak in more than health, and clearly leaned through life on the strong shoulder of the younger brother. Stephen, we gather, suspected and feared a certain moral flabbiness in Daniel, and appears to have striven successfully to brace his brother against it. In this regard we wonder, perhaps unworthily, if the Archdeacon's reference to Dr. Hiberden's prescription, and the beauty of temperance, has significance.

Thus we find him writing to his brother at Deene a letter in which his perennial concern for Daniel's health is modified by his displeasure at the latter's slackness in carrying his hay. The slight tartness of his tone disperses, however, at once when he passes on to his favourite topic—his nephew and niece—with a characteristic plea that they should be allowed a half-holiday. It is characteristic too that the brother in business leaves to the brother in holy orders the task of investing his money.

July 10th, 1784.

To Mr. Eaton at Deen.

DEAR BROTHER,—I was in Dean Street from Monday to Wednesday morning, and therefore did not receive your letter until I came here. I rejoice at your safe arrival at Deen, an event I own beyond what I expected: the constant rains and the uncommon coldness of the weather here were of themselves sufficient to render even a stout traveller an invalid: much more one in a weak recovering state.

This is the thirteenth fine day during which everyone has been busy and much excellent hay carried: the crop is extremely heavy, yet not the least injured by standing. You are later than I expected: I concluded you would be at Deen on the 29th, take a view of your fields on the 30th, and begin to mow on the 1st of July: I am sorry you lost those three valuable days. If Betty and Stephen go constantly to school, I think I may without offending Mr. Oakley, desire that they may have half a holiday, and dine in the field (which I should much like to do myself) under a hedge or a haycock; they may drink my health at the same time in—water, unless they dine at the Common, where it is bad. Your money is not yet laid out in the stocks, but as they are fallen near two per cent., Mr. Denyer will probably lay it out next week. I have heard nothing from Mr. Blake or Prater.

With love to my sister and children,

Yours affectionately,

ST. EATON.

Fulham, ye 10th, 84.

Just before Christmas the Archdeacon writes again to his brother. Mindful of the time of year, he sends ingredients for 'the pie,' and dainties for his brother. Nor does he forget a pound of tea for Betty Knowles, doubtless some old woman in the village, a crony of his childhood, with a characteristic injunction as to who is to make the gift, and how.

In the latter part of his letter he shows himself uneasy at his brother's attitude in a business affair and critical of it. He is doubtful if Daniel is fitted for the position of receivership to which he aspires. Will it be to the advantage of his client? asks the honest Archdeacon, obviously perturbed. Will it mean expense to Mr. Hotchkin? Cannot Mr. Pares undertake the receivership? At least he hopes that Daniel's connexion with Mr. Hotchkin's affairs will terminate shortly—in the interest, we gather, of Mr. Hotchkin.

Many thanks to my sister for the cargo; it contained everything you mentioned, and excellent.

Pray tell Betty and Stephen that I desire my sister will pay a shilling for every tooth which they part with at your request; but as my debt will be gradually increasing, Betty must keep the account and deliver it to me, when we meet. This morning I sent to the waggon for the raisins, etc., and a large pot of minc'd meat, which may be used whenever you bake, as it will keep these two months: there is likewise a small paper of citron, etc., a little of which is to be mixed with the meat, before it is put into the pie. The brawn, oysters, and mustard-flower are for you; but the pound of tea is for Betty Knowles, to be given her by the children in their own names.

I propose to set out for Bath about the third of Jan. and to return on ye 15th. Of course I shall be here and glad to see you, but I am not quite satisfied about the cause of your journey, and I wish you would ask Mr. Clementson, whether your being appointed Receiver by Mr. Prater will be any benefit to Mr. Hotchkin. Your connection with his affairs will I hope cease in about three years: and should you obtain this Receivership, that I hope likewise will cease at the same time: the questions therefore to be proposed to Mr. Clementson, are first whether you can be made receiver without putting Mr. Hotchkin to any expence; and secondly whether Mr. Pares can be reinstated in the receivership without expence; for if the expence of Mr. Pares' appointment is to be repeated twice, it will very nearly amount to all the money, that will be saved by your being receiver.

I wish you all a merry Christmas: and tell my sister if she will but let the children manage the raisins, I do not doubt of its being a sweet one.

Yours affect.

St. Eaton.

Dean Str., ye 18th, 84.

Eight months later the Archdeacon shows himself genuinely annoyed. His brother has been pestering him with unnecessary correspondence, and as the postage in those days when forwarded appears to have been paid by the receiver of the letter, Daniel's epistolary diligence had cost his careful brother dear. The Archdeacon is justifiably irritated. There follows further advice on a business matter, still critical in tone; and then a note about a mare Stephen is buying for his own use: for in 1785 the gaiters of an Archdeacon were by no means decorative only, since, as Mr. George Trevelyan has recently pointed out to us, it

was the era of the 'all-worshipped horse.' The mare is to be sent to Deene by some careful person, who, as the slack-loined Daniel is somewhat tartly reminded by his competent brother, will require to be paid for his trouble. He ends on his habitual kindly note.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am going to Northall this day to reside, and I think it necessary to apprize you of it, lest you should persist in the same constant correspondence, you have done for the last two months, and consequently put me to a great expence for postage. If however you should write to me, and inclose Betty's certificate, you had better still inclose your letter to the Bishop here, who will send it to Dean Street.

Mr. Turner has applied for the quarter's annuity, due ye 20th of August and I understand is not pleased at the half-yearly payment of the annuity. I conclude you have no money of Mr. Hotchkin in your hands to answer this demand: but for the future I advise you always to keep some, that Mr. T. may have his annuity regularly, which he has lately insisted upon.

On Friday, I received a letter from Mr. Eland, informing me that his brother has met with a well-bred mare which he thinks will suit me: the colour is a deep black, the age five years: and the price twenty guineas. I have desired him to purchase her and send her to Deen by some careful person, whom I must beg you to pay for his trouble and expences. The mare has been very little used (tho' she is quite temperate), and I would wish you would get Mr. Marks to ride her every day once or twice in the Park: but I apprehend it will be better not to keep her entirely in the stable. My coming to Deen is still uncertain; yet you may as well tell me in your next, what the children desire me to bring for them. With love to my sister & children.

Yours most affectionately,

ST. EATON.

P.S.—I have had half a fine buck from Whitehall.

The half-buck no doubt is due to his patroness, Princess Amelia.

The old bachelor never writes home to Deene without messages to his little nephew, Stephen, 'born 1780 at 5.15 p.m.,' and his niece Elizabeth, three years her brother's senior.

The children owe their first pony, bred, it would appear, in the New Forest, to their uncle.

Feb. 1st, 1785.

The horse intended for Stephen is a brown one: should the colour not quite suit, please tell him that brown horses are always good ones: I am afraid that he must not expect him before April: if you have no objection I propose that the saddle shall have what I believe are called half Clogs instead of common stirrups.

The Archdeacon shows himself as careful here in matters of detail as in weightier concerns. The pony arrives in London two months before he is expected. On February 19 the Archdeacon writes:

Tell my namesake, that the Forrester is arrived in London: on Monday he will be measured for the saddle, and I shall send him to Deen by

the first opportunity: his colour is a beautiful brown, and his make is such as even the critics at Deen must allow to be handsome.

The Archdeacon is as excited as the children. He cannot contain himself, and the day after the pony's arrival in London rushes off to Smithfield hoping to find some drover from Deene to escort 'the horse' to his final destination. He fails, but can no more wait than the children can, runs a risk, and entrusts 'the horse to the father of the bearer, who will I hope deliver him safe.'

His courage is rewarded. After a period of suspense he hears on March 3 that 'the horse' is safe at Deene. Five-year-old Stephen is now promoted to a saddle of his own, and no longer, therefore, rides pillion behind his father on Juniper. Betty is to take her brother's place in that post of honour, and perhaps danger, and in order that she may not feel injured and left out the old man buys his pet a new pillion.

March 3rd.

Your letter did not arrive before seven o'clock and I began to be uneasy about the horse. I am glad he is safe at Deen, and I wish my namesake health to use him. I presume he will now be above riding upon Juniper behind you, and that honour will of course devolve upon Betty; I desire therefore you will immediately buy for me a small smart pillion and give it to her with my love. . . . The saddle and bridle would I expect be sent on Saturday: they are neat but plain and intended for immediate and constant use. The horse's name, which I forgot to mention before, is Sunderland.

Betty had no real need for resentment, as her uncle's next letter shows. Indeed, she had a place of her own in the old man's heart that no rival could usurp. At the same time we cannot but feel that the present we now find her devoted uncle sending her is not perhaps so much to the little lady's taste as must have been the pony to her brother's. The brushing of teeth as a daily exercise was just coming in; and the thoughts of the Archdeacon, as always in the van of progress, turn at once to his little niece. It is typical of the man that his instructions even in so small a matter should be precise and detailed.

On Saturday if possible I will send you some powder for Betsy's teeth; I suspect she will by no means like to use it, the powder is itself unpleasant, and the brush will at first make the gums sore; perhaps the most prevailing argument you can use with her will be saying I use it myself constantly. The brush should be used every morning, dipping it first in water, and washing it well in water after using it; about every fourth morning wet the brush and put a little powder on it, the quantity need not exceed a small peppercorn.

Betty seems to have returned in full the old man's affection. Born in 1777 at Deene, and always a great needlewoman, we

discover her at the age of eight making shirts for her uncle. The nature of the work rendered it impossible for the child to keep it a surprise. So we find the busy Archdeacon taking a vivid interest both in the shirts and their little maker.

Pray tell Betsy [he writes, presumably to the child's mother] I shall be very happy in wearing a shirt of her making, and when you go to Thrapston, you may provide the usual quantity of cloth: as to the length etc., I will either send you a shirt for a pattern or the measure of one which fits me.

A few days later he writes again on the same subject, showing particular concern, in the days before Factory Acts, lest the small seamstress should be overtasked by her exacting mother.

A yard and four inches will be a proper length for the bodies of the shirts [the careful Archdeacon writes], but not less: the wrist-bands you sent are long enough, but not if the ends are to be turned in. When the shirts are begun I desire that Betsy may by no means be suffered to work too much at them; and in order to prevent this when one is finished you may as well contrive to send it for me to try.

In May, when the great work is drawing to a close, he himself sends the material to complete it, with a reward for the worker.

Inclosed in the hat are some shirt buttons, thread, needles, and a pair of buckles for the shirt-maker which I flatter myself will fit and please.

The good Archdeacon died in 1806 after an illness, so we are told in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'as unexampled in its duration as in the meekness and patience with which it was sustained.' The notice adds: 'Few have lived so universally admired and respected as a clergyman, and so entirely esteemed and beloved as a man.' We can well believe it.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

It has become customary to describe the present period of civilisation as the Age of Science. This term is used, apparently with satisfaction, to distinguish ourselves from those more thoughtless and emotional mediæval people who lived in the Age of Religion, and from those earlier pagan Romans who believed in augurs and arms; and from those still remote and inferior creatures who were simply 'barbarians.' There is much truth in this classification, though it may cause some embarrassment to future historians to explain how an age of scientific knowledge could have lived so often in slums and smoke-polluted towns, which could have been so easily rebuilt or purified. It will be still more difficult to give a plausible explanation of the fact that an age which prided itself on its scientific rationalism should have so much despaired of reason that it spent four years in mutual killing, as the only method of arguing the points at issue.

But while admitting that this is indeed an age of science, it is of great importance to note that there is one very large department of our affairs to which our boasted scientific methods have not been applied. Our politicians still, in the main, conduct their business, which is our business as well, in the same unscientific and unphilosophical manner as our ancestors did in the days long ago, when there were no text-books on social science, political economy, or the many kindred subjects which now can be found on the humblest shelves. There is, of course, a certain platonic homage paid to knowledge by the professional political class, but theory is not often allowed to encroach on practice. We apply the laws of science to the making of steel or the curing of physical diseases. But there is, as yet, slight indication that we use them in the making of laws or the curing of social disorders. A certain amount of science in the form of political economy is, of course, taught in our colleges; and the bolder professors even definitely suggest that their laws are applicable to political affairs. But political science is more ornamental than useful.

It is a serious mistake to consider the laws of political economy as the most important part of social science. After many generations of Adam Smith and Karl Marx and their fellows it is not as

certain as they imagined that the principles of their science are the key to human social organisation. There are some people who begin to suspect that Ricardo's law of rent concealed the truth rather than revealed it.

The real core of the science of politics is not political economy, but history. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that history alone gives the key to the statesman who is seeking for a political programme which will be for the benefit of his country; it is history that can alone guide the voter if he desires to take his tremendous responsibilities seriously.

To attempt to settle a current political or social problem without a knowledge of its past growth in history is to repudiate science altogether. For history is the basis of the science of human society, just as biology and geology are the basis of the science of life. If there is any meaning in the theory of evolution, it is that life is a continual ceaseless growth, controlled by ascertainable laws. To leave out history in social problems is to forget the most illuminating factor in the case.

There is not a problem of politics which is not clarified by the history of the facts which have preceded it and caused it to arise. Indeed, there cannot be any full knowledge without this record of history; for there is no such thing as a stationary phase in human affairs—everything is a mere moment in a growth which is continuous. To detach a social phenomenon from its history is like cutting an organ of the body away from its surrounding tissue—making it, in short, no longer a living organ but a dead specimen.

History is the story of what happened yesterday and the day before and during endless ages, and it is only when we have carefully observed the direction of this growth that we can gain any hint of what is likely to happen to-morrow. Further, if we are sufficiently puffed up by conceit to imagine that we, as statesmen or voters, or citizens in general, can in any way influence or control the conditions that will make the history of to-morrow and the days to come, then it is only by studying the facts of the past (as geologists and biologists study rocks and fossils and tissues) that we can get to know the laws by which the human race is governed.

It is only in history that we can find the clue to scientific legislation. To try to tamper with social problems without historical knowledge is nothing more helpful than throwing stones for fun over a cliff into a dark sea. A statesman who endeavours to govern without historical rules for his guide is likely to succeed no better than a dock labourer who was expected to edit an Egyptian papyrus-scroll. Without the facts and the laws of history for guidance there can be no more sense of direction than

when one is in the middle of the room as the momentary hero of blind-man's buff—a position which has its humours, but not much dignity. Which is remarkably like the position of many of our most famous statesmen, past and present.

History alone gives a sense of balance and proportion in human affairs. Without its restraining hand it is so easy to think that the essentially small affairs are something great, and, what is still more harmful, to overlook the great facts in history by imagining them small. History sorts out the great and the little by setting them against the measuring post of the whole race. The British Empire has to stand the ordeal, not of an enthusiastic dinner-party of its Colonial Premiers, but the more impartial standards of a world's chart that has on it also the empire of Rome (both secular and holy), the conquests of Napoleon, and the exploits of Egyptians, Assyrians, Tartars and Turks—all now dead and too often forgotten—until the very name 'empire' becomes rather a warning of inevitable disaster than a symbol of proud strength. It is possible to find many an Anglo-Saxon village still on the map; but the empires have all been wiped out as the chalk is rubbed off the lecturer's board. It might be thought that it is safer to be a hamlet than an imperial palace.

There is poor satisfaction in being a patriot if the history of the rest of the world is not our standard of measure. A career of some success in the lower forms of a school may end with the hasty impression that Englishmen have won all the great battles of the world. But even the undeniable fact that Wellington did win the battle of Waterloo gets out of proportion unless we realise that, measured against the vast background of history, the bickerings of the Napoleonic wars have as much insignificance as the grains of sand in the desert. Set against the majestic scenery of history the most heroic combats of the nations will often be revealed as the follies of mental degeneracy.

There is that great story of Napoleon Bonaparte. Read in the lucid and masterly narrative of Professor Holland Rose's great biography, the emperor seems a perfect figure of intellect and courage, a superman of supermen. That is only the impression on a mind that forgets the full historical standard. In the judgment of the longer ages this career of a man who tried to conquer the world will be the passing shadow of a madman, who tried to do the impossible—worse still, who tried to do what no decent human being would ever have thought of doing in his moments of sanity. For insanity is the outraging of human laws; and the greatest madman is he who defies society. To imagine oneself the Emperor of China is a comparatively harmless pastime, played in many asylums. To drive an army over the fields of Europe, in a hysterical attempt to conquer and

rule mankind, such was the act of a man who had made insanity a profession.

A more general knowledge of history would serve as a useful warning of the habits of the governing classes when they are allowed to get beyond control. It might have been imagined that such a carefully educated people as the Germans would have known enough of the Napoleonic disaster not to allow their own emperor to repeat that act of folly. It can only be concluded either that the history taught in the German schools was deliberately 'doctored' for the purpose of concealing undesirable truths, or that the education was not as good as we were led to believe. The former reason is probably truer; for too much history has been written with the deliberate purpose of stating a case which will support the theories of political parties or the acts of faddists and madmen.

For example, turn to the case of 'patriotic' historians who have concealed the scientific truth about the battles of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. They were all part of an attempt to impose English dominion on France. It had been already made obvious to all sane men that England could not even continue to rule Normandy. These three battles and their accompanying campaigns were a prolonged act of consummate folly and a purposeless waste of life, inasmuch as it was against the possibilities of history that England could have conquered France permanently in this unnatural manner. And those rulers or peoples who try to do the impossible are of no more serious importance than children who cry for the moon.

Viewed in the balanced proportions of the whole historical picture, Agincourt is not a deed of which Englishmen should be proud, but one they should regret as a folly of their immature youth. A short course of history will give us better reasons for our legitimate national pride. At present the 'patriot' of the flag-waving type, when he intrudes into educated historical society, is apt to remind his hearers of a small child who is pleased with his successes over flies on window-panes.

A study of history would sweep out of the way such a deal of controversy which is a sheer waste of time in our political controversies to-day. There is, for instance, this amazingly erroneous idea of some schools of politicians that it is possible by sudden revolution or by drastic legislation to bring about that very desirable condition called 'reform.' The error of the revolutionaries, whether they be red flag Communists or grandmotherly puritans, is in imagining that there can be sudden and drastic breaks in the majestic panorama of history. The story of the human race is one long irresistible proof that man and his affairs cannot be hustled for good; though there is some evidence that

evil is not so conservative in its habits. If we examine the history of revolution in all quarters of the globe it is almost impossible to discover any permanent reform it has won for mankind.

An observer standing in the midst of the French Revolution of 1789 might have been excused for believing that he was in a period of tremendous changes which were turning France and Europe upside down. But we, who can look at the whole upheaval from the outside, now know—if we read the facts instead of the imaginary theories which so many historians have written round those facts—that the greatest revolution of history was only, in a very real and precise sense, a turning round, even as a wheel turns round and arrives at the same point where it started. By 1815 the Bourbons were back again in Paris, with all those evils of over-centralised rule, militarism and tyranny (which had caused the Revolution) accentuated rather than lessened. Napoleon Bonaparte had continued, in all essentials, the main lines of the policy of Louis XIV. They shared the desire to dominate Europe. The main difference between them was that Louis de Bourbon had by heredity many of the instincts of a gentleman and much of the experience of the governing class; whereas Napoleon had all the irrepressible and unscrupulous 'push' of the adventurer. Louis only wanted the Rhine boundary; Napoleon wanted the next step—beyond it. They were alike imperialists; and Europe rose in arms, in self-defence, against them both.

Did the democracy of France do itself any great good, commensurate with all the bloodshed and self-sacrifice of the Revolution, by exchanging a Bourbon for a Bonaparte? To such a momentous question only history can give an answer. The first substantial triumph of the 'reformers' was the establishment of the Directory—probably the most corrupt political and financial Government the world has seen. One can scarcely regard that as a worthy result of all the democratic rhetoric and the hysterical emotions of Marat and Danton and Robespierre. Think of these revolutionary leaders as you please in theory, in practice what they did was to behead Louis and crown Napoleon. They may not have meant to do it, but we can only judge by the results. It is not a question of argument. It is a question of fact. The French Revolution's chief products were Napoleon and his marshals and their army contractors. Does any sane man to-day call those products Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity? It was surely not worth all the turmoil since 1789 merely to arrive at 1815?

Again, it would be difficult for fair-minded Frenchmen and Germans to fight about Alsace and Lorraine after they had read

the history of these much-disputed provinces. If the Frenchmen declare that Germany stole them by force of arms in 1870, the Germans can reply, with equal truth, that the Bourbons had seized them 'by bribes, by intrigue and by force,' to quote a historian of repute. The rest of Europe can playfully knock the heads of both parties together to remind them that these central provinces were just as naturally, by history, an independent middle kingdom which belonged neither to France nor Germany.

History has a very soothing effect on all combatant persons who wave aggressive arms, declaring their intention to get reform or justice at all costs, even by international or civil war. To all such impatient persons history holds up the warning hand, as a sign that force settles nothing, and that the speed of the road cannot be exceeded beyond the rate which the normal traffic of humanity allows. No sane and righteous person would hesitate about starting a war or a revolution if he thought he could get justice and social good by such means. To all such generously-minded enthusiasts history conclusively proves that it is a pure delusion to imagine that good will come in any such way.

After the English had fought a civil war to get rid of Charles I. they found Cromwell's gang of reformers so intolerable that they begged Charles II. to come back to save them. The fact that brings all revolutions to disaster is success in placing the revolutionists in power. The only advantage of a revolution is that it usually proves that the new reformers are worse than the reactionaries they have replaced. It is one of the most depressing and also most useful laws of history, that one must never take reformers at their own valuation. Reform must always be judged by its practical results, not by its theoretical promises. Half history is the story of reformers who have set out with many promises to make the world a better place, and they have usually ended by leaving the world no better (and usually a good deal worse) than they found it. The only consolation the reformers have is that they have often improved their own private position—but that, of course, must be a poor comfort to men who wanted to save the world.

But let it be admitted that there have been many reformers who were perfectly sincere and unselfish. The sad fact is that they have not been more successful than the self-seeking adventurers. There was, for example, Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, who started his reign with the announcement that 'I have made Philosophy the law-maker of my empire.' He carried this virtuous principle throughout his life, and attempted innumerable reforms of justice and toleration and many other philosophical rules of unimpeachable value. Yet just before he died he drafted

an epitaph for his own tombstone which ran: 'Here lies the man who never succeeded in doing anything he tried to do.' It was no selfish disappointment, for he added: 'One thought oppresses me, that, after all my trouble, there are few I have made happy, and so many are ungrateful.'

Of course there are very modern reformers, who follow the rigid doctrines of the purest prophets, who will say that Joseph II. was only playing at reform, and never did anything radical enough. This is very true; but the calm, cold voice of history may ask—is already asking—if Lenin was any more successful than the depressing Joseph. History has an impartial way of judging both sincerity and selfishness; it attaches so much more importance to the final results. Is there any sign that Lenin's revolution is to end with a more democratic curtain than the imperial arms and eagles which ended the drama of Marat and Robespierre?

After all, the lesson of history is that it is not very material whether the revolutionary reformer is sincere or not; for the only men who appear to come successfully through a period of social chaos are the rogues and the selfish men who turn the confusion to their own ends. Take the case of Wat Tyler's revolt in 1381. There is the best evidence that the peasants had a good case; and such leaders as John Ball had the signs of the pure, and even beautiful, heart. But when such recent historians as M. Petit-Dutaillis (*Le soulèvement des travailleurs d'Angleterre en* 1381 and his *Studies supplementary to Stubbs' Constitutional History*) have rewritten this great rising of democracy, it turns out that most of the revolt in London was the carefully planned attack of a small group of wealthy City magnates who desired to crush their financial rivals, and so used a comparatively peaceful mob to rob and kill their inconvenient creditors and competitors. The history of 99 per cent. of revolutions is the same monotonous story—the tale of how rogues duped the ignorant. Besides, that Walter Sybele and John Horn and William Tonge were rogues who duped the English peasants is not so important as that the ill-used peasants by their rebellion did not hasten their emancipation by a day. 'Les vilains n'ont rien obtenu,' writes Petit Dutaillis.

Let not the orthodox ruling classes comfort themselves with the hope that history devotes itself to exposing the follies of the hasty revolutionaries. It is far too impartial for that, and fills the greater part of its pages in relating the incredible stupidity and selfishness of the men who have governed their nations and cities. The facts of history are proof that perhaps the greater number of the lords and rulers of the world have done more to delay than to hasten the progress of their peoples. Like the

great doctor who declared at the end of his life that his cures and deaths about balanced, so the great legislators and political leaders might well be content to accept such a verdict to avoid a more unfavourable balance-sheet. But to prove such a point would mean the re-telling of history.

Yet if history has no love either for the extremists (whether Communists or diehard plutocrats) or for their rivals, the established governors and their political assistants, there is one great mass of mankind that history seems ever to treat with respect—that great bulk of our race, the normal men and women who are the solid base on which the fine figures of the governing-class world, the political adventurers and the statesmen, tower as a ship appears on the surface of the ocean. If history has any predominant lesson to teach, it is that the normal man is the chief factor in human affairs.

It is this normal, everyday man who is usually right and sane in his judgments and desires. It is the faddist and the extremist that history proves to have been wrong almost every time. Florence was not well led either by Savonarola or by Machiavelli, who were both full of theoretical opinions and social and religious tricks by which society could be made perfect. The men who made Florence great, and preserved her balance, were the common citizens, who did not waste their time on theories, but spent their days in the work of the arts and crafts and industries which are the basis of civilised life.

History turns its back with contempt on extremists at both ends, whether of the left or the right; it teaches that the sane, wholesome, normal man is the most stable and permanent fact in human society. It is an unpleasant thought that this ordinary, everyday creature is by no means the highest expression of his race. It would be in many ways more agreeable to deal with a society of geniuses and philosophers, or even with fellows of the best colleges. But we have not been consulted by the cosmic forces as to what we would prefer. We must take the world as we find it; and we find it unalterably committed by destiny to the principles of the normal man. The reason for this may be nothing more profound than a mere matter of numbers. It may be that it is necessary to give way to the normal being because there are so many of him and her. That may be the reason why it is so useless to legislate for philosophers when most men are something very different. It would be useless to pass laws for lions when they were to be applied to rabbits.

The Communists—many of whom are of the middle class, not unknown at Eton and Oxford—by a heroic act of self-sacrifice (so they say) wish to do away with the bourgeoisie. Now it is impossible to deny that the world would be a far better place if we

could do without lawyers and doctors and insurance agents and Government officials and all the rest of the people who live in respectable suburbs. But when the red-hot thinkers shriek to have them all abolished, history steps in with the pertinent remark that she can produce no instance of any society that could stand the shock of such a major operation. The French tried the same cutting in the case of their aristocrats—far fewer than the bourgeoisie—and the patient society of France was so shaken by the operation that for twenty years its blood was poisoned by ruthless militarism which killed off the best Frenchmen like a plague.

The 'right' extremists, again, who wish to make millions for themselves—whereas the 'left' want to distribute them to others—have a disagreeable fad for abolishing the working classes, because they get in the way of financial arrangements for making large fortunes by the use of machinery. The modern industrial scientist's ideal is to work the world by pulling one crank. These plutocratic extremists apparently intend to abolish the peasant also, because the factory town yields a higher percentage of interest on capital.

But it is naturally beyond this short paper to discuss the lessons of history in detail. Its main purpose is to point out that without a knowledge of the history of the past our political schemes are only the wildest of plungings in the dark. History is the basis for all sane political thought. It is therefore necessary that the intelligent citizen should read the story of the past if he desires to take the dangerous liberty of making the future. Is it possible to give the average voter a useful knowledge of such a vast specialist field as the science of history? It is not only possible, but the pursuit of such knowledge may be made a pastime. There are scores of books which, with a little organised advice, might make the normal citizen capable of distinguishing between a political charlatan and a useful statesman. There are enough volumes of history in the market to turn all the political parties (with the assistance of this enlightened electorate) into scientific legislators.

The difficulty is to find a good elementary general history which will at once arouse an initial interest in the subject, and also give the reader a sound basis on which to build up the detailed knowledge that alone can give permanent results or lasting pleasure. Mr. H. G. Wells has recently written a *History of the World* for popular consumption. It is a great work in many ways; but, paradoxically, it is far more a book for scholars than for the common man. Mr. Wells challenges the historians and philosophers of the orthodox schools; and the simple-minded will not grasp in full the strategy and tactics of this intellectual

tourney. Whereas Mr. Belloc is scholar enough to understand what Mr. Wells is driving at, and gives signs of devoting the rest of his life to a somewhat frantic attempt—so far without success—to answer him.

The historical wants of the quiet, normal man—who desires to learn facts on which he can build his own modest theories—have been lately satisfied by Professors J. H. Breasted and James Harvey Robinson, who have written two volumes [1] that give a brilliant outline of the history of our European civilisation, traced to its roots in the Oriental States of Egypt, Mesopotamia and Palestine, and continued to the end of the recent Great War.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the success with which Professor Breasted in the first volume—*The Conquest of Civilization*—has handled the older civilisations, from Egypt to Greece and Rome. For example, his chapters on Palestine and Ancient Greece are so skilfully written that history becomes a coherent living subject instead of a vague glimmer of an indistinct dead past. Professor Robinson in the second volume, on modern European history (which he very suggestively names *The Ordeal of Civilization*), gives a well-balanced outline of the main facts, and finishes with just the right chapter to induce the reader to apply history to practical affairs. To deal with these two volumes would need a whole article; suffice it to say that every word of them is calculated to arouse that respect for history which will alone make the modern democratic constitution a workable social machine.

It would be possible to draw up a list of a dozen or twenty books that would give a sound historical basis to anyone who would take the trouble to read them with tolerable care. Professor Breasted's and Professor Robinson's two volumes have been suggested as an admirable start. Then, one immediately thinks of Dr. H. R. Hall's entirely charming volume of expert knowledge on *The Ancient History of the Near East*.[2] I would recommend this book if it were for no more pious reason than to be able to talk intelligently at dinner every night. Again, Mr. David Ogg's *Europe in the Seventeenth Century* will convince anyone that history is a whirlpool of human psychology of absorbing interest and practical applications, while its writing can be an opportunity for biting wit and brilliant character-drawing. But the suggestion in detail of history books for political education is beyond the scope of the present essay.

For those who are really serious in their intentions there is the great *Cambridge Modern History* in fourteen volumes, while the ancient and mediæval periods are now in course of publication. I can imagine no more meritorious public service than to

[1] Harper Brothers, 16*s*. each. [2] Methuen: 6th edition.

present a copy of these magnificent and most alluring Cambridge Histories to the local reading-room, with the smaller histories already mentioned above to prepare the way for the more massive works.

Surely in every parish, rural or urban, there is someone who could choose a set of suitable history books, get together a small committee that would raise the money to buy them, and take steps to persuade the neighbours to read them. It is one of the mysteries of life that Miss Marie Corelli ever became a best-seller while Froude's history of the Tudor period and his many sparkling essays were still in print. A generation of well-informed electors, bred on Gardiner's histories of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth and Lecky's *History of the Eighteenth Century*, would set the House of Commons tingling with the desire (or at least the necessity!) to live up to the new, if embarrassing, standard of political knowledge.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

FLAGS AND EMBLEMS

FLAGS and emblems are things easy to describe but difficult to define. They have, however, a common denominator in the idea of a symbol—that is to say, of a visible object conveying to the mind the semblance or suggestion of something not actually shown, but realised by association of ideas. In its prime sense, therefore, a symbol is the visible expression of a common sentiment; in simpler language it is a thing easily shown to a crowd, quickly seen and endowed with a prearranged significance quickly and automatically grasped. Very early in the history of mankind the value of such a means of preserving organisation and ensuring discipline in battle, and thus co-ordinating effort in the best way to a common end, was apparent. Banners became a part of military equipage borne in time of war to assemble, direct, distinguish, and encourage the troops. The success often secured in this way enhanced the value of the symbol, for by reminding men of past resolves, past victories and past heroes, the mere sight of the symbols was capable, even in times of peace, of maintaining at a high level those sentiments of pride, honour, and self-sacrifice, which in turn directly contributed to further success when war recurred.

It was not only in war, of course, that symbols attained such importance and aroused such sentiments. Religion, feudalism, later the guild, corporation or association spirit, later still the spirit of nationality, later again trade and commerce, were attracted by the idea of 'one-ness' and of 'advertisement' inherent in emblems. Nevertheless, it was in its employment in, or relation to, a common effort, accompanied by personal risk, against a physical opposition and to a common end—in other words, in war—that the symbol found fullest play, and it is that aspect with which this article is especially concerned.

The literature and remains of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome abound in references to standards or ensigns of war, or in actual representations of them. The infantry of ancient Egypt was divided into what we may call battalions, and each battalion, and indeed each company, had its particular standard representing a sacred subject—a king's name, a sacred boat, an

animal or some purely emblematic device. The post of standard-bearer was one of the greatest importance. He was an officer and a man of proved valour, and was sometimes designated by a peculiar badge of two lions, the emblem of courage. The remains of the Assyrians reveal only two designs for standards—one, an archer standing, with bow drawn, on a galloping bull; the other, two bulls galloping in different directions. As in ancient Egypt, the emblems were borne aloft on a staff, and were frequently ornamented below with streamers, which were apparently the origin of the flag as we know it. No representations of Assyrian or Egyptian naval ensigns have been found, but there are numerous emblems which were displayed on sails, a practice which continued till the Middle Ages. The Persians bore an eagle fixed to the end of a lance, and the sun, as their divinity, was represented on their standards, which were jealously guarded by the bravest men of the army. The references to standards in the Bible are not numerous, but they are significant. 'Terrible as an army with banners' has a world of meaning. And Isaiah, prophesying the disorder and despair to which the Assyrians will be reduced, declares that they will be 'as when a standard-bearer fainteth.'

In the armies of ancient Greece the ensigns or standards combined utility and sentiment. Sentiment was fostered by the fact that they were often adorned with the representation of animals or other things peculiarly related to the various cities. Thus the Athenian standards bore an owl, as sacred to Athene; the Theban, a sphinx in memory of the monster overcome by Œdipus. Utility was secured by the extended signalling use made of these emblems. Sometimes they were merely a purple coat on the top of a spear, the elevation of which was a signal to join battle and the depression to desist. Polybius, describing the fight between Antigonus and Cleomenes, mentions a white emblem as well as a purple one, the employment of a second colour being in order to extend the number of signals which could be made. Here, however, we begin to enter into the domain of signalling, and to get away from the sentiment bordering on reverence and devotion with which standards are as a rule associated.

In the Roman army among the many military reforms introduced by Marius was a regulation which brought about a change in what we would to-day call the colours. The old method of aristocratic classification of the various portions of the legion was abolished, and thenceforth any legionary was available for service in any corps within the legion. In order to foster this legion, or 'divisional,' spirit the distinctive standards of the former corps of the legion were abolished; and in this way the emblems of the wolf, the ox with a man's head, the horse and the boar, which had hitherto been carried before the cavalry and the three

corps of heavy infantry, disappeared. There were now granted the ensigns of the cohorts or battalions; and to the legion, as a whole, Marius gave, as the new standard, the eagle. This emblem was made of silver or bronze and displayed the bird with extended wings. Apparently the emblem was small in size, for a standard-bearer of Julius Cæsar is said in a moment of danger to have wrenched the eagle from its staff and to have concealed it in the folds of his girdle. The ensign of a cohort was a serpent or dragon woven on a square piece of cloth and displayed on a cross-bar at the top of a gilt staff. The flags of the companies, or centuries, seem to have been purely utilitarian, bearing as they did the number of the century and of the cohort to which it belonged. The *vexilla* of the cavalry were apparently similar to these battalion and company colours.

The devotion with which the legionary came to regard the eagle was no new growth, for the superseded standards had ever seemed in his eyes the very embodiment of the military spirit. To lose the colours was a terrible disgrace—*magnum perdere crimen erat.* Regulus, nobly urging the Senate to decline the Carthaginian offer of peace and a mutual ransoming of prisoners, used as his most powerful argument the memorable words '*Signa ego Punicis adfixa delubris vidi.*' To follow the colours in battle was the first duty of the Roman soldier, and there are instances where the standard, boldly borne to the front by the standard-bearer or by the general in command, decided the fortune of the day. There is a case, too, where a standard-bearer whose pace was not sufficiently impetuous for the general in command was instantly slain and the colours transferred to other hands. Such confidence did the Roman generals repose in the devotion of the soldiers to the colours that on one occasion at least the standard was deliberately hurled into the enemy's ranks in order to fire the legionaries to a last desperate effort. Every schoolboy knows the story of the standard-bearer of the famous Tenth Legion in Cæsar's first invasion of Britain. The landing was opposed; the weather was rough; the soldiers were fearful of the depth and sweep of the waves. The standard-bearer made his way to the prow of his vessel, and, after a short prayer, waved his standard and cried aloud to the men behind him that they must leap and follow him unless they would suffer the shame of seeing their eagle fall into the enemy's hands: 'I, at least, will go in duty to Rome, and to Cæsar.' No stronger appeal could be made to the Roman soldier. Soon from ship after ship men were swiftly swarming overboard and staggering and splashing to the shore.

Under the emperors the eagle often bore, displayed immediately beneath it, a representation of the head of the sovereign, and

became to the army an object of idolatrous adoration. When camp was pitched the placing of the eagle in a conspicuous position was the occasion for some ceremony, for, as Vegetius says, 'Nothing was more sacred to the soldiers than the majesty of the standards.' When the march was to be resumed and camp struck, all eyes were turned to the standard-bearer as he proceeded to pluck the staff bearing the eagle from the ground. Should the barbed point come out easily from the earth, a look of satisfaction came over every face; should the staff resist the efforts of the bearer, then dejection hovered over the legion, for this was a bad omen, and no Roman soldier looked forward to a day so inauspiciously begun.

The eagle at last gave way to the emblem of the new religion which transformed the world. In the fourth century of our era there was introduced into the armies of the Roman Empire a standard of imperial and sacred significance. In the night which preceded the last battle against Maxentius, Constantine was admonished in a dream to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the celestial sign of God, the sacred monogram of the name of Christ. The introduction of the sacred military standard followed; it was called *labarum*, a word the origin of which is obscure. This banner was simply a Christianised form of the Roman cavalry ensign, and consisted of a long gilded spear crossed at the top by a bar from which hung a square purple cloth richly jewelled. At the upper extremity of the spear was a golden wreath encircling the sacred monogram formed by the two first letters of the word 'Christ' in Greek. A special guard of fifty soldiers was appointed to guard this standard. In the second civil war the enemy dreaded the power of this consecrated banner, the sight of which in the stress of battle animated the soldiers of Constantine with an invincible enthusiasm, and scattered terror and dismay through the ranks of the opposing legions. The *labarum* continued to be displayed so long as the Christian emperors appeared at the head of their armies, but when this custom ceased the standard was deposited as a venerable but useless relic in the palace of Constantinople.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the difference between the employment of emblems in war of the heroic age and that of early recorded history lies in the fact that in the former case the symbols were personal and borne on the appointments of the heroes themselves, while in the latter the standard or ensign was intended for recognition by the whole force concerned and was carried by a subordinate especially detailed for the purpose. We shall, however, now see the contrary tendency and a reversion to the personal badge. This was due to the fact that in the Dark and Middle Ages the individual knight or lord became the basis

of military force. The reasons for this change are complex, but they are bound up with two important factors—feudalism and the use of armour. An important result was that the banner borne by the knight or lord himself, and a device peculiar to him and borne on his arms and accoutrements, replaced to a great extent those standards which had signified large corporate bodies and had claimed the devotion of each individual soldier in the ranks. It would, however, be quite incorrect to say that it was to such development of the use of the personal emblem in war that heraldry owes its birth. As a matter of fact, the idea of hereditary armorial symbols was conceived by kings and nobles without any necessary connexion with fighting, and the convenience experienced from the use of seals on deeds, charters, and leases had more to do with the recognition of the advantages of armoury than the use to be made of it in war.

It should also be pointed out that the idea of employing these personal devices in war developed much later than is commonly believed. In spite of popular tradition to the contrary, and in spite, too, of some suggestive evidence from the Bayeux tapestry, it has been conclusively established that neither armorial bearings nor shields of arms were borne by either side at Hastings. That battle, however, shows the continuance of the idea of the *labarum* of Constantine—that is to say, a sacred banner indicating the presence of the sovereign in command. The banner of William had been presented to him and had been blessed by the Pope. That of Harold had also a sacred significance, and sparkled with gold and precious stones. Nearly a century later the employment of personal heraldic devices had yet to come, and at the Battle of the Standard the ensign which brought victory to the pro-Stephen party combined the characteristics of the *labarum* and the Roman eagle. This standard, which gave its name to the battle, was one of the most remarkable ensigns ever displayed in war. Upon the top of the mast of a vessel, strongly fastened to the framework of a carriage, was a cross, in the centre of which was fixed a box of silver containing the sacrament, and below waved the banners of three patron saints of Yorkshire. Round it the barons and yeomen of Yorkshire, mustered by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, stood in serried ranks and beat off again and again the wild charges of the Highlanders and Galloway men who formed the bulk of King David's army.

It was not until the thirteenth century that the possibility of employing in war the armorial symbols which had become fashionable was definitely realised. Leaders in the field, whether of a whole royal army or of a dozen spears, saw the military advantages of displaying these individual emblems. With the growth of the use of armour, knights had become indistinguishable

one from another. Even before the close helm came into use, and when the Norman helmet with its nasal was worn, it was difficult to identify the wearer. As armour became more elaborate, and, especially when plates began to replace mail, knights were simply fighting men shut up in metal cases. But friend and foe soon learned that the case marked outside with blue and gold checkers held a Warrenne, and that inside one marked with gold and red vair was a Ferrers. The tactical advantage of a leader, thus enclosed, acting as his own standard-bearer was obvious, but there was a personal reason for the adoption of these emblems as well. Should knights be wounded and unhorsed, as of course they frequently were, the need of identification by the succouring parties, other than by prising open helmet after helmet, was no less clear.

There is no need to go into the science of heraldry and to trace the origin and growth of bends and bars, of gemels and scallops. With the departure of armour heraldry in war became of much less importance, and before the end of the sixteenth century a full suit of war harness became an antique survival. One historic emblem, a survival of warfare of the Middle Ages, must, however, not be passed over. Amongst the insignia of heraldry there is probably none more widely known to-day than the plume of the Prince of Wales, although, unfortunately, the origin of this device is not quite clear. The earliest explanation appears to be that given by Camden in his *Remaines*, edition of 1605, who says: 'The victorious Blacke Prince used sometimes one feather, sometimes three, in token of his speedy execution in all his services, as the Postes in the Roman times were *pterophori* and wore feathers to signify their flying post-haste.' Nine years later, however, in another edition, Camden gives the explanation generally accepted to-day, in the following words: 'But the *truth* is that hee wonne them at the battel of *Cressy from John King of Bohemia whom he there slew*.' It is to be regretted that Camden gives no reason to support this view; and against it must be put the fact that although Froissart mentions the death of the King of Bohemia at Crecy, he makes no reference to the Black Prince in connexion with it. Further, there is no proof whatever that the feathers were worn by John of Bohemia as a badge, while there is ample proof that they were not his crest. It is, however, absolutely clear that some time after Crecy the ostrich feathers were displayed by the Black Prince. There are most definite references to them in his will, dated June 7, 1376, where 'our badge of ostrich feathers' are to be borne by an armed man representing Peace, while another armed man displaying 'our entire arms quarterly' was to signify War. This document seems to prove beyond question that the feathers were a badge and not armorial ensigns, and that they

had no warlike origin. Modern research is inclined to the view that the badge came from Queen Philippa's family. The first time the feathers are mentioned in any record is in an indenture, during the reign of Edward III., witnessing that the late Keeper of the King's Wardrobe had handed over to his successor at Windsor certain articles of plate, one of which is described as having a black escutcheon with ostrich feathers. From this it has been surmised that the feathers belonged to Queen Philippa, either as a badge of her family or as arms borne in right of some territory belonging to her house, and it is significant that ostrich feathers, with a slight difference, were borne by sons of Edward III. other than the Black Prince and by their descendants. On the whole, the popular theory as to the origin of the badge at Crecy seems to be quite without foundation.

Before leaving the subject of heraldic devices in war mention should be made of the flowers which gave the name of the Wars of the Roses to the civil wars in England during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. The name, as is well known, comes from the 'white rose of York' and the 'red rose of Lancaster,' but these badges, although more or less recognised as party distinctions, by no means superseded the private devices of the various great lords, such as the 'falcon and fetterlock' of Richard Duke of York, the 'rose in sun' of Edward IV., the 'crowned swan' of Margaret, and the Vere sun. But although of comparatively minor significance at the time, and of apparently arbitrary selection, these emblems have lasted till to-day. The white or red rose is borne by most of the regiments in the British army connected territorially with Yorkshire and Lancashire; and in honour of the Duke of York H.M.S. *Renown* displays during her voyage to Australia the white rose and coronet of her royal passenger.

The decline in the use of armour was signalised by a reversion to the corporate colour, the regiment now becoming the unit. The corps, or unit, colour—as opposed to the mere personal distinction of the knight or leader—had, however, been kept alive by the occasional employment on the Continent of banners of corporate bodies such as trade guilds, which in the Middle Ages often took to the field as such; and this rendered easier the transition during the sixteenth century back to the system by which the colour became again the symbol of the corporate life of the regiment, to be later blended with, and strengthened by, the spirit of nationality. Ever since that period tradition, sentiment, and *esprit de corps* have rendered to the colours the devotion which the Roman soldiers paid to the eagle and the veneration with which their successors regarded the sacred ensign of Constantine. Frederick the Great and Napoleon always attached the highest

importance to the maintenance of regimental colours at all costs. Generals have rallied their men in battle by seizing the colours themselves to lead the advance or form up troops. At Aspern in 1809 the Archduke Charles led his young troops to the last assault with a colour in his hand. Marshal Schwerin was killed at the Battle of Prague while animating his soldiers in a similar way.

Even in comparatively recent wars colours have been carried, and by their presence have inspired those to whom they were a symbol to fierce attack and desperate resistance. In old country churches and in cathedrals throughout England can be seen many a colour torn by the bullets of Alma and Inkerman. In the American Civil War the colours, in spite of the fact that they had not garnered the long traditions of the ensigns of regular armies, were regarded with devotion and enthusiasm by both North and South. In the triumphal march of the German Army through Berlin in 1871 over eighty eagles and colours were among the trophies won from a vanquished France. In the twentieth century the Russo-Japanese War saw colours in action in the bloody battles of Manchuria. Desperate were the expedients at times to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. During the Siege of Port Arthur the Russians managed to send off the various regimental colours by a destroyer which successfully ran the blockade and reached the Chinese coast. At the Battle of San-de-pu, so precarious was the position of a Japanese regiment holding a village that the colours were burnt; and at the Battle of Mukden, the surviving officers of the Russian 19th Rifle Regiment, after the last cartridge had been fired, took similar steps to avoid the dishonour of seeing the colours fall into enemy hands. Only two colours were captured during the war, both of Russian units, taken during the Battle of Mukden.

The disaster of Isandhlwana in 1879, in which Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill met their death in attempting to save the colours of the 24th Regiment, led to the discontinuance of the custom of carrying these emblems on active service, so far as the British Army is concerned. There was, however, another incident in South Africa connected with the saving of colours when a detachment of the 94th Regiment was ambushed by Boers at Bronkhorst Spruit about thirty miles from Pretoria in December 1880. Here the colours were concealed and saved by a young subordinate in the Ordnance department, Egerton by name, who received a commission in recognition of his courage and resource. A characteristic as regards colours which the British Army shares with that of the United States is that each battalion—except rifle battalions with us—carries two colours, the one peculiarly identified with the regiment and the other representing in the

British Army the connexion with the sovereign and in the American Army connexion with the nation.

So far little has been said of naval flags. Although in naval battles of ancient times the number of ships taking part was sometimes very great, the references to flags are few and obscure. The Romans were almost entirely a military rather than a naval nation. On the waters of the Mediterranean there was nothing to correspond to the legion on the frontiers; and in such fleets as existed the eagle had no counterpart. Even in England the maritime spirit was one of slow growth, and although the post of Lord High Admiral was created about the end of the fourteenth century, Francis Drake, in charge of a national enterprise, was dubbed 'General,' and the like rank was bestowed on Blake. It was not indeed until later Stuart days that naval ranks were definitely disentangled from military and that the Navy assumed its rightful place as a distinct service separate from and senior to the Army. The leaders of a fleet and of its squadrons and sub-divisions became 'admirals.' The distinctive insignia of a King's ship became standardised. On the staff at the bowsprit end was the flag, which showed not merely her nationality, but indicated that she belonged to the King's own fighting Navy, and not to the merchant service. On a greater staff which leaned over the taffrail was the ensign showing the squadron of the fleet to which she belonged—white if her place was in the vanguard, red if in the centre, and blue if her place was in the rear. Lastly, at her masthead she was to wear either a narrow pendant if she was a 'private' ship or a 'flag' if she had the honour of carrying an admiral.

But if for centuries there was no exact differentiation between the Army and Navy, there was from a very early date a definitely asserted supremacy claimed for the King's flag when displayed on a ship of war. The right of the flag was demanded from all nations in the British seas (which for this purpose came to be the waters extending from the Straits of Dover to Cape Finisterre) from a very early period in our naval history. The ordinance of Hastings made by King John in the second year of his reign ordered all ships laden or empty 'to strike their sails at the command of the King's governor or admiral or his lieutenant.' Even foreign royalty had to acknowledge the sea supremacy of the English flag. Philip II. was fired upon by the Lord High Admiral of England for 'wearing his flag' in the narrow seas when he came over to marry Queen Mary; and in 1663 Sir R. Holmes, going down the Swin in the *Charles* and meeting the King of Denmark's brother coming up river with his flag flying, failed to order the foreign ship to strike, and in consequence was sent to the Tower. Twelve years later Captain Joseph Harris, com-

mander of the ketch *Quaker*, having struck his topsail to a Spanish man-of-war in the Bay of Biscay, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death by being shot. He was accordingly brought on deck, and men stood ready with their muskets to shoot him, but he was at the last moment pardoned under the Great Seal in consideration of his former good service and known proofs of courage. Other instances of the determination of England to maintain her sovereignty of the seas may be quoted. In 1605 Sir William Monson met with a Dutch admiral in Dover Roads, and not only compelled him to strike his flag, but 'to keep it in all the time he was in company.' In the Earl of Northumberland's first voyage to sea the *Happy Return*, meeting the Spanish fleet off Calais, made all its vessels strike their colours.

In his declaration of war against the Dutch in 1671 Charles II. observed: 'The right of the flag is so ancient that it was one of the first of the prerogatives of our royal predecessors, and ought to be the last from which this kingdom should ever depart. Ungrateful insolence that *they* should contend with us about the dominion of those seas, who, even in the reign of our royal father, thought it an obligation to be permitted to fish in them.' And in 1689 King William's declaration of war against France has these words: 'The right of the flag, inherent in the crown of England, has been disputed by his [the King of France's] orders in violation of our sovereignty in the narrow sea, which in all ages has been asserted by our predecessors, and which we are resolved to maintain for the honour of our crown and of the English nation.' This claim was crystallised in the general instructions to the commanders of ships of war issued by Order in Council of 1734 in the following terms:

> When any of his Majesty's ships shall meet with any ship or ships belonging to any foreign prince or state, within his Majesty's seas (which extend to Cape Finisterre), it is expected that the said foreign ships do strike their topsail and take in their flag, in acknowledgment of his Majesty's sovereignty in those seas; and if any shall refuse or offer to resist it is enjoined to all flag officers and commanders to use their utmost endeavours to compel them thereto and not suffer any dishonour to be done to his Majesty.

Curiously enough, when the great victory of Trafalgar had given England every justification for insisting on this right, it was allowed to lapse, and the new general printed instructions issued immediately after the battle dropped the article respecting the flag altogether.

As ironclads replaced wooden vessels and fleets became smaller the inconvenience of three naval ensigns was made manifest. The Navy retained the White Ensign as its distinctive flag, and jealously guards its exclusive right to it. With the

exception of craft belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron—which enjoy the privilege by a special grant made by William IV.—any vessel of any sort flying the White Ensign, or pennant, is committing a grave offence. Such offending ship can be boarded by any officer of the Royal Navy, the colours can be seized, the vessel reported to the authorities, and a penalty of 500*l.* can be inflicted on the owners or captain or on both. Of the remaining two ensigns discarded by the Navy, the Blue Ensign is now exclusively the flag of the public service other than the Royal Navy, and it is the flag of the Royal Naval Reserve as well. The familiar Red Ensign is the distinguishing flag of the British merchant service, the magnificent work of which in the Great War has invested its ensign with undying fame.

F. E. WHITTON.

TWO POEMS

[*From the Russian of the late Grand Duchess Olga Nikolaevna, daughter of the late Emperor of Russia, after a literal translation in prose by the Honourable Maurice Baring, published in* The Times, *January* 18, 1926. *The originals were found at Ekaterinburg, after the murder of the Imperial family, written in a copybook belonging to the late Grand Duchess.*]

I.

Before the Ikon of Our Lady

O, Queen of Heaven and earth, from our long weeping
Now give sweet solace in your tender keeping!
We pray to you—our hope and our salvation—
O, hear us in our grief and desolation!

Deep in the slough of passion we are taken,
And in the darkness of our sin forsaken:
O, look upon our country in her sorrow,
And save her from to-morrow—and to-morrow!

Our Holy Russia—your bright home for ages—
Is dying where red revolution rages:
O, be her Interceder, gentle Mother—
We, in our anguish, know not any other!

Hope of the desolate, we kneel before you—
Abandon not your children, we implore you!
Turn not away from us in our long weeping,
But give sweet solace in your tender keeping!

II.

Prayer

O, send us, Lord, endurance from on high,
  That we, in these dark days when all things fail us,
May suffer bravely—even if we die
  When our tormentors in their sin assail us!

O, God of Justice, help us to be strong;
And with forgiveness, and with love, restore us
To bear the heavy, blood-stained Cross along
The path of agony we see before us!

O, help us now, in Christ our Saviour's name,
From those who in their hatred would confound us!
O, lead us through the insult and the shame
Of all the evil tumults that surround us!

O, God and Father of the Universe,
Hear, in this dreadful hour, our supplication!
And to our souls give peace from those who curse
And crush us with profane humiliation!

Before the grave, with broken hearts that bleed,
Your servants faint and fall in mortal weakness.
O, breathe upon their lips the strength they need
To pray for all their enemies, with meekness!

CHARLES DALMON.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 & 12, *Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.* 2.

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.